

Australian

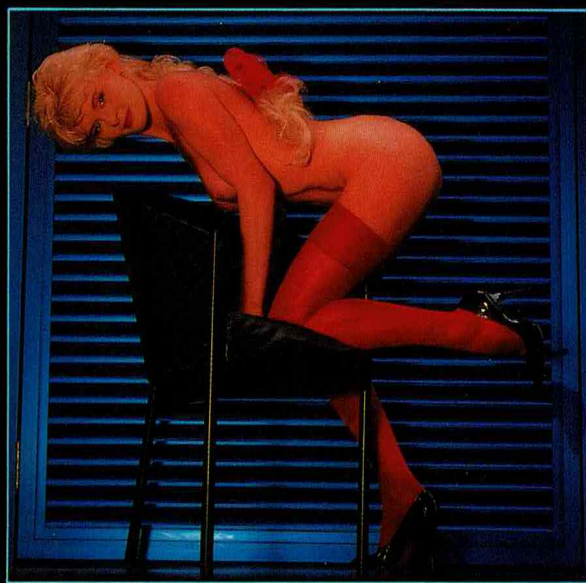
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1988

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N

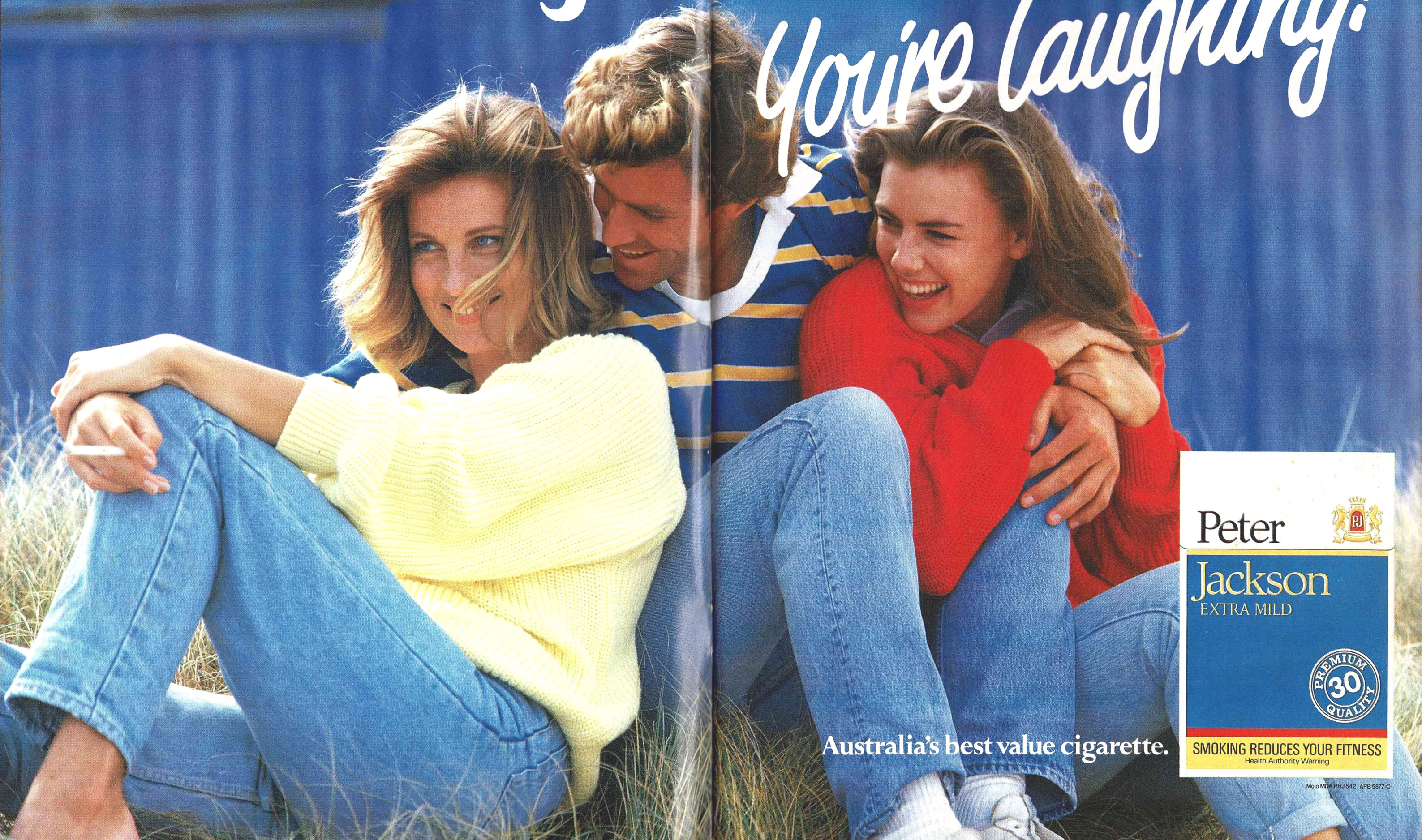


TEST YOUR SEXUAL IQ

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Peter Jackson 30's.

You're laughing!



Peter



Jackson
EXTRA MILD



Australia's best value cigarette.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning

Australian
PENTHOUSE

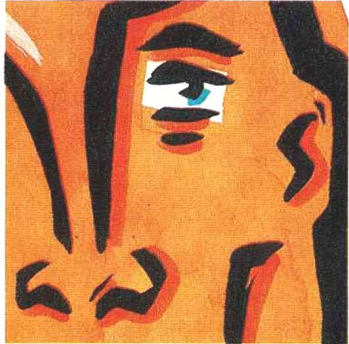
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 3/March 1988



Labor Pains



Vertigo



Test Your Sexual IQ



The Year Of Darren Clark

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, ANGER, LUST, AVARICE, ENVY, VANITY, GLUTTONY, SLOTH, JOHNNY TOPPER, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, and FILM.

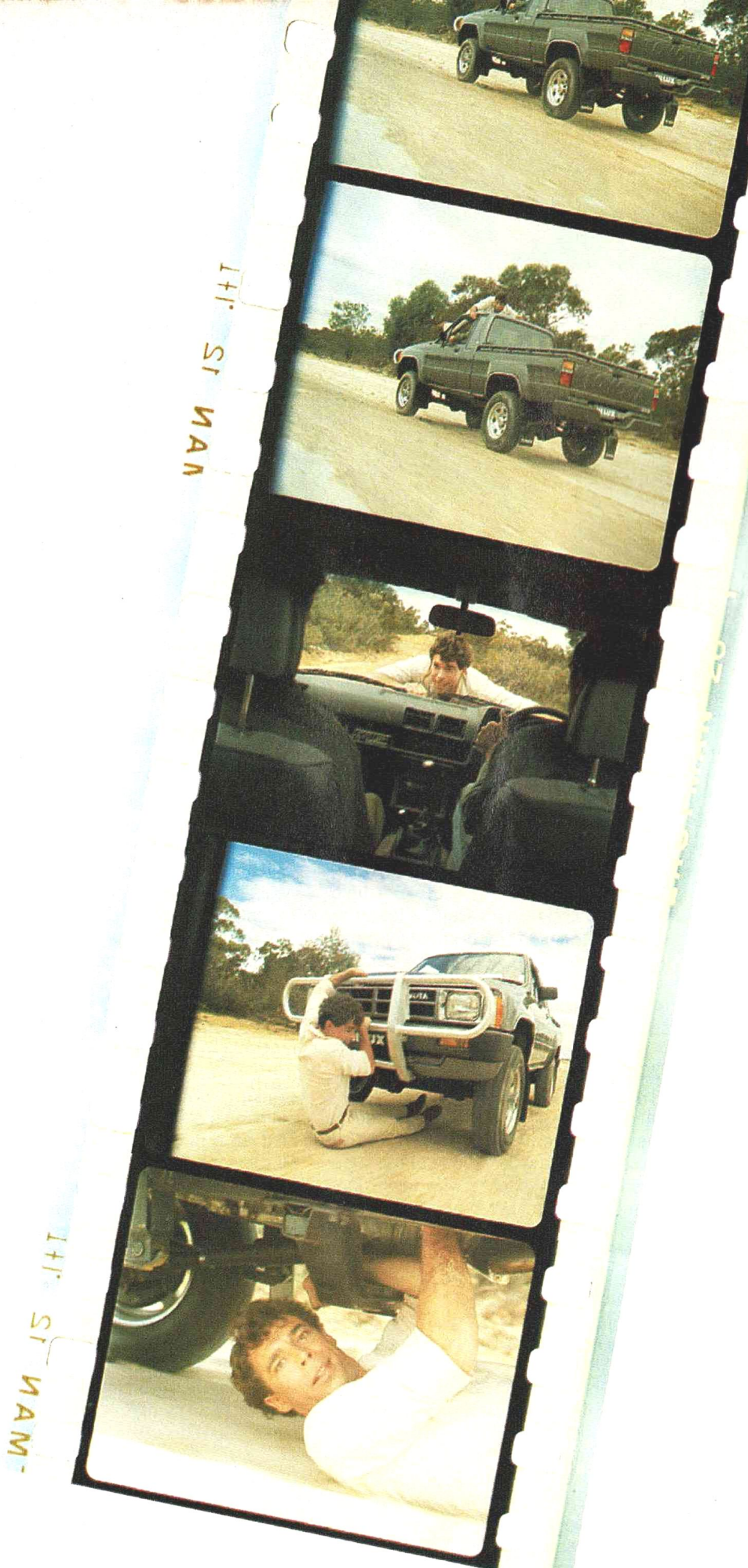
FEATURES

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like SOME LIKE 'EM HOT, LABOR PAINS, MORE CLASS THAN ARSE, UGLY AUSTRALIANS — THE LAWYER, WHO WILL KILL YOU?, THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK, THE YEAR OF DARREN CLARK, TEST YOUR SEXUAL IQ, and VICIOUS CYCLE.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like HARD FEELINGS/VANESSA, VERTIGO/DIANNE, STRANGE BREW/DENISE, SWAMP ROCK, and ON THE BODY.

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Graham Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved.



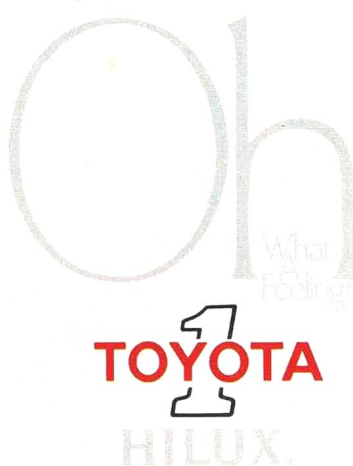
Toyota Hilux is one tough piece of machinery. I've crashed it through haystacks, roared over bush tracks at speeds that no sane man would want to travel; I've even been dragged underneath the damn thing ... all in the name of art.

The best thing about a Hilux for movie stunt work is that the vehicle is designed for a hard life with minimum maintenance. We used both the 2.2 super responsive petrol engine and the 2.4 litre diesel, and both delivered more than enough power for anything we wanted to try.

Inside they're actually quite luxurious. Clear instrument layout, adjustable height steering wheel, very useful when you want to dive out the door at 30 km, a terrific all around view from the driver's seat, which combines with the sloping bonnet to give you the commanding view you need off-road.

We treated the suspension, gearbox and transfer case to the sort of thrashing that would have destroyed a lesser vehicle. They never missed a beat, and we never missed a day's shooting.

If you need an unbreakable light truck, take a good look over and under one of the Hilux range. If you need a great stuntman or someone to play Hamlet, call me.



I'VE LOOKED OVER AND UNDER HILUX. FOR MY MONEY IT'S UNBREAKABLE!

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Mark Thacker; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Graem Sims; Assistant Art Directors: Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, David Halpin, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook; Office Manager: Annette Crowe; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Sarah O'Rourke; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Woodside Media Pty. Ltd. 29 Agnes Street, Jolimont 3004. Tel: (03) 63 1811; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel (08) 271 3450; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 7 Fore Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112. Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafor 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

MARCH



GLENN A. BAKER



PETER MCKAY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



BILL LEAK

HOUSECALL

SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

If you're an average Australian you've probably already been the victim of a low breed of urban mongrel, the car thief. Chances are it won't be the last time, either. Motoring Editor Peter McKay reveals some startling facts about this growing "industry" and tells which cars are regarded as the easiest marks. Is yours on the hit list? Turn to page 32. The photo was shot by Graham Monro.

LABOR PAINS

Brian Toohey, former editor of the *National Times* and widely regarded as Australia's leading journalist, pulls no punches in a savage critique of the super rich, the Labor leaders who fawn upon them, and "a media so intertwined with governments and the new tycoons that it is just about impossible for it to do its job properly any more." An illuminating window into the mechanics of media manipulation, Toohey's piece begins on page 50 with an illustration by Nigel Buchanan.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

The last in-depth interview with Michael Jackson was conducted in 1977 by Timothy White. Most of it remained unpublished until White stumbled across his decade-old tapes and realised they provided a wealth of extraordinary insights into the most impenetrable personality of our time. Turn to page 78.

THE YEAR OF DARREN CLARK

Darren Clark isn't merely "carrying our colors" in Seoul this year. Potentially he's one of the greatest athletes in the world —

but so far it's been a tragic story of potential unfulfilled. Senior Editor Greg Hunter presents an absorbing account of the psychological hurdles Clark will have to negotiate in Seoul if he is to become the fastest man in the world. That story, accompanied by Steve Lockhart's photography, starts on page 94.

WHO WILL KILL YOU?

Who is your worst enemy — the person most likely to wilfully terminate your life? Is it the lunatic gunman, the Friday night drinking partner, the girlfriend, the girlfriend's other lover, the wife, the bloke next door, the nutty kid down the street? Or someone you'd never have reckoned on in a million years? Forensic psychologist Maurice Whitta calculates the odds and reaches a frightening conclusion on page 74. Simon Bosch contributed the illustration.

THE LAWYER

In Part II of Robert English's hilarious satirical assault on *The Ugly Australians*, the target is Damian Summerhayes, a junior partner in a law firm whose interests are money, fast cars, cocaine and women — in that order. If you want to get your hate glands really pumping, turn to Bill Leak's illustration on page 58.

MORE CLASS THAN ARSE

Billy Thorpe used to be the ultimate Aussie larrikin, his years at the top of the rock industry punctuated by outrageous excess. Glenn A. Baker fondly recalls those innocent and exuberant times in a nostalgic profile starting on page 54. O—



Water never felt so good.

When it comes to having fun on water, you just can't beat the exhilaration of a Kawasaki JET SKI watercraft.

Anything is possible with the freedom, power and manoeuvrability you have in owning the world's only JET SKI watercraft.

And now that excitement can be doubled.

Kawasaki's new X-2 watercraft lets you share with a friend an experience that you'll have on no other watercraft.

Imagine the versatility you'll get from bolt-on pontoons that give the X-2 an extra measure of stability that allows even beginners to cruise with ease. And which can be removed in

minutes when you want faster, more exciting riding.

But don't forget about Kawasaki's solo flyers.

There are four choices of solo JET SKI watercraft - from the easy-to-ride



X-2

Shown are the bolt-on twin pontoons fitted as standard equipment.

JS300 to the flagship of the fleet, the brilliant 650SX - letting you do whatever you want on water.

Each one carrying 14 years of Kawasaki JET SKI watercraft experience to deliver performance and excitement you never thought possible.

Kawasaki JET SKI watercraft.

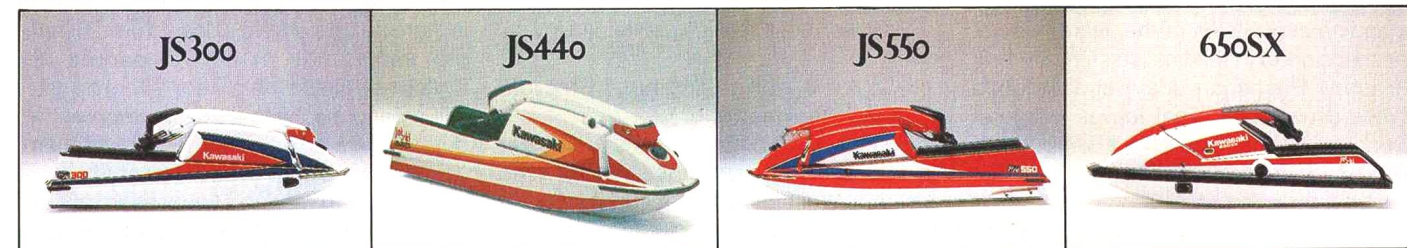
The most fun you can have in the water with your clothes on.

Self-circling.

If you end up in the water, every Kawasaki JET SKI watercraft will automatically slow to idling speed and circle back around to get you.

Self-righting.

JET SKI watercraft will automatically right themselves, while sealed flotation cells in the bulkhead make them virtually impossible to sink. When fitted with pontoons, however, the X-2 is not self-righting.



Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

GEA/KAW-23107

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sinful descent

The Seven Deadly Sins section has treated your readers since its inception. C.J. Mackay's perception of the world is uncannily accurate. Loose Ends is a blast.

Please don't let these fore and aft sections be tainted by the likes of the Lust column in the November 1987 edition. Garry Sargeant's descent into dog humor belongs in lesser magazines. — *Jim Pogorelc, Mt Isa, Qld*

Going bush

Like a lot of my mates — city and bush — I reckon "C.J." Mackay is a top writer. She always manages to cut through the bull and find the laughs — which is more than can be said for some other writers in your mag. And that's the reason I'm writing. I'm just visiting Sydney and saw the new issue. Still no features by C.J. The columns are great, but why not send this woman on some sort of adventure?

I reckon if C.J. went bush to some place like Winton (my home town) and found out what country boys are really like, it'd be a great read. Only thing is, can she fight? If not, I'd be more than willing to give her a few pointers. I used to fight semi-pro, but these days I'd much rather go a few rounds with C.J. than some of the ugly bastards I used to belt.

Cheers. Great mag. — *J. Piesley, Manly Hotel, NSW*

Can't help it . . .

re: The Girl Can't Help It

She is just so damn good looking . . . but Annaliese, who's blaming you? — *Paul Santos, Sth Plympton, SA*

Abstention

I'm disappointed. I'm going to abstain from voting in the Pet of the Year play-off on the grounds that two of your three outstanding centrefolds of the year have not been included in the finalists. I'm referring to Libby Buchanan (May) and Amanda Wolfe (November). That leaves Margaret Duncan (December) without competition. — *B.B., Sydney, NSW*

Wrath of Gahd?

In recent months my client, Queensland Yacht Charters, has been receiving letters of the type outlined in your Jack Sonnemann article (December *Penthouse*). As you know we've been advertising QYC's Whitsunday Boating Holidays



Margaret Duncan: no competition

on your pages for over two years and many *Penthouse* readers have discovered the joys of such a holiday in that time. However, after reading these letters from people who have gone to the trouble of writing to tell us that they will definitely not be taking a charter because we advertise in *Penthouse*, we wonder just how much business has been lost.

Do we continue advertising in *Penthouse*, risking wrath and possible bankruptcy?

I put this question to QYC, bearing in mind that the product itself could be a bit suspect too, because it puts a small group of people on a yacht or cruiser alone among 74 tropical islands without a chaperone for guidance. No instructions on correct attire, no supervision of beverage consumption and no watchdog of recreational activities. Combine a Whitsunday Boating Holiday with *Penthouse* and we're walking on eggshells.

"Is it worth the risk?" questioned my client.

"Only one way to find out," I replied. "We go in the deep end."

So here's the horrendous risk my client is taking. Any *Penthouse* reader who books a Whitsunday Boating Holiday direct through Queensland Yacht Charters between now and March 31 for a charter any time in 1988 up till December 15 will receive absolutely free a — dare I say it — year's subscription to the Black Label edition. The phone number is (02) 331 1211 or toll free 008 251 217. To prove you read

Penthouse a question will be asked about our ad.

In the meantime, lightning rods are being fitted to the building. — *John McNally, Gadonya Productions, Cremorne, NSW*

Fleshy one

So that's why Ilona Staller, Italy's porno politician, is known as Cicciolina — little fleshy one. I'd never understood the implications of that until I received my December Black Label, but all was soon revealed.

I had to go and compare the Black Label with the newsstand edition; I'm afraid to break it to those who only got to see the tame edition that they lucked out. Until you see the Black Label version, you will never truly understand why she bears this reference.

I also have a theory on Margaret Duncan, aka Fifi the French Maid, and her arrest. How else could those Queensland boys in blue get to meet this gorgeous piece of work if it wasn't to haul her down to the station? Personally, though I think I speak for many others, I would love to further my enquiries about Margaret. She is the arresting one.

Great magazine. It's one of the highlights of each month to cop it in my letterbox. — *G.M., Newcastle, NSW*

Who are the turkeys?

Bad luck about the Christmas Turkey Catalogue in your December edition. It was a crock of shit. Much better value were the offensive jokes. I hope that is an annual event, yeah? — *Tim Anderson, Brisbane, Qld*

A laugh a minute

We're writing to tell you how much we enjoyed your second list of offensive jokes, Beyond A Joke, in the December magazine. Sure, there were some low bludgers in there but there were at least 15 or 20 that did the rounds at all the parties at Christmas. Our favorite was: "What do you call an anorexic with a yeast infection? A quarterpounder with cheese." Lower than a pot-holer's plantar warts. Top stuff.

We were wondering if you'd heard about the two Aborigines sitting on a park bench and one says to the other, "Hey, did you hear that old Charlie died?" And the other says, "No, I didn't even know he was in jail."

Keep up the dubious work. — *Allan, Bob, Les and Dirtbrain, St Kilda, Vic*

AS THE SUN SET OVER ADELAIDE, HE WAS FACED
WITH THE DAYS MOST DIFFICULT DECISION.

'What,' he asked himself, 'am I going to do tonight?'

'Here I am, a stranger in a strange city. Where does a single guy go for a drink, a feed, a bit of fun?'

Then he looked out the hotel window and saw the old railway station.

'Of course,' he smiled. 'The Casino. Bars. Restaurants. People. And a flutter on the roulette wheel.'

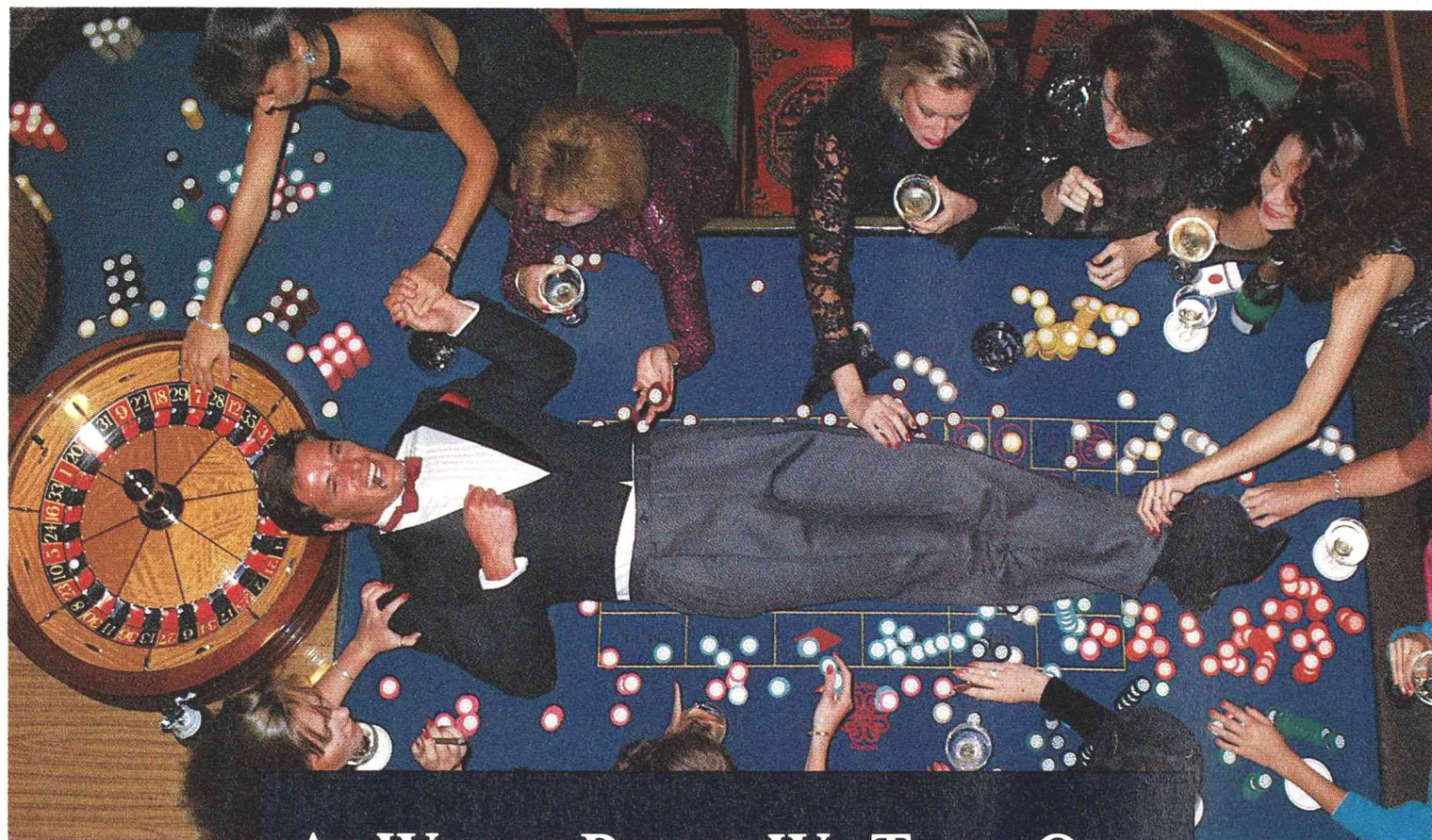
Under the shower he remembered how Brad had met his girlfriend at the Casino last year.

'Never know,' he mused, 'might meet some gorgeous blonde. Or win the Keno jackpot.'

'Which reminds me what my mother used to say: never gamble or mix with strange women.'

ADELAIDE CASINO

North Terrace, Adelaide. (08) 212 2811. An affiliate of Genting International Resorts and Casinos.



AT WREST POINT, WE TAKE OUR BUSINESS VERY SERIOUSLY.

Federal Pacific Hotels & Casinos are the pioneers of gambling in Australia, so we know how important it is to create the perfect atmosphere.

That's why Wrest Point Federal is so much fun.

With its busy gaming rooms, revolving restaurant, exciting discotheque and nightly cabaret, it's the most entertaining casino in Australia.

Seriously.

For reservations, contact Tasbureau or your travel agent. Or call Wrest Point on (002) 25 0112.

Wrest Point  Federal



PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Accessories

For the past few years my husband's sexual desires have gone down hill to the point where I have to masturbate frequently to attain the release I need. Release was all I got, and I wanted much more. I've heard about vibrators and rubber cocks and wondered if they might help me. It reached the point where I had to find out.

I don't know how many times I walked by a porn shop in Kings Cross before I at last got up the nerve to go in. It was mid-day during the week, a time I had selected because I hoped the shop wouldn't be crowded. I was relieved to find there wasn't anyone in the shop except the guy behind the counter, and even more relieved to find he was a gentleman.

I managed to tell him I was interested in a vibrator. He took out a selection. He suggested one in particular, explaining that it varied in speed. He turned the vibrator on and placed it in my hand. It sent shivers up my spine to think what that would feel like against my clitoris!

Just then a man walked into the shop. I quickly put the vibrator down and tried to turn away. When I did I found myself looking at row after row of magazines, most of which had pictures of women sucking cocks on the cover. I turned back to the counter, and for the first time looked. There was a wide selection of rubber cocks of all sizes and shapes, and many other devices. I didn't know what some of them were for although most were obvious.

I could feel the man undressing me with his eyes. I am attractive and have a nice figure so it wasn't my first experience with a mental strip tease. He came over to the counter, and obviously knew the shopkeeper. They struck up a conversation, and brought me into it.

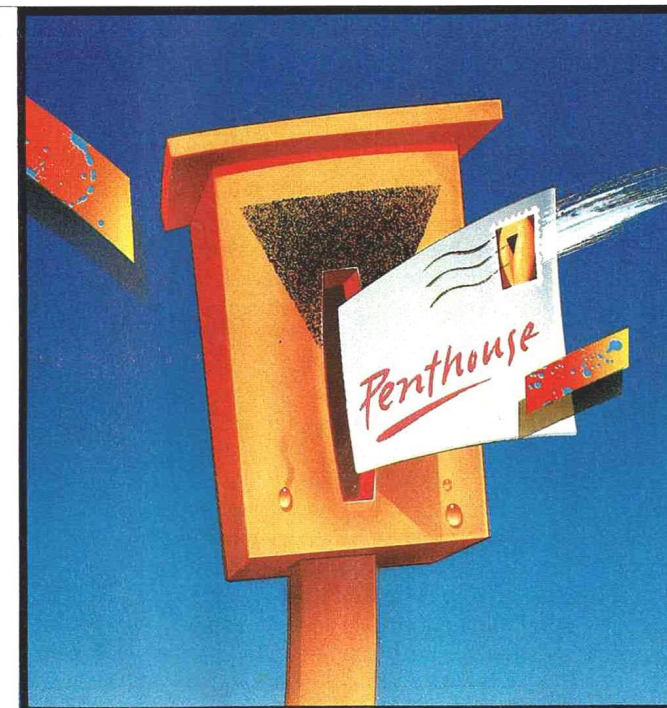
The man picked up the vibrator and asked if I had ever used one before. When I said no, he turned it on and told me there were many ways to use it, then moved it to my tits. I could feel the tip throbbing away against my nipple through my blouse and brassiere, and it did feel good. The next thing I knew the man opened the top buttons of my blouse and eased the vibrator beneath my brassiere. Instead of trying to

stop him I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the throbbing sensation. I let him ease my tit out of the cup of my brassiere and roll the vibrator over my nipple.

After a couple of minutes he moved the vibrator away and took my arm. My legs felt like they were made of rubber as he led me back to a movie booth and sat me down. He asked me to pull my skirt up, then he eased my legs apart and touched the vibrator to my pussy, through my panties. From the first contact I knew I would make it. I didn't even try to resist when he slipped the leg band of my panties to one side and touched the vibrator to my clitoris. I was surprised when he didn't try to shove it in me. He leaned forward and took my taut nipple into his mouth. I don't know which felt the best, the vibrator or having him sucking my tits.

After a few minutes he eased away and asked if I wanted to make it like this. I told him no — that I wanted his cock in me! He opened his pants and took out a throbbing, hard cock, about seven inches long. I raised myself and let him slip my panties off; then he knelt between my legs and very slowly eased his cock into my pussy.

We forgot about the vibrator. He fucked me in long, teasing strokes. I couldn't believe that I had a complete stranger's cock in my pussy. I didn't even know his name. When I was on the verge of coming he held still in me and touched the vibrator to my



clitoris. I exploded! I think I must have screamed in pleasure.

When my orgasm passed he slipped out of me and stood, touching his cock to my lips. I threw my arms around him and took him into my mouth. In seconds he was coming in my mouth, and I drank every drop. When he took his cock out of my mouth he picked up my panties and stuffed them into his pocket, telling me it would give him something to remember me by.

He took me back out into the shop and told the shopkeeper he would buy the vibrator for me, and told me to pick out anything else I would like. My nervousness was gone. I selected a rubber cock that was about ten inches long. He reached behind the counter, took out a French tickler and handed it to

me and asked how I would like to have a man use it on me. It had row after row of hard rubber nubs on it. I tried to imagine what it would feel like to have that raking through my pussy.

I asked if he would fuck me again, with the tickler. He picked out a black suspender belt and black stockings, then told me to put them on. I was bare-legged. I did as he asked; then he led me into a backroom and undressed me except for the suspender belt and stockings. He had me suck him off until he got a hard-on in my mouth.

I lay back on a cot and watched him roll the tickler on to his cock. I took him between my legs and felt his cock slide up my wet pussy. As soon as he started fucking me I was coming. I loved the feeling of those nubs raking through my pussy. Right at the end there was another clump of long nubs that pressed against my clitoris at the depth of each stroke.

I put my legs around him; I was fucking myself on his cock more than he was giving it to me, and making it time after time. When he was close to coming I made him stop and take the tickler off. I wanted him to come inside of me. He did, and I made it with him. I sucked him off again when he pulled his cock out of my pussy, just enough to clean him off.

I use the rubber cock and vibrator often, but at least twice a week I let a man pick me

FORUM

up and fuck me. I never give my full name; I just want to be screwed, and it really turns me on to be fucked by a complete stranger. I always wear that suspender belt and stockings when I go out to get laid and I usually let the men keep my panties. — *Name and address withheld*

Acting passion

I first saw Lucy at an acting class. She was my idea of the perfect woman. She looked like she might be a dancer, which I knew only too well meant she had a firm body.

After the class I walked up to her and, as nonchalantly as I could, asked what train she took home. Lucy smiled and told me. It just happened to be my train, too. The walk to the train was perfect, like a scene from a movie, and we talked a lot about our previous class. I offered to help her with her scene the next day, and as we approached her place she agreed to meet me to practice.

Since we lived quite close to each other, I met Lucy at her home with her script, some works by Shakespeare, pizza, and a bottle of diet soda. After we had some pizza, Lucy said that we should get down to business and rehearse her part. For two long hours we rehearsed, then Lucy said it would be nice to have a back rub, since she

was tired from practising. I readily obliged and offered to rub her back.

As soon as I touched her, I felt the heat of passion rise in me. Lucy let out a soft sigh and told me that it felt good. I took this as an invitation and boldly started to caress her firm tits. She really got excited and started to moan and move her pelvis against the couch. She turned to me and kissed me, a long, hot, passionate kiss, and her hands started to roam all over my body. I couldn't stand it any more, so I began to remove her top and she began to unfasten my belt, still rubbing my hard cock.

After much sucking, groaning, and kissing, we finally got off all of our clothes. Lucy had the most beautiful body I ever saw. She was firm but gently curvaceous. I massaged her dripping cunt as she took my hard member in her hands. We were dry humping like crazy, and then she trailed down my body with wet, hungry kisses. When she finally reached my swollen dick, she ran her tongue on its underside and with one quick movement inserted it into her wet, warm mouth.

I was in heaven! The gentle but firm pulling and tugging of her mouth was leading me to an intense sensation that I had really never experienced before. As soon as I was about to burst, Lucy took my dick out of her mouth and told me to come all over her precious tits. I pumped my load on her, and there was so much cream it covered

them entirely with no problem. She lifted her mounds and, to my amazement, started to lick my come off her breasts. This just excited me more, because while she licked my love juices off her gorgeous tits, she was playing with her swollen clitoris, swaying gently back and forth.

I couldn't stand it any more and decided to help her climax by giving her the best tongue-fuck possible. Lucy reacted to my ministrations quickly and came in long spasms. My dick was hard and Lucy eyed it lustfully. I plunged it into her and we moved in unison, both crying out at the same time in the heat of our passion. We lay there for a long time, exploring each other's bodies with long kisses and caresses. It was the most intense experience I ever had, and Lucy and I remain great friends, taking much delight in each other. — *Name and address withheld*

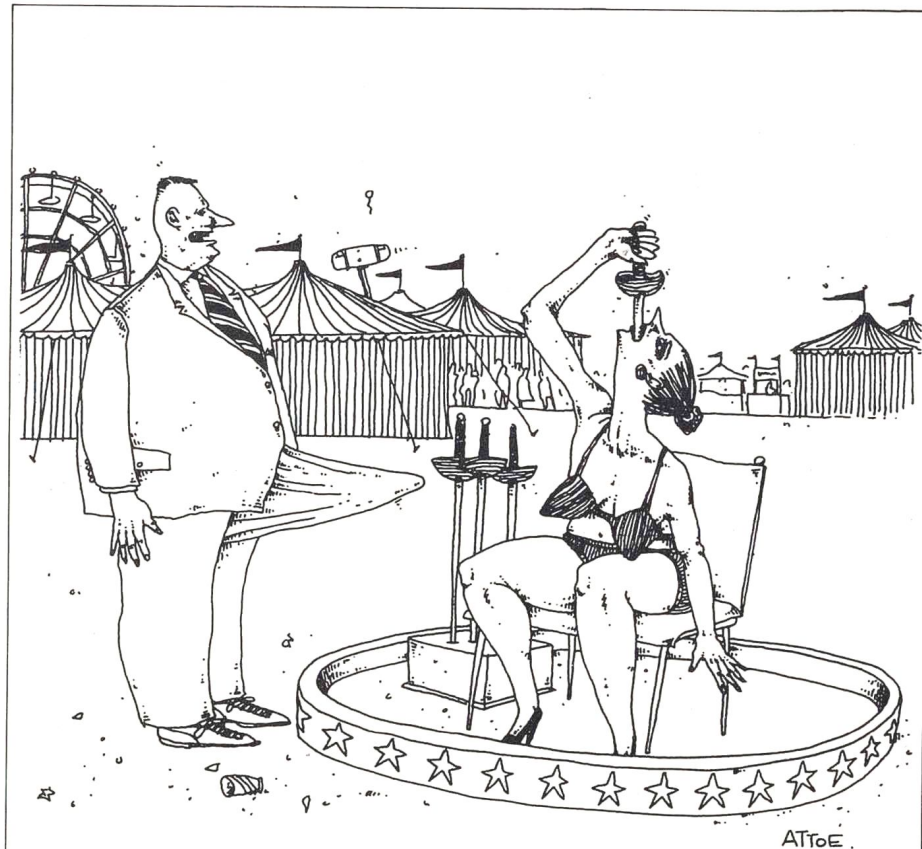
Flag her down

My name is Ralph and I have a story that would make anyone come twice. I am a construction worker and enjoy the hard work both for the physical aspects and the hours, which are great for the summer.

It was just another hot day. We were laying some pipeline in a small intersection. Because of the location, my mates at the site nominated me as flagman for the day. I really didn't mind, because the previous day I had strained my back laying down some heavy piping. I was standing there with my flag for about three hours when this gorgeous brunette whizzed by me. I thought she was the hottest-looking babe I ever saw. A few minutes later she passed by me again, turned to me, smiled and waved. Man, she was beautiful. She had a face that would stop traffic.

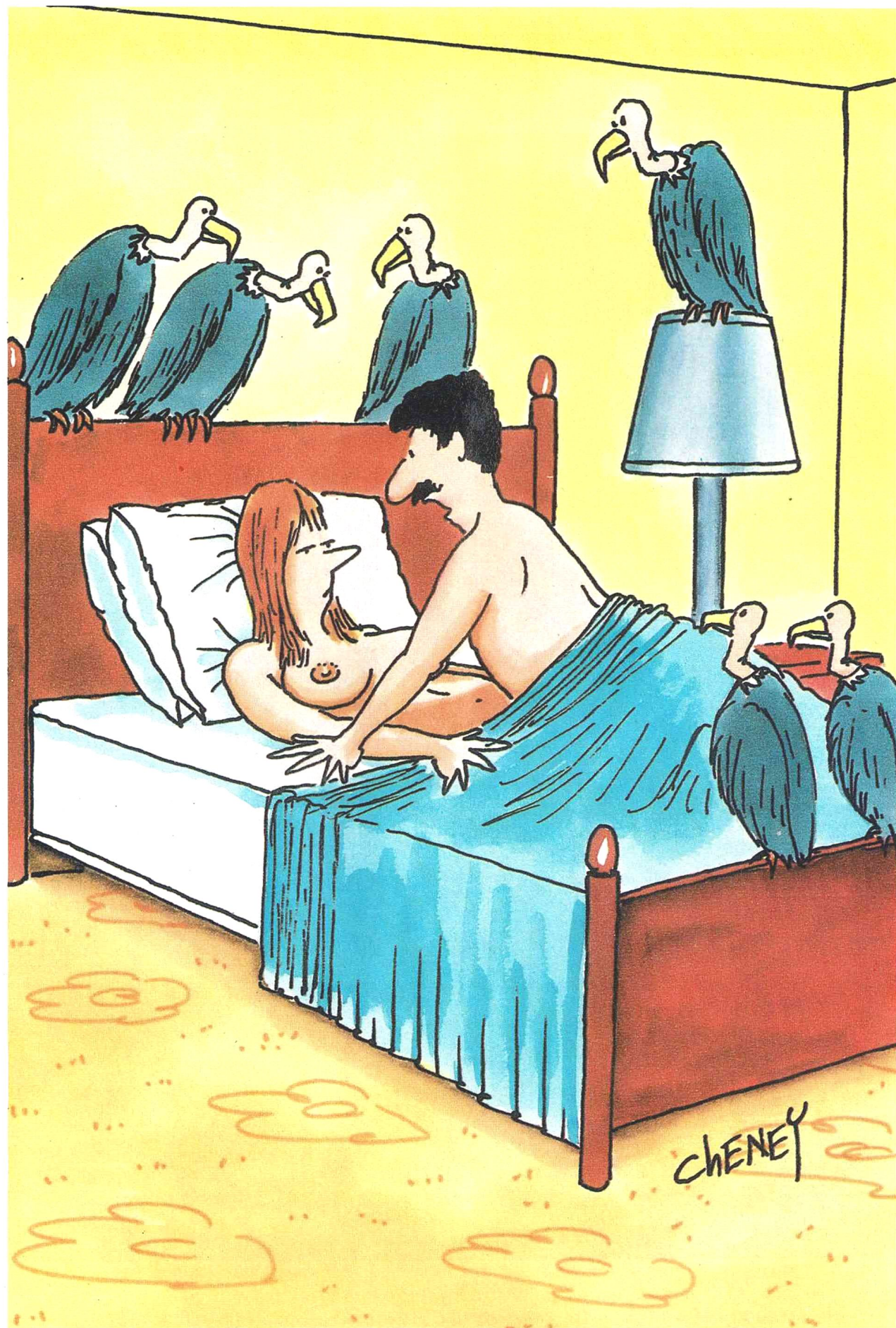
For the next two hours, I couldn't stop daydreaming about the girl, all the while hoping that she would pass by me again. To my surprise, my wish did come true just half an hour before quitting time. Out of the haze this chick came toward the intersection again. This time I was ready and the traffic was light. I put up my flags to stop her, even though there was no other traffic in sight. She didn't even slow down! Again she just turned, smiled and waved. I was sorely pissed off until I noticed a book of matches lying on the road. I knew what it was and picked it up. Inside the cover was this chick's name and phone number. It said, "Call me after five." Her name was Lina, and it was time for me to quit, so I headed to a takeaway to get something to eat and maybe sink a brew. It was two hours before I would meet my fantasy.

At a quarter past five, I nervously dialled her number. She answered the phone with a throaty "hello." I told her that I was the guy who picked up her matchbook. I quickly added how pretty I thought she was. Lina sweetly told me that she was happy that I called, and gave me her address so I could stop by. My heart was out of control! I couldn't believe my ears. My



"How much are they paying you to swallow swords?"

ATTOE



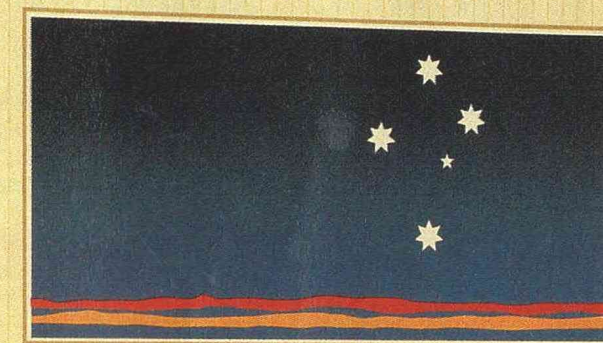
CHENEY

"Why don't you try moving a little?"



MIRRABOOK 5 STAR CASK WINE

LINDEMANS



MIRRABOOK

1987

Rhine Riesling

When Dr Henry John Lindeman first began making wine in Australia in 1843, his vision was that Australian wines would one day rank with the very best from anywhere in the world. This tradition of excellence has produced a succession of truly world class wines, and wines such as this, offering world class value in sought after varietals. To commemorate this Australian winemaking achievement we have named the wines Mirrabook, the Aboriginal word for Southern Cross.

2 LITRES

LINDEMANS BRING YOU THE NEW MIRRABOOK RANGE OF 2 LITRE VARIETAL WINES. THERE ARE 5 EXCELLENT WINES TO CHOOSE FROM. A CRISP RHINE RIESLING. THREE DRY WHITES, A PARTICULARLY ELEGANT FUME BLANC, A FINELY BALANCED SEMILLON CHARDONNAY* AND A FULL BODIED VERDELHAO*. AND FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A DRY RED THERE'S OUR FLAVOURSOME SHIRAZ CABERNET. MIRRABOOK. PREMIER 2 LITRE CASKS.

*LIMITED RELEASE

FORUM

prick was so hard I could have hung a bucket on it — a full bucket, full of bricks, it was so swollen. I hurriedly scrambled to her place.

Five minutes later, I rang her doorbell. Lina answered wearing a long T-shirt and a pair of shorts. She was so cute, and looked a little shy. That really turned me on. She said to me, "Hi, want a beer or something?" That "something" really got me going all over again. She brought me a beer and sat down next to me on the couch. I leaned back to put my arm around her and she turned her face toward mine. Lina was a very pretty girl, and I thought that I was the luckiest man alive at that moment. We started kissing and groping each other. I put my hand on her firm, ripe breasts and she asked me to suck on them. After sucking her tits for a while I knelt down and kissed her navel, working my way down the shorts that she was eagerly pulling off. I figured I'd help her remove them as they were kind of tight, and she writhed as I pulled them off her feet. Now she was completely naked, and I started to kiss her love mound. Her juices ran down her legs as I sucked on her swelling pussy lips. She was moaning and I thought that my prick was going to explode. It felt like all the blood in my body was rushing to the head of my dick.

When she finally came, Lina said she

wanted to return the favor, so she began to remove my clothing. When my pants came off my soldier was standing to attention like a private answering roll call. She expertly gave me the greatest blowjob — her tongue glided over my shaft, all wet and warm. Before I was about to come, she moaned and mounted me. She jumped and ground away on my dick. I just about had it! I grabbed her arms, pulled her down on my upright member, and shot deeply into her dripping hole.

Lina had had about three orgasms while I was eating her, but this was obviously the big one. Her body shook from head to toe and she collapsed on to the couch. She rolled over and I lay on top of her for a while. Lina said that it was the most wonderful fuck that she ever had. I wanted to stay longer, but remembered that I had planned to meet a few friends later that evening. I decided that although I really had to leave, why not bring Lina along? She was thrilled, and told me that she would love to accompany me but that we should take a shower first. Well, that just got us started all over again, and we were a little late meeting my friends.

I thought that they might be a little mad, but as soon as they saw Lina they smiled knowingly and forgave me quickly. Ever since then Lina and I have been going together. The best fuck of my life turned out to be the best relationship I have ever had. — *Name and address withheld*



Hi-tech voyeur

I am a 26-year-old engineer and a hi-tech voyeur! Down at work there is this device called a fibre optic fibrescope. It's a special viewing device utilising fibre optics. Basically, it's a space-age peep scope that's 50cms long and used in difficult-to-reach places.

I installed a few in my home — one in the bedroom closet, which adjoins the bathroom, and one in my backyard guest house. I even installed one in the changing shed by the pool. All during the summer, I was able to view some incredible action when I had guests over for pool-side barbecues.

One particular weekend I invited a bunch of my female friends to a party I was throwing. Since it was a gorgeous day, I told them to bring their swim gear so they could use the pool. I told them to change in my bathroom. Because of the scope that I installed I was able to view five lovely young chicks, completely naked, as they changed into their bikinis. Little did they know that there was one hot, hungry male observing them!

One of the girls, a pert redhead named Donna, had a nicely shaped body and a pubic snatch that was the same fiery color as the hair on her head. It excited me because I never saw pubes that color, and I was massively turned on. Donna brought along her boyfriend Barry. He is about six foot two, and since Donna is only about five feet, I wondered how such a tall guy would get it on with a tiny girl. I sure found out later.

The party was really going strong, loud and noisy, so I offered Barry and Donna an invitation to stay in the guest house. They gladly accepted my offer, and after the party ended they retired to the guest house and the room I had prepared for them. I was so glad that they decided to stay, because I figured I would see some hot action.

They both stripped off in a hurry and rushed to the bathroom to shower. I heard them giggling and kissing, and soon they both appeared in the bedroom. They were both totally soaked, and my eyes were not only drawn to Donna's beautiful glistening body, but to Barry's massive eight-inch cock. I got so excited imagining what Barry was going to do with that large love tool of his.

Donna knelt in front of Barry and began to suck his cock. The guy was gyrating his hips and slowly pumping his dick in and out of her wet mouth. About two minutes passed and Barry began to breathe harder, his eyes closed. He told Donna that he was about to come, and she plopped his cock out and began to jerk him off. At his climax, thick white jets of come spurted from his thrusting organ, spewing all over Donna's face, tits and legs. I had a raging hard-on myself, getting a clear view.

They moved over to the bed, and Donna got on all fours with Barry mounting her.

SUPERLIGHTS



SIMPLY A SUPER OFFER

This elegant setting of six glasses, wine cooler and tray, is part of a special summer offer brought to you by Superlights. Light enough to take anywhere, yet designed in sturdy acrylic to withstand the great outdoors.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning
Packaging warning required by Government regulation

How to order. Please tick required items and indicate quantity. Send your pack tops* and/or cheque payable to Philip Morris Ltd to 'Superlights Super Offer' P.O. Box 5, Wahroonga, NSW 2076.

☐ **Wine Cooler.** Send \$8 plus 4 Superlights pack tops or cash \$18:

☐ **Tray & 6 Glasses.** Send \$12 plus 4 Superlights pack tops or cash \$22:

☐ **The Full Set.** Send \$16 plus 8 Superlights pack tops or cash \$36:

Please allow 28 days for delivery. Prices include packaging and postage. Offer open whilst stocks last.

Mr/Mrs/Ms _____

Address _____

P/code: _____ Telephone: _____

I am an adult smoker aged _____

Signature: _____

I enclose _____ pack tops*

and/or cheque for \$ _____

*Legal restrictions prevent Victorian and South Australian residents from participating in this offer by sending in pack tops. Only applications including name, address and cheque for *FULL cash price for nominated merchandise will be honoured in the case of Victorian & South Australian residents. The promoter is Philip Morris Limited of 252 Chesterville Road, Moorabbin, Victoria.



...the heat is on!

Soft lights, romantic music and Sambuca glowing gently in the dark. Sambuca by Galliano, drink it straight (don't forget to add two coffee beans) or in your favourite cocktail. Start up your Sambuca romance now—Send for your free recipe/drinks brochure: John Cawsey & Co. Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 61, Lidcombe, N.S.W. 2141

FORUM

Since Donna wasn't facing me, I couldn't see her face, but I got a great view of her voluptuous arse. Barry eased his cock into her pussy and thrust slowly. As he began to increase his tempo, I noticed Donna's tits swaying with the beat. She told him to go faster, and her repeated moans were really getting me hot and horny! I could hear everything, thanks to the electronic eavesdropping device that I had also installed.

They fucked for a long time in that position until Donna had an orgasm. To my surprise, Barry didn't even come, and when she asked him to pull out of her, he was still rock-hard. After a breather of touching each other with loving caresses, Barry inserted his dick into her dripping love tunnel. He was working himself into a real frenzy when Donna, with Barry's cock still inside her, sat up and mounted him. I was amazed because she did it so expertly, without losing contact with his massive tool or their rhythm. This must have really turned Barry on, because he came just a few minutes after she mounted him.

Little did they know that they had put on a fantastic show just for me. Right after Barry came, so did I, imagining it was me inside of Donna instead of him. The next morning I sent them off on their merry way and told them that it would be a pleasure for them to come again! — *Name and address withheld*

Lawn doctor

The first time I had sex was just before my 20th birthday. Oh, I often tried to get into the pants of girls my age, but without any success. Some of them would let me feel them up, but as for letting me fuck them, forget it! It seemed all they wanted to do was tease and get a guy all worked up for nothing.

Anyway, I did a lot of odd jobs for spending money, and one weekend our new neighbor phoned to ask if I had time to work on her lawn. Her husband had a travelling job and was gone a lot. At 27, she was very pretty, didn't have any kids, and I had often spied on her when she sunbathed in their backyard. I'd jerk off and fantasise about fucking her, because she was truly a dream.

She yelled to come on in when I knocked at the back door. Through the screen door, I saw her standing on top of a stepladder cleaning the top cupboard shelves. She looked gorgeous! I leered at her lush body, and from the back saw she wore no bra. She looked over her shoulder, feeling my gaze on her denim-clad behind and long, bare legs. With a smile and a twinkle in her eye, she told me to hold the stool steady. The lump in my throat almost choked me and desire fired through my groin, giving

Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

SURVIVING THE SACK

Catastrophes are history's way of flushing the bowl. They blow in uninvited to mess up your orderly life, and in their wake leave sadness, extreme depression and an angry compulsion to slam your fist into the wall.

I am not dismissing the gut-wrenching anxiety nor the self-pitying whine of "why me?" which you'll put yourself through. But it is generally considered that if a catastrophe occurs then the bowl *did* need flushing. You may not have thought so, but since when did your opinion count?

Very few of us dream of upheavals; we dream of comfort and security and the neighbor who leaves her bathroom venetians open (where would we be without the telescope?) But rarely do we call in The Big Guy and order a Double Whammy, please.

These things just happen. And always to you — or so it seems.

As I said, catastrophes are not such a bad thing. They can present you with new opportunities, a new outlook. The downside is they usually leave you with a gutful of anger you could sell by the kilo.

Let's get one thing clear up front. We are not talking about *major* catastrophes. To be glib toward terrible tragedy is brutal. Leave that to radio announcers.

We are addressing life's hiccups, which at the time seem catastrophic. As painful as plunging your fist into a meat grinder. As shocking as the worst mind-altering hallucinogen gone berserk inside your head.

Yet time heals. In retrospect, what were once catastrophes are seen as merely hiccups. Unfortunately, the indigestion lingers.

Take the agony of losing your job. Some insignificant arsewipe who'd be better suited licking the dregs from beer cans calls you into his office. Closes the door sombrely. Invites you to sit down. Adopts a look that reflects the death of a close relative. Kicks you in the guts. Apologises — as if it's killing him more than you.

You feel sicker than you've ever felt in your life. With no way out.

I know everything that's going round in your head. So, for what it's worth, listen up. You need a game plan. A way to overcome the depths of despair, the uncontrollable anger, the desire to get hopelessly drunk and wind up doing something despicable to a complete stranger...

You need a way to combat the wimps and whingers who thrive on shattering your dreams. My advice? Don't get angry; get even.

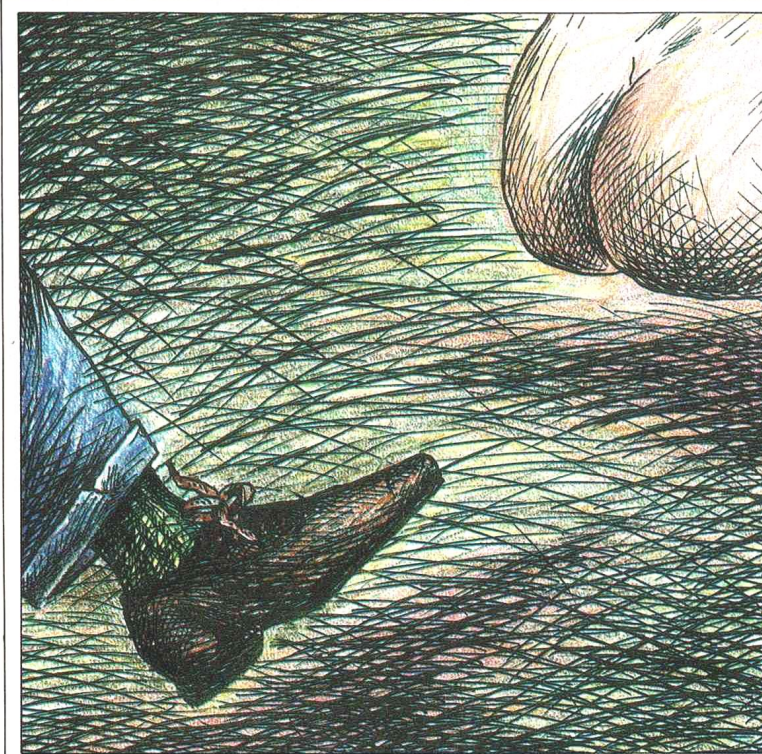
- At no stage punch the guy out; you may forfeit your super. Torch his home instead.
- Do not immediately stuff your bag with office paraphernalia. Wait till next morning and report a break-in. Tell them all your pens are missing. And your lamp.
- Don't tell your work buddies you were fired. They won't buy you a drink for fear of you going on a binge and costing them a month's pay.
- Dork all vaguely available women in the time remaining. Promise them anything. It won't mean shit later.
- Hack into the company's computer and play Tic Tac Toe with the fiscal projections. Then instruct it to buy up all the shares in the Budget Cocaine Company of Curacao, Brazil.
- Do not do one more shred of work. Arrive late, leave early and take lunch often. Address the chairman in front of his most respected clients as Spud or Davo or You Old Botty Banger.
- Get your reference before all this begins. Afterwards, they won't give you a shopping list.
- Pick up all the small coins people leave in paper-clip bowls. You'll need them.
- Break the news to your Best Girl casually. An opportune time is when she's in the shower. But never in public. Her screaming, "You've lost your job!" is an embarrassment you don't need. Besides, the waiter may ask for a deposit on the meal.
- Never tell your prospective employer you were fired. If he persists, tell him you have always been impressed with his business style. If *she* persists, tell her you have always been impressed with her wonderful set of tits.

Losing your job is a rotten time of your life. As catastrophes go, it ranks right up there with smashing your car, losing your savings at roulette, and discovering the girl you're due to marry was once a bloke.

But you will survive. Sure you'll get angry, and sometimes that anger will eat you up and send you crazy, but you'll get through.

Remember the plan I've outlined. It probably won't do monkey crap to help you into a new career, but if it helps you leave the old one with a grin, it was worth it.

When the next catastrophe strikes and everyone is waiting for your reaction, do what I do. Tell them they must have mistaken you for someone who gives a shit. — *Steven Gibbs*



MODERN FEARS

fakophobia — fear of being asked

This is a reproduction of an abstract painting by Wassily Kandinsky. The composition is a dense, non-representational arrangement of organic, flowing shapes and sharp geometric forms. A large, vibrant green shape dominates the left side, while a bright yellow shape is prominent in the center. Other significant colors include red, blue, and purple, which are layered and blended to create a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and emotional intensity, characteristic of Kandinsky's style.

pub-erty blues — sadness
brought on by brewer's droop

yawnophobia — dread of the other person talking endlessly about their previous lovers. — *Garry Sargeant*

FREE
PREVIEW TAPE
with
EVERY ORDER



R-RATED VERSION AT YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.



MIAMI
Spice
From
The Mature Media Group

Who Else?

[illegible]

PHONE ORDERS (062) 80 4643
66-70 Maryborough Street, Fyshwick ACT 2609

AVARICE



CRASH COURSE

I learned a lesson the day the market fell 500 points. I learned about losing. At least, I think I did.

As the days after Black Tuesday saw the losses mounting, I began to wonder whether we had in fact learned our lesson; I began to wonder whether we *did* have the mental strength to take it on the chin, get up and go on anew. For at 11.30am on Black Tuesday I had the never-to-be-repeated duty of telling a good mate that he had lost the lot: a million dollars — and more.

"What?" he asked.

I told him, giving the specific prices. We were down just on \$1 million.

He quickly calculated what the prices meant. As far as he could see he was still in there, still in the race with some of his money and a lot of the bank's.

"That's all right," he said and strode on, taking it on the chin.

Incredible. I'm telling him he's as good as wiped out and he says it's all right? Well... I suppose it is. He's still got his health, he can still practise his profession, he still has a roof over his head. Yes, of course it's all right. It's okay. We're dead — but only in money, and that's not all our money anyway, just our savings.

What a good sport, I thought. No use crying over spilt milk etc.

Ha! What I didn't realise then was that my friend didn't realise just what had happened.

It was not just a matter of easy come easy go — but hard to come and just as damned hard to go. The stock market crash was just a beginning, not an event of one day. That's what I knew. That's why I was so deathly pale when I told him; this was just a beginning; there was more bad news — a lot more — to come. He thought that

that was it. That *kerplunk*, the market fell and, like any halfway decent fighter, would soon after get up again.

He didn't realise the market is a fight to the death, that when it gets you down it puts the boot in, tramps on your fingers, gouges your eyes; that it drags on and on, the Death of a Thousand Cuts.

Inevitable: yes. Foreseeable, even. But not today, not so soon — isn't there another kick left?

There was another kick left — right into the groin.

It was fairly easy at first, making money on the stock market. To make 400 percent in half a year on some investments was not at all

Grade — and managed okay. But then in 1987 we were up in the international league.

We knew the market was topky but that just added to the excitement. The volatility, the rapid upsurges, the crazy excesses — that's what made the money. We knew we stood a chance of being selected and eventually we were. We took a big position in a certain stock — good, solid, blue chip; copper-bottomed and armor-plated below the waterline; with steady growth prospects. Couldn't lose. As if, through injury to the regular centre, we'd been selected to fill the position for Australia. Against England. At Rugby League. And not the England of today but that team of the Sixties — McTigue, Turner, Billy Boston, led by Eric Ashton. And Vince Karalius.

So there we were: the Sydney Cricket Ground and 60,000 fans dead silent before the ball is kicked off. We're only a little nervous because we have confidence. We are rich in skill and muscle.

Whack! We're hit from behind by a flying ton of black muscle. Billy Boston had us marked from the moment the ball came out of the scrum. Whack! The Wild Bull of the Pampas hits us hard. This is international football — we're not

playing on the local paddock any more.

Suddenly we find ourselves behind. We're losing. Losing? That's impossible. We don't lose.

Don't kid yourself, mate. The stock market obeys the Law of Gravity like everything else on

God's Earth and things that go up surely must come down. At the end of that first day, Black Tuesday, we gathered in the office to see what we could rescue.

Hold on and sit tight, we decided. Bad move. Things got worse.

It's as if you've got the ball in your own quarter but have broken through the first line of defence. You're still a long way from the try line but with only the fullback to beat. He turns out to be Clive Churchill, one of the best defenders the game has seen. What's more, you don't know how much speed you have left, nor whether those pounding hoofs behind you belong to the meanest man alive, Vince Karalius, nor whether he's about to drag you across the touchline and break every bone in your body.

Looking back across the months I can tell you: Yes, Vince was there — and he was able to catch us. And he is the meanest man alive, too.

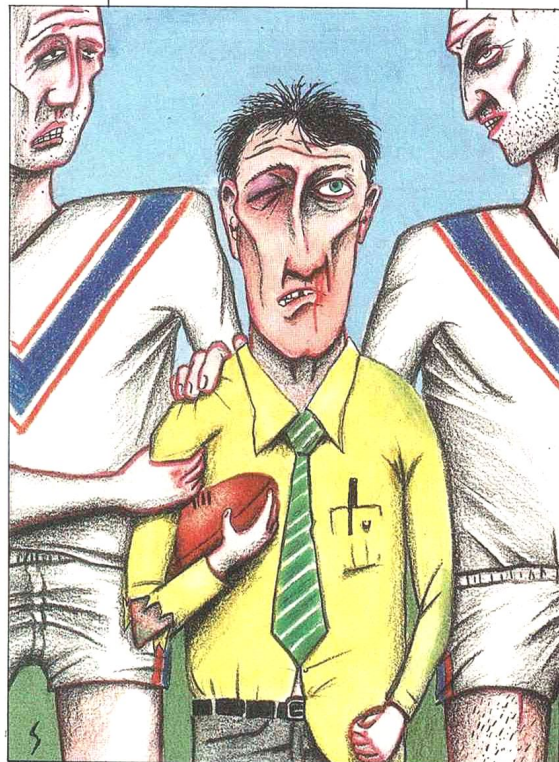
In the meantime my friend was trapped. In thrall to the gains made so easily earlier, he was unable — in sufficient time anyway — to realise that this was it: the end of the bull market.

We should have got out that day or the next. Even the day after that — or then the day after that one. Because those shares just kept falling. The first day we lost half our money; the next another quarter went; the day after half of what remained was gone and by the next week we were dead broke, looking to sell the properties and still not have enough to pay the bank.

Basic lesson: a loss isn't a loss until it's realised; and at the end of a bull market, mate, realise those losses sooner rather than later.

Oh yes, there's always the bounces, but they take a while to come through. Get out and get out fast, because they'll go lower before they go higher. If you want to stay in the game you can buy back in and hope for the bounce. Just don't borrow money to do it.

Vale bull market, hello working for a living. — David Quicksilver



impossible.

It was all a bit like playing football. We'd had a few good games in the bush and had come down to the city to try our luck — and done well too. 1985 we'd run around with the Under 23s and the Reserves; in '86 we'd played First



Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.

If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



ENVY



WHY WOMEN ARE WAY AHEAD

A recent survey concluded that the average adult male has a pornographic fantasy every 19 seconds. It did not explain what he does with the other 41 seconds of every minute, nor did it specify whether this applies only to Westerners. A possible reason why the Japanese make better electronics, and the Russians have a more coherent foreign policy than the US, is that they *aren't* thinking about sex every 19 seconds. Who knows? In any case, a very informal survey of women would seem to indicate that whatever they're thinking about most of the time, it isn't the same thing, or at least not as often — or at least they aren't admitting it. Maybe that explains why these days they're so often more successful in business than men.

Of course, the fact that women's minds work differently from men's is hardly news. Even Sigmund Freud asked, "What do women *want*?" without, by the way, ever finding the answer — and if Freud didn't find it, you and I certainly aren't likely to.

Certain things are clear enough, however, even without Freud's help. For example, women seldom if ever leave their clothes on the floor, even in moments of passion, whereas men tend to drop their clothes on the floor even when there's plenty of time to hang them up neatly. On the other hand, men are invariably manic about cleaning razors, even disposable ones, whereas women seldom if ever do. A woman's idea of a good time is to get herself as clean as possible. Time spent bathing and shampooing is never time wasted to women, whereas men associate leisure with dirt and are never happier than when they're covered in mud, soaked in

sweat or automobile grease.

These may not seem to be significant differences, and no doubt anyone could produce a list of their own, but they illustrate very well the indisputable fact that women and men see the world, and each other, through different and not always tolerant eyes. Indeed, there is a stronger argument to be made (and women often make it) that men hardly see women at all. I have gone shopping with men who, when asked what size they're looking for, will look at the saleslady (inevitably, in lingerie departments, a young woman with an 18-inch waist and a perfect, petite figure) and say,

for the very good reason that such gifts simply show their husband's minds are on somebody else's body.

Women, when they buy clothes for men, almost invariably buy jackets and sweaters too large in the shoulders and everything else too small, which shows what's on *their* minds.

Then there's the question of looking at other women — something that all men do, however surreptitiously (which may explain those 19-second intervals), and that all women hate. Men feel so guilty about looking at other women that they develop a whole range of tricks for doing it, none of which, by the way, has ever fooled the woman they're with for five seconds. By the time they're married, most men have peripheral vision — from years of looking sideways out of the corners of their eyes — that would do credit to a fighter pilot. Men, in fact, are so intent on what used to be called "girl watching," in a more innocent and prefeminist age, that they never notice women do the same, though not, needless to say, for the same reason.

It is a common fallacy for men to assume that women look at men because men look at women, but while men are indulging in sexual fantasies (every 19 seconds?), women are motivated by a far stronger emotion: rivalry. No man ever looked at a woman with half the attention that a woman does. Sit on a beach with a woman, and if she catches you glancing at somebody else, she will say, with-

out even appearing to have opened her eyes, "She's ten years older than you think. It's a pity she already has cellulite, her roots are showing, it looks to me as if she's had a bad breast job and the silicone is slipping..." When it comes to other women, women have laser eyes.

It may be true that men and women both see only their own sex clearly. The other sex they see through the distorting spectacles of prejudice and fantasy. The fact that the two sexes don't, can't, and never will see things the same way is exactly what makes heterosexuality so much more interesting than homosexuality, and marriage surely one of the most challenging of human enterprises. In the days when feminism was just beginning as a movement, when male chauvinists were predicting that it would be the end of femininity, antifeminists predicted a grim future in which women would become amazonian rivals to men, combat-booted true believers in the war between the sexes, storming the barricades of privilege. Twenty years later, women have entered every part of business and government, and succeeded on so many levels that it would be tedious to describe them. As a friend of mine says, "The sexual revolution is over, and the incumbents are still in power." Only the other day I saw one of the leaders of the movement, the Joan of Arc of feminism, leaving an expensive restaurant on the arm of a business celebrity. As they reached the door, she paused as if she'd forgotten something; then I realised that she was waiting for him to open the door for her!

It was, I thought, an endearing and revealing moment. Who says the sexes are equal? It's nonsense! Women have always been far ahead of men in every way that matters, if only because at the bottom line the thing that matters most to men is how they look to women, not to each other.

And that is not about to change.
— Michael Korda



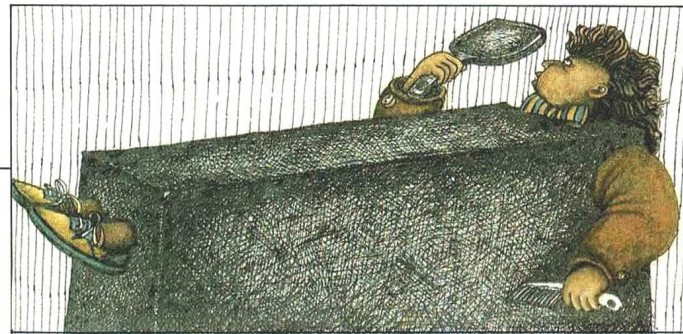
"Well, she's about your size, I guess," despite the fact that the wife in question is 20 years older, 10 kilos heavier, and several centimetres taller. One might suppose that women might be flattered by this mental miniaturisation, but they're not,



For those who are particular about their tyres...

PIRELLI
Gripping Stuff

VANITY



UNDER THE KNIFE: BUYERS' GUIDE

Plastic surgery won't take someone back 20 years, or win them back the wife they're losing, or stop the clock — but if someone has a psychological block about the way they look, we can often correct the physical block to help them cope."

Thus cautioned the spokesman from the Australian Society of Plastic Surgeons. A tricky business, this one. Many scorn plastic surgery as a macabre extreme of vanity. Invariably, those who do are the ones who didn't have to suffer the vicious insults in the schoolyard about a hooked hooter or some other congenital deformity. Despite the Michael Jackson syndrome, cosmetic surgery ain't *all* about people obsessed with their own image; too often they have been reminded of it — mercilessly.

"We don't operate to create the best nose in Australia. Ideally, a patient wants to get rid of an abnormality. The best result, obviously, is the one that nobody can tell has been done. We're trying to create what the patient perceives as normality."

This is the first point that should be explained by any ethical surgeon, the spokesman explained. No-one should ever be talked into having surgery by a doctor, and its limitations must be fully grasped. "If the results don't meet the expectations — or we make the patient look worse — then we're aware of the damage we can do psychologically. These are high stakes. Anything can go wrong — that must be emphasised — though the chances of success are extremely high, and so they should be."

So what will it be? Facelift? Eyelid reduction? Nose? Chin? Nose jobs are the most com-

mon. About 10 to 20 percent of cosmetic surgery in Australia is for men, and about half of that is for correction of this particular protuberance. Bumps can be removed or the septum (the bit up the middle) can be straightened. But to a top surgeon, nothing's generally that simple. The spokesman can't be named for ethical reasons (his own), but he is the gun in this field and he emphasises time and again the notion of *balance*. "Someone might say they want their nose straightened and reduced in size, and think that will do it for them. But sometimes it's a matter of perhaps less reduction of the

Before and After photos. A goopy profile has been transformed — so simply — into something out of an aftershave commercial.

Simply? The costs of plastic surgery are not just counted in dollars. First you've got to summon the courage to go and see a surgeon, and run the gauntlet of friends and family.

Then there's the operation. We're talking commitment. Bone is removed; bones are broken so they can be reset in different shapes; you're opened up; you're stitched up. Then there's a period of weeks with a plaster cast on your face and swollen black eyes. Then there's more weeks of

swelling and bruising: the wait. Results are evaluated three to six months after the operation.

Face lifts are a different ballgame. An incision is made around the hairline, in front, below and behind the ears, and around the back in one go. The skin is literally pulled up so that it is tighter and the excess trimmed and stitched. Surgeons are generally much more careful about doing facelifts on men as women have the advantage of makeup, and they don't have whiskers. Whiskers can start growing in some *weird* places after a facelift. Eyelids or bags under the eyes can usually be simply removed with a cut and stitch.

Things start getting a little more outrageous in the area of fat reduction. "We always try other weight loss methods first, but for localised areas the techniques are getting better. Still, it's no



bridge of the nose and the addition of a chin implant." He places on his desk a small piece of moulded silicon rubber: a chin. "We can place that by going down through the mouth or up from under the chin to add the extra balance required." He displays

magic wand."

This operation is performed by using a fine tube, with suction holes. It's driven into the fat — perhaps an extra chin — at random to perform its suction action. It turns solid tissue into spongy tissue by sucking out fatty cells. Then compressive garments are worn for up to six weeks — and the surgeon hopes the patient's skin tone is good enough to tighten up. "It's extremely high vacuum — like zero pressure. You can suck all sorts of things out if you put it in the wrong place — but techniques are improving."

Medicare covers some aspects of plastic surgery, but will not cover, for example, a facelift, hair transplant, eyelid reduction or breast augmentation except for specific medical reasons. A ballpark figure for a nose job would be around \$1500, and a chin perhaps \$1000 or less.

Frightening, perhaps, is the fact that in this country any surgeon can call himself a plastic surgeon. You can ring the Society for a list of names of members in your state [NSW — (02) 499 2270; Vic — (03) 419 2213; Qld — (07) 834 6909; SA — (08) 267 4075; WA (09) 480 4625].

"We restore, repair and make whole those parts of the face which Nature has given but which fortune has taken away, not so much that they delight the eye but that they may buoy up the spirits and help the mind of the afflicted." So wrote an Italian surgeon in 1597. After he died, the Church decided his work had been interfering with God's will — and so they dug him up and moved his remains to unconsecrated ground.

Some would say the perpetrators of Michael Jackson's new visage deserve the same, but not all surgeons would agree to do that kind of work. Plastic surgery attracts a certain breed: "The tolerances are much finer than other types of surgery for those of us who like a challenge. Patients are far more critical — and entitled to be." — *Graem Sims*

The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

Which is why the copy of Australian Penthouse you're reading now is not

subscribers. The censorship regulations allow subscriber-only magazines to be far more raunchy.

So the Black Label edition will feature the same beautiful girls you'll find in our regular edition, however their pictorials will be far more revealing.

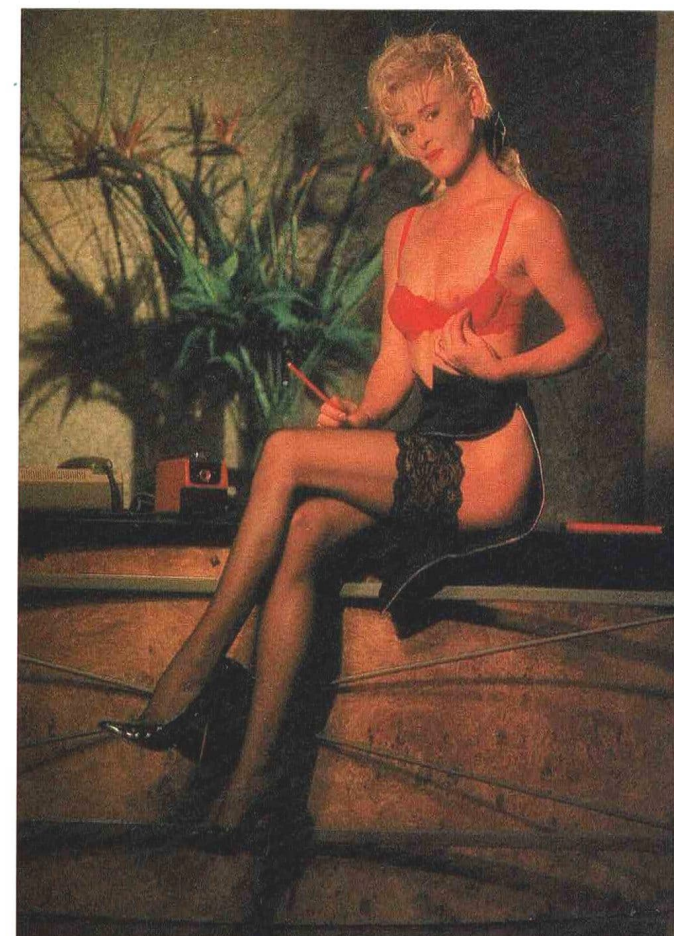
Far, far more so. And as a bonus, most issues of the Black Label edition will also feature a "couples" pictorial.

And that you won't find in any form whatsoever in the regular edition.

So if you prefer your reading matter to miss the heavy hand of the censor, this is your magazine.

For a full year's subscription (12 issues) simply complete the coupon.

And see what you've been missing.



as raunchy as you might like it.

However a much more daring edition of the magazine is now being printed each month.

It's our Black Label edition and it's sold only through the mail to

BLACK LABEL EDITION

It picks up where Australian Penthouse leaves off.

To Australian Penthouse Magazine,
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062.
I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition.
I enclose a cheque/money order for \$58.
Please debit my ☐ Bankcard, ☐ Amex, ☐ Diners,
☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa

No. _____ Expiry Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Signature _____

Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

If Deeks can run a record marathon on a two valve heart, imagine how well he'd perform with sixteen.



Gasp, wheeze, puff, pant.

It doesn't matter if you're as fit as world marathon champion Robert 'Deeks' De Castella, when you run out of breath, you run out of energy. It's the same for cars.

Since both the human heart and the car engine work in similar ways. Using valves to inhale and exhale.

The average heart has two valves, whereas the average engine has eight.

T87-0218/R

But the all new Australian-made Toyota Camry's Twin Cam engine has sixteen.

The effect is like giving Deeks an extra pair of lungs. And twice the stamina.

Suddenly, a family car engine is able to run ultra-marathon distances all day, every day.

Year after year.

Without so much as a huff or a puff.

While at the same time it has the energy to show a clean pair of wheels to the competition.

In full stride Camry's Australian-made 3S-FE Twin Cam, electronically fuel injected engine sprints from 0-100 km/h in 10.4 seconds.

Yet rather than working up a thirst, Camry actually stops for fewer drinks along the way.

At a steady 100 km/h it does 6.8 litres per 100 kilometres*.

(Or for those who don't speak metric, 41.5 miles to the gallon.)

Such high performance and efficiency are the culmination of years of training.



Today, Toyota make more multi-valve Twin Cams than anyone else.

Which makes us the world champions of multi-valve engines.

In Australia they are in the Celica, Corolla, Supra, and now the new Camry Sedan and Wagon.

All of them share the inherited Toyota family traits of economy, reliability and much-envied build quality.



Way back in 1969 we tested our very first multi-valve Twin Cam.

It ran for 72 hours at an average speed of over 200 km/h without breaking anything.

Except 13 international speed records.

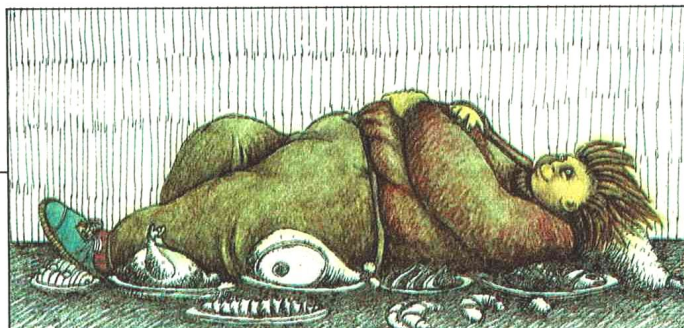
*Department of Resources and Energy, Canberra. AS2877.

And all run so quietly, tirelessly and efficiently you could easily forget they're there. Until you put your foot down.

Then they'll soon jog your memory.

Oh what a feeling! **TOYOTA**

GLUTTONY



FUTURE FOOD

New Year's Day, AD2000 — the dawn of the new millennium. Last night, Mr and Ms Trencherperson attended a small party at the house of friends. The host emptied a few packets of grainy powder into the crystal punch bowl, added three 750ml bottles of spring water, *et voila*: instant "Champagne."

This morning, Ms Trencherperson, filled with nostalgia for the tastes of her youth, rustled up an old-fashioned breakfast of microwave-grilled slices of ham analogue, scrambled eggs substitute and banana analogue chunks swimming in hydrogenated vegetable oil-based "cream." Now Mr T is idly nibbling on some flour-beetle larvae as he waits for the afternoon football game to begin. His wife is programming the family's kitchen computer, S-Kof-E-A, to cook the holiday dinner. She's already used it to place her grocery order for the coming week. The dinner menu includes giant lobster from a farm in Tasmania, sautéed winged bean flowers, vegetables from the family hydroponic garden and a cake containing a cup of dried, crumbled earthworms. It is Mr Trencherperson's favorite dessert.

What we should know about the future is that it is already here, although its effects may take some time to make themselves felt. Instant alcoholic beverages have recently been developed, thanks to the miracle technology of micro-encapsulation. The dry powder that turns a glass of water into a gin and tonic consists of a large number of tiny capsules filled with flavorings and alcohol. Instant carbonated drink was patented nearly ten years ago. If the product ever makes it to the shelves, however, it will face stiff

competition from beverages packaged in recyclable cans that chill themselves in seconds when opened. Such a container has already been invented, as has a can that heats its contents instantly. Flexible plastic pouches may eventually make most canning obsolete. This kind of packaging can be used for a number of foods that cannot now be canned and also makes possible a longer shelf life.

Strange new fish — new to Australians, at any rate — may soon appear in our markets. The tilapia of Africa and the white amur of China, long prized as food, are two herbivorous fish

In zero-gravity fish farms, fish could literally swim through air. They would require no water, just an oxygen-rich atmosphere at 100 percent humidity to keep the fish moist. (Fish die out of water only because gravity causes their gills to collapse, so they suffocate.)

Trends that have been established over the past 20 years will undoubtedly continue: we will eat more of our meals out, and most of these will be in fast food restaurants. Australians will probably continue to snack instead of sitting down to three a day with the family. Among committed snackers, family meals may be reserved for festive occasions only. Some future munchies will bear little resemblance to what is consumed today, however. Wayne and Cheryl may find French-fried grasshoppers more to their liking than caramel-coated popcorn. Outside of an occasional nibble of some chocolate-coated ants, however, entomophagy — insect eating — has remained beyond the experience of the average Australian consumer.

In the future, though, we may favor insects as an alternate source of protein. For example, tonnes of blowflies can be raised — pupae and adults — on a steady diet of goat patties. Flies have little or no taste, but contain 53 percent protein. North American Bait Farms, a company that rears earthworms for fishermen, is trying to drum up interest in the lowly worm as a tasty morsel. Each year, they hold a cooking

contest for people interested in developing recipes for earthworms. Applesauce surprise cake was a recent winner, scraping in ahead of worm-stuffed capsicums.

The winged bean I mentioned earlier is a native of New Guinea and South-East Asia. It is a nutritionist's dream and every part of the plant is edible — pods, beans, leaves, roots and flowers. Hybridisation will lead to a stocking of 21st Century pantries with foods that are familiar yet new. The beefalo — half bison, half cattle — is already being marketed. In New Zealand they are breeding wapiti — half moose, half deer. A breed of chicken in California develops extra meat instead of feathers.

If those of us who elect to stay on Earth in the future are in for some high-tech cookery and a highly varied diet of strange new plants and animals, those who opt for the space colonies are in for something else again. According to theorists, the colonies would be self-contained ecosystems. There would be no weather to interfere with the successful harvest of grains and vegetables grown hydroponically. A 100-acre farm will be able to grow enough varied and nutritious food to feed 10,000 colonists. There may be no need for seeds. Great advances in plant cloning may make them obsolete. It is possible now to select a few cells from a single plant, hardier and more productive than its fellows, and grow 10,000 replicas of that plant in a culture medium in a few months.

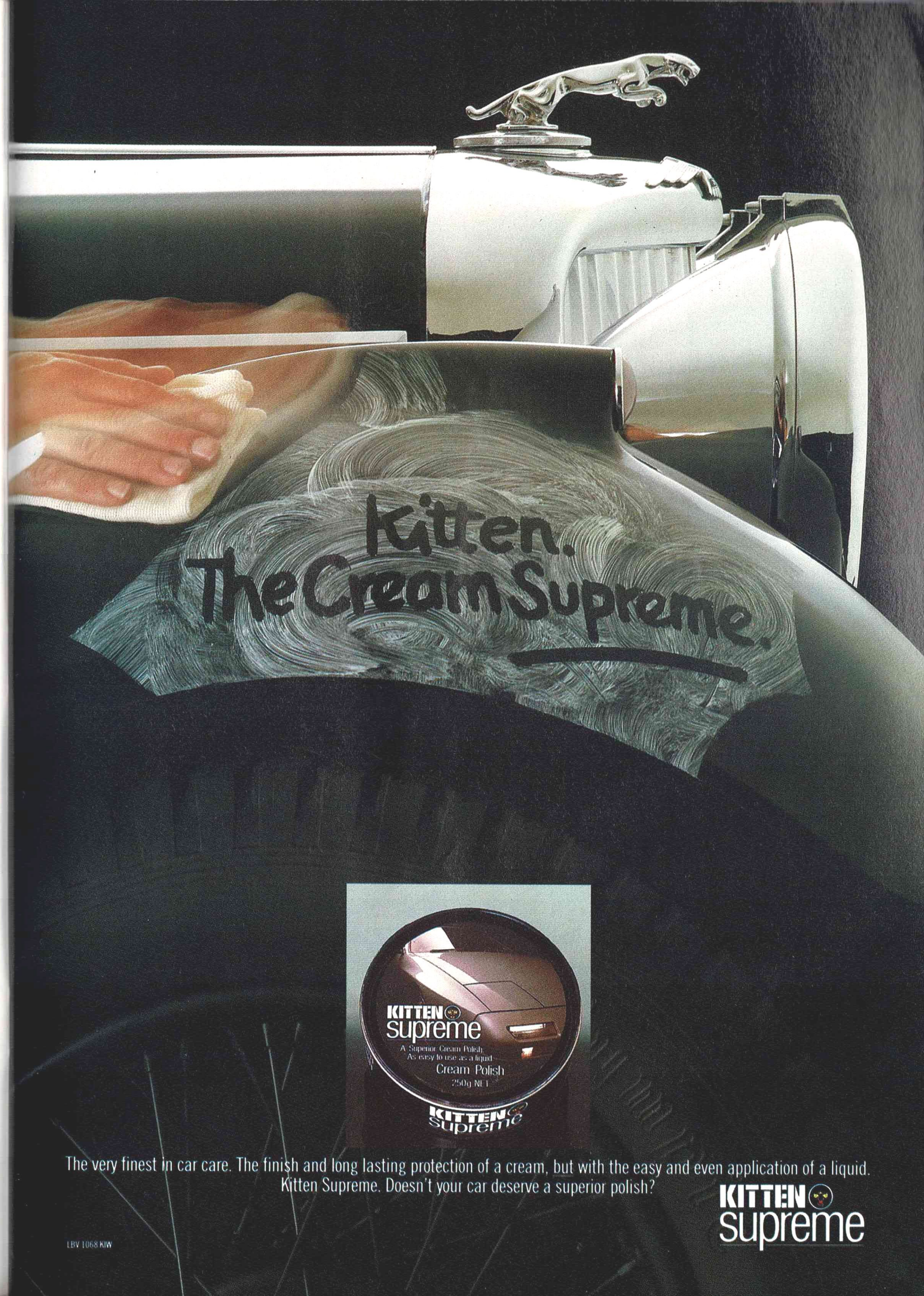
No way are the space colonists going to be restricted to pills. People will feast on fresh goat cheese and milk, omelettes made from fresh eggs laid by chickens fed on table scraps, fillet of hydroponically grown amur — ditto hydroponically grown tomatoes, zucchini and broccoli.

All this is speculative. Speculative, of course, only on when the technology to provide all this, already in existence, will be employed. — Elisabeth King



that thrive in the algae-rich environment provided by shallow warm water. They are perfect candidates for the backyard fish farm/greenhouse: every man his own aquaculturalist. Fish to feed the first colonists in outer space may be "hydroponically" grown.

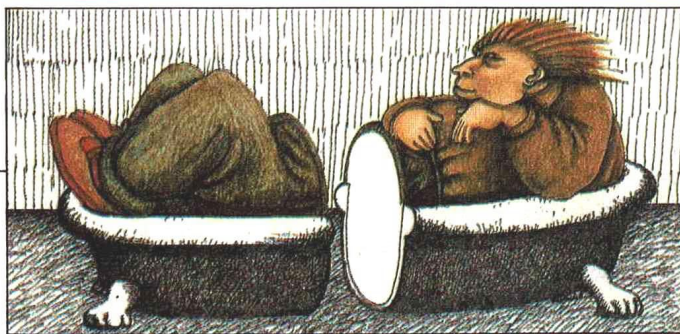
Each year, they hold a cooking



The very finest in car care. The finish and long lasting protection of a cream, but with the easy and even application of a liquid. Kitten Supreme. Doesn't your car deserve a superior polish?

KITTEN
supreme

SLOTH



EXCESS AFLOAT

Six ports, four seas, 2000 years of history in seven days." Sounds irresistible, doesn't it? Throw in the romance that you are embarking on the final leg of the old Orient Express train route before it was amputated in Venice, and there you have the *MV Orient Express* to Italy, Greece and Turkey. A slick spree of Bugatis, bouzoukis and bazaars.

Every time I mentioned to anyone that I was off on the Orient Express cruise, their lips tightened with envy and their minds worked overtime imagining a decadent slice of Edwardian high society where my whims were commands to a line-up of paid slaves. Sorry armchair travellers, it was nothing like that.

The *MV Orient Express* is a 12,500 tonne cruise ship-cum-ferry. Unless you've lashed out on one of the eight staterooms, the standard of service and accommodation follows a hybrid line. But at \$1800 for two in A-class cabins, you can't expect the *QEII*. In short, you get top class value for what you pay for and the option of taking your car with you to stop off at any port that takes your fancy.

Enough of common sense — let's begin in Venice. You love and hate Venice; there is no "or." You love it for the film-set perfection of the piazza San Marco, the Doge's Palace, Grand Canal and the restaurants. You hate it for the blatant rip-offs, the crowds, the extreme difficulty of getting anywhere and the hotels that charge \$200

a night for a tiny room and ensuite installed by a person who has never seen a bathroom before. After a stimulating time, however your luck ran, you climb aboard the huge *MV* with its equally vast Orient Express blue lettering. Only Stevie Wonder could miss it

gleaming in the dock.

There's eight whole decks, two pools, games areas, sun terraces and four bars and restaurants. The British officers all hark back to that Forties celebration of the English character taken to the absurd — Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*. Fortunately, the rest of the crew are Italians and Germans who know it's 1987. The passenger list allegiances are divided mainly between Italy, Germany and England.

The first day is spent cruising down the Adriatic Coast — past Yugoslavia, past the frontiers of Greece, past caring. Lunch is a buffet in the blue and white Bos-

VSOE Restaurant — echoing the Laliote opulence of the train.

Going through the Corinth Canal is a test of nerve. Quite frankly, it's impossible to believe that a huge ship can squeeze through this slash of a passage cut from living rock.

Piraeus never changes, except the pornography is now more explicit, they've cleaned up the sailors' bars and new banks stand on streets once inhabited by Never-On-A-Sunday whores. But most passengers give the port city only a cursory glance before roaring off to Athens.

Most head straight for the Acro (highest point) and Polis (citadel),

to marvel at the marbled harmony of the Parthenon. The more adventurous set out on the two-hour drive to Sounion. This marble temple built in honor of Poseidon is the place to watch the sun rising or setting over the Aegean.

Coming in from the sea, there's no city more beautiful than Istanbul. Half eggs of domes, minarets and the Sea of Marmara were wrapped in a blue veil of light. A drive through the streets revealed a non-stop tableau of horses, veiled Iranian refugees, cakes sellers and touts flogging Chanelle perfume, a scent with all the allure of cat's piss.

The sultans still "live" at the Topkapi Palace, built in 1462. In its heyday, this seat of the Ottoman Empire was a complex that could accommodate 10,000 people. You enter the courtyard by a gateway only the sultan could pass on horseback.



Past Yugoslavia, past Greece, past caring

In a world of increasingly meaningless superlatives, the Treasury is truly amazing. Room after room of vast emeralds, concubine's teasetts encrusted with diamonds, a gold inlaid chair for audiences, every sultan's robe from Suleiman the Magnificent, and the Shoemaker's Diamond — 86 carats of the purest carbon.

Catch the Aegean coast of Turkey before it's too late. The main town on this line-up of superb beaches is Kusadasi — the site of the ancient Greek city of Ephesus. This most perfectly preserved of ancient cities is a 25-minute drive away from town, through a landscape of palms and olive trees.

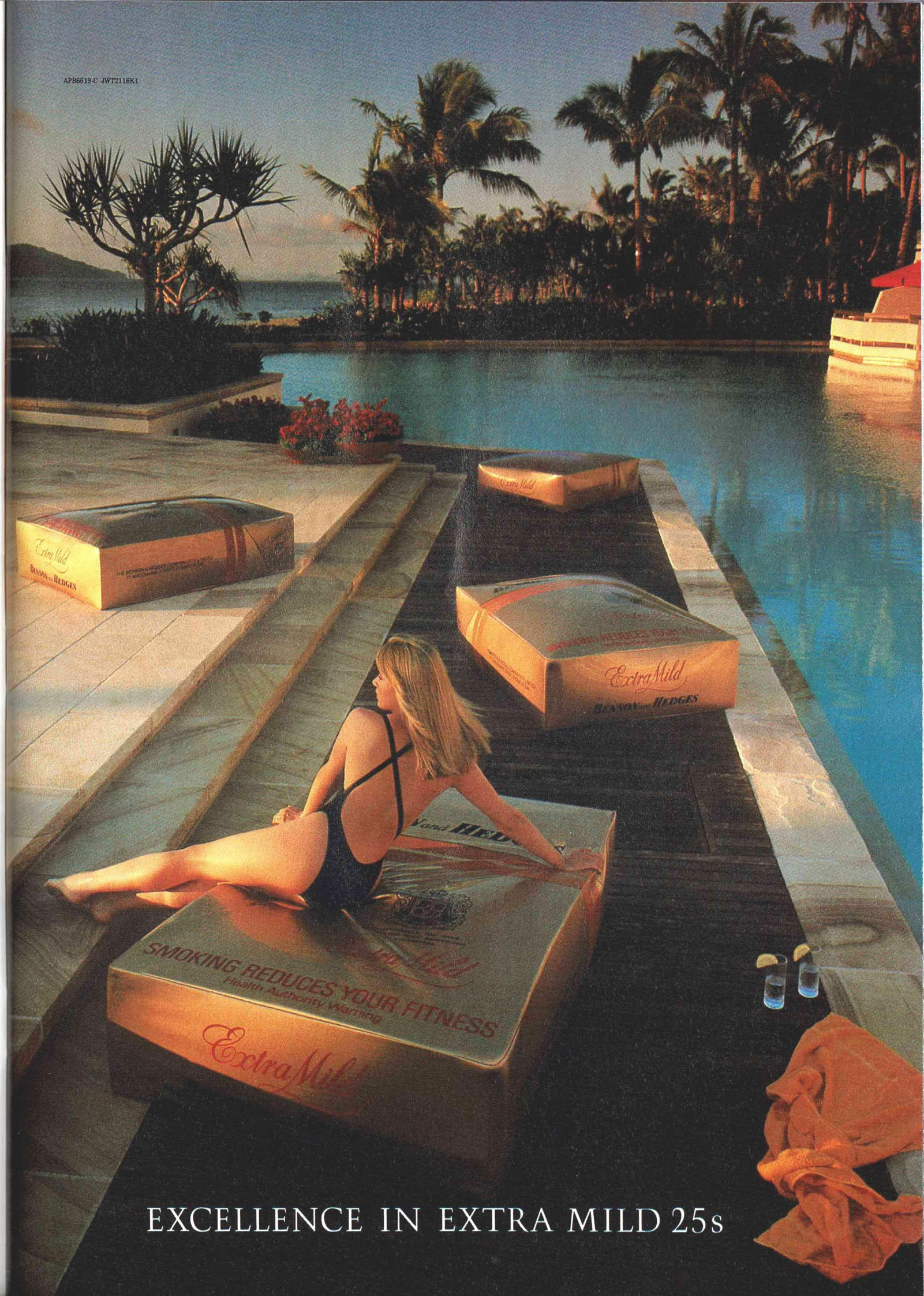
A quarter of a million people once lived in Ephesus. The marble streets are still intact, the library of Celus is one of the most perfect ancient facades in existence, only two chips seem to have marred the 24,000 seat theatre, and the sign leading to the street of brothels is as clearly preserved as it was in its heyday.

Patmos, the island where St John wrote Revelations, is only a few hours sailing away from Kusadasi. The total Greek island of azure water, white-washed houses and undulating hills, it is dominated by the fortress structure of the Monastery of St John.

Everyone knew that time was running out when we pulled into Katakolon, the Pelopponesian city where the first Olympic Games were held. "Olympia" turned out to be an imperfectly preserved ruin saved by a fantastic museum of some of the best ancient sculpture in Greece.

The last day was spent sailing back to Venice, doing all the things you always swear you won't. Asking Reto the barman to mix up a special, watching the truly dreadful Crew Show, taking part in quiz time and dancing with a Charismatic Christian from Peru (true). Perfect ending.

Thomas Cook Tours handle the bookings for the *MV Orient Express*. Singapore Airlines fly direct to Italy via Singapore. — Elisabeth King



EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD 25s



BY PETER MCKAY

A car is filched in Australia every four minutes. During 1988, an estimated 135,000 motor vehicles will be reported stolen in Australia. Of this figure, about 30,000 — or nearly one in four — won't be recovered. A tidy earn is being had — the *organised* stolen car racket is worth around \$160 million a year.

And amidst a lurid claim from a Perth police officer that car makers have a vested interest in not making cars more secure, investigations of the growing car theft industry reveal:

- Sydney is the car theft capital of Australia.
- Australia's hottest car theft spot is the parking area at Westfield shopping centre, Parramatta, NSW.
- The frightening theft rate in NSW has been blamed on police graft and corruption and even on the allegedly questionable business practices of the NRMA.
- Ten-year-old cars like Holden Kingswoods and Belmonts are more likely to be purloined than late models.

Australia's car thieves are taking a joyride to riches — at your expense

SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

- However, new cars are more likely to be stolen from, with expensive sound systems the plum target.
- Owners often unwittingly assist the thief — 11 percent of stolen cars are unlocked and four percent have the keys in the ignition.
- Cars parked on the street are the principal theft target.
- Friday is the busiest day for thieves, but the stolen car industry doesn't work union hours or take off public holidays or weekends.
- Car theft has added between \$40 and \$90 to your insurance premium since 1979.
- Motorists are demanding more in-built anti-theft protection from car makers.
- Anti-theft measures must concentrate on the receiving end of the stolen vehicle cycle.

The chances are that every family in the country will, at some time, fall victim to the dreaded disappearing car trick. A personal case history: over a 20-year period, this writer has on three occasions felt the expense, frustration, inconvenience and anger of having a car nicked. Morris 850, stolen from a Paddington street, 1967; recovered six days later, radio missing. Holden Kingswood, stolen from a Balgowlah street, 1979; not recovered. Nissan Pulsar, stolen from a Sans Souci

street, 1987; recovered next morning, some damage to dashboard as a result of attempt to remove the sound system.

Car thieves are placed in three broad categories: joyriders, petty pilferers, and professionals.

Included in car theft statistics is an alarming proportion of undetected insurance fraud. More than one in every ten cars reported stolen either disappear or are torched by arrangement. The common denominator in all types of theft is the low chance of detection, the even lower risk of punishment, and the ease with which vehicles can be stolen. And then there's the business side of grand theft auto; the pros are looking at handsome profits.

Cars targeted by joyriders can be stolen as a dare, or as a means of fun or excitement, or as convenient no-cost (to them) transport. According to startling statistics compiled by NRMA Insurance Ltd, the joyrider element in NSW and the ACT accounts for the largest number of stolen vehicles (53.4 percent) but, in dollar terms, only 23.8 percent of the total cost of car theft. The reason for the relatively low cost burden is that many offenders in this category are only "borrowing" vehicles. They are often abandoned after a quick blast through the suburbs.

The proliferation of joyriding (almost exclusively a preoccupation of juveniles) is a sign of the times. The common view is that vehicle theft for cheap thrills is influenced

by economic environment and juvenile unemployment. Certainly, there is evidence that the incidence of car theft is directly aligned to youth unemployment.

Poor public transport can also be a factor in the incidence of vehicle theft. Black spot areas often have bad or non-existent train or bus services; bored youths with little disposable income will be tempted to hot-wire a car — a 30-second job — instead of forking out for a cab.

Pros account for an estimated 23.9 percent of all cars stolen. These organised car thieves are responsible for generating the greatest cost in the thieving of vehicles — a mind-blowing 48.6 percent. Nearly half. The pros produce about 14,000 "reborns" — cars that disappear and then return with a new identity — annually. They are also behind a parts racket of astonishing magnitude.

Petty theft — the pursuit of sound systems, other accessories and personal items — is usually of the break, take and leave variety. Cars are often not moved but frequently sustain damaged door locks or smashed window glass on entry, followed by the abrupt departure of an expensive AM-FM radio/tape deck. The pilferers account for 11.2 percent of car-related theft claims, which amount to 9.9 percent in value of total insurance vehicle payouts.

But the community is fighting back. After accepting the theft of the family pride and joy as one of life's hazards, we're doing a Peter Finch. We're telling the thieves, the car makers and the police and polities that we've had enough. We're not taking it any more.

It's about bloody time. Knocking off cars has been too long regarded almost as a victimless crime. Knocking over a bank for 20 grand has been viewed, rightly, as a heavy duty offence; shooting through someone's 20 grand motor car though was, well, a bit of a lark. Joyriders or professionals? Who cares. "The insurance will pay for it..."

Horseshit. We all pay for it. The total value of cars stolen in this country last year amounted to an estimated \$280 million. Theft and damage adds upwards of \$40 to every vehicle insurance premium. If you live in high risk Sydney, that amount is \$90. And it is lumped on to your insurance premium.

A detailed report on car theft released last year by the NRMA reveals some disturbing trends. Since 1979 payouts on vehicle theft claims through its own insurance company have increased six-fold. The cost per policy has quadrupled in the same period, from \$13.40 to \$57.10. Other states show rises too, though not by quite as much.

NSW is responsible for about half of the nation's total motor vehicle thefts. It leads the rest on a pro rata basis, with a rate of around 20 vehicles per 1000 each year. Victoria, the next most populous state, has a rate close to half of NSW's. The Northern



SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

Territory has a figure of 16 plus, followed by Western Australia and South Australia (11-12 per 1000), Victoria (10), ACT (just over 7), Queensland (6) and Tasmania (4).

The Sydney metropolitan area is a prime source of product for the manipulators of high-buck car theft rackets. Most of the action is concentrated in the lower socioeconomic suburban sprawl to the west. Liverpool has topped the car theft charts for the last two years of statistical gathering, ahead of neighboring Cabramatta, and then Parramatta.

Why NSW should account for such a high percentage pro rata can be explained as merely a sad reflection of the level of entrenched corruption and criminality in that state. Certainly NSW Governments over the years have shown a reluctance to come on strong against racketeering of this nature. The NSW Motor Squad last year comprised just 29 people, an indication of how seriously the police and government viewed the problem.

Now the state with the highest incidence of vehicle theft is finally tackling this category of organised crime with some determination. It has had inherent difficulties, including persistent suggestions of graft in the long-established NSW Motor Squad. Police minister George Paciullo last year created a special task force to hit at the or-

ganised racketeers. Paciullo is reluctant to specify activities, but it's clear the hot car receivers are scoring special attention.

Preliminary figures reveal that, during 1987, car theft fell 12 percent in NSW, supporting Paciullo's claim that the crackdown is effective.

The Motor Traders' Association, noting Paciullo has adopted a similar approach to its own blueprint to fight theft, is delighted that the rampant dealing in stolen cars and parts now appears to be in regression in NSW. For the first time in memory, police are mounting serious checks on wrecking yards and smash repair businesses.

Asked how many spare parts businesses dealt in hot wares, one reputable Sydney operator replied: "I don't know the exact percentage, but let's just say a lot. Too many." The same businessman said that until 12 months ago he would not see a police investigator on his premises from year to year. "I could have been running dozens of stolen cars through my business without fear of being caught."

However Paciullo can hardly rest on his laurels. Organised car theft on a grand scale is still flourishing in Sydney, Newcastle and Wollongong.

Despite the sheer volume of stolen cars, and their considerable bulk, police do not have a spectacular strike rate against the pros. Criminals can strip and ship large vehicle components — engines, diffs, gearboxes, panels — around major cities

with impunity. There is too little co-operation between the states, and most re-born cars cross the state borders for re-sale. Arrests are rare.

The irony of the car theft problem is the schizoid demeanor of the NRMA, that bastion of self-righteousness. The MTA and the NSW police are highly critical of the motoring association's apparent double standards. The NRMA, publicly keen to stamp out thieving, stands accused of perpetuating the stolen car cycle. Here's the scenario that attracts the ire of critics...

Each Wednesday in Sydney, the NRMA conducts an auction of wrecked cars — write-offs inherited after insurance payouts. The auction is open to the public and not just licensed parts businesses and panel shops. An absolutely rooted silver XF Falcon with blue trim comes up and is knocked down to a gent for a few hundred dollars. That night another Falcon, similar in spec to the wreck — silver with blue trim — suddenly disappears from a street in Cabramatta.

A few days later the car bobs up, though this time around it carries the chassis and engine numbers of the write-off. It is shipped to Brisbane and sold. Profit margin: \$12,000.

It's money for jam. To attend an NRMA auction is to rub shoulders with some of the Mr Bigs of organised racketeering. Some bidders jet up from Melbourne each Wednesday to select targets. The NRMA, so often the conscience of the conservative NSW motorist, is under fire and not enjoying the notorious role.

The police are up against pros who are ruthlessly efficient. It takes less than a day to switch a chassis number and re-stamp the engine number. The car can then be re-registered without fear of being traced via the computerised stolen vehicle listings, which nominate engine and chassis numbers. Though the majority of reborns are flogged interstate, many are simply sold through newspapers, another good reason for a purchaser to show caution when buying a used car privately.

The MTA is now strongly suggesting that the NRMA tighten procedures at its auctions of wrecked vehicles. This includes paperwork detailing the damage, and receipts for all the parts involved in the rebuilding of a wrecked car as it is presented for re-registration.

It defies logic that, in this age of computerisation and more efficient means of identifying property, the trade in hot motor vehicles and parts can be conducted on such a scale.

Of course it is too simple to steal a car. Current models, with ignition and steering locks, improved door locking and after-market alarms, prove tougher targets. But none appear thief-proof. A hammer-screwdriver or cordless drill provide almost immediate access through a locked car door. And a thief can always kick in a window.



Tiffany's

Nite & Day

All the time in the world. Just for you.

(02) 211 3804
99 ALBION STREET, SURRY HILLS

(02) 212 1195

SOME LIKE 'EM HOT

Are vehicle manufacturers doing enough to thwart thieves? Police say they're not, but concede it is expensive to introduce improved anti-theft measures. It may add \$30 to the price of a car. It's a price the motorist is probably prepared to pay. The Australian Transport Advisory Council (made up of the federal and state transport ministers) has already recommended the development of more effective anti-theft measures in locally made cars.

Critics have suggested that the car makers are doing nicely out of the replacement business created by unrecovered stolen cars. A WA police officer, Sergeant Jim King, put the industry on the defensive with such a claim after a court case in Perth involving a busy citizen who managed to pinch 122 Commodores during a three-month spree.

Logically, it doesn't make good marketing sense to sell a range of vehicles that have reputations for being easy marks. A spokesman for Holden's Motor Company dismissed Sergeant King's assertion, insisting that HMC had demonstrated its willingness to confront the problem with the pricy Calais model, which now has a door lock shield and a Cobra alarm system.

West Australian motorists may soon be forced to fit approved steering locks to

their cars as part of a state government campaign to reduce car theft. Harsher penalties for the unauthorised use of motor vehicles are also planned. WA Premier Burke foreshadowed the tougher measures in the face of car theft figures that have more than doubled in five years. Burke's concern extends way beyond the car theft victims — owners and insurers.

"What about innocent people killed in high speed chases?" he asks. "Or people who are the victims of those who pinch cars to use in bank robberies and armed hold-ups?"

Every year there are several cases of fatal crashes involving stolen cars.

The NRMA's car theft study points out a common misconception that thieves predominantly target late model vehicles. The experience of the NRMA insurance division, and supported by police statistics, is that while modern cars are high risks, vehicles ten to 15 years old are the main component of car theft. The demands of the second-hand spares market are the prime reason. Another is the vulnerability of the older cars; access is often a simple matter of a bent coathanger.

In fact the most frequently stolen cars are the ageing Holdens — Kingswoods, Belmonts and Commodores — and Ford Falcon GTs.

Unlike these elderly machines, the lure of new cars is in their accessories, particularly the sound systems. There is evidence

too of the fussiness of the receivers of such equipment; they specify the latest equipment, and stereo gear and other accessories older than two years are not in great demand.

Motor vehicles most commonly broken into are the luxury and sports cars. The sporting machines are also keenly sought after by the thrill merchants. A sports car has four times more chance of going off than a regular family sedan. Ford's Laser Turbo has an appalling theft rate, and anyone owning a new Mazda RX-7, or Telstar TX5 Turbo, should not sleep easy. There's a better than even chance it will be stolen in the next three years.

BMW break-ins reached epidemic proportions until the company switched to Becker anti-theft radio-cassette units in 1986. On installation these radios can be activated only by keying in a five-digit code. If the power supply is disconnected, the unit will not function until the code is re-entered. Thieves hate them. Before this initiative, there were precious few BMWs in Sydney that hadn't had their original sound system surgically removed. I recall seeing a 323i carrying the poignant hand-stencilled sign on a side window: Don't Bother About Stealing The Radio — It's Already Gone.

Saab owners have made theft claims at the deplorable rate of 300 per 1000 policies during the last three years. Saabs are not easy to steal — they have an in-built trans-

mission lock; however their very desirable Alpine sound systems have been a cinch. This problem was overcome in the second half of last year with the introduction of portable and security coded Alpine systems. Consequently, the break-in rate has fallen to a trickle.

Other cars have swung to security-coded stereos, among them Renault's 21 and 25 models, and the upmarket Volvos.

There are some bright spots among the bad. The NRMA study highlights the performance of Volvo, which has an almost clean record of Theft From claims. This can be attributed to the use of a Volvo brand name radio which wouldn't be in great demand by the men of midnight spares who tend to go for expensive brands like Alpine and Eurovox.

Other cars with an encouraging record of staying put are Mitsubishi Colts and Honda Civics.

The bulk of the cost of car theft is incurred on vehicles five years or more old. A greater percentage of vehicles falling into this category are never recovered; their appeal to the thief is the value of parts and panels. Popular local makes and models — Fords and Holdens — feature strongly here.

Older Commodores are very popular, but the post-1984 models have reversed the trend to a point where they are now the least prone to theft of the mid-to-large passenger cars. Ford's Falcon and Fairmont and the fully-imported Mazda 929 are now the most frequently pinched medium-large cars of our recent year models.

It is not merely a question of a model's vulnerability to theft, but also one of supply and demand. The best-selling cars are logically off-stolen too. They have high steal appeal because of the ready market for their parts.

Still, Ford obviously has a problem to address. Among the late-model small and medium cars, its Laser and Telstar have the worst theft history.

Four-wheel-drives — the category least affected by theft — also has a Ford at the top of the hit parade. Ford's Bronco is stolen more often than any other while the luxury Range Rover is the leading target for pilferers.

There are no simple antidotes, no easy means of combatting car theft. The experts do agree though that the crimebusters should concentrate on impacting the receiving end of the stolen vehicle cycle, and in particular the illegal trade in body panels.

Penetrating the close-knit ethnic groups — particularly the Lebanese and Vietnamese — prominent in car theft activities is another hurdle. (This isn't to suggest Australian-born thieves are in the minority.)

Soft penalties for juvenile offenders serve as no deterrent; making cars harder to steal might be the community's best rail

against joyriding.

The media needs to harden its attitudes to the anti-social elements too. It must accept blame in glorifying joyriders as folk heroes in the Ned Kelly tradition. A nasty piece of work who specialised in knocking off Porsches was recently the subject of a half-page press story. A Sydney Sunday paper irresponsibly served as a platform to tell of his ambition to race in the James Hardie 1000. Connecting a grubby misfit with the clever self-disciplined men who race at Bathurst showed an ignorance of reality.

Car makers must upgrade their in-built safeguards, and in conjunction with police forces contemplate numerical identification of a greater range of parts and panels. And the trend to security-coded expensive sound systems should hit high gear.

Obviously passive anti-theft measures such as the stamping of key parts with identification numbers will not have any immediate or even medium-term effect on theft. Nevertheless, many consumers are marking the window glass and panels of their chariots.

Active deterrents such as alarms don't dissuade the pros — no preventative measures appear to guarantee the safety of your vehicle — but they do deflect the joyriders towards an easier mark.

Anti-theft devices can cost between \$20 and \$1000 and like the stolen vehicle in-

dustry, the car protection business is enjoying unprecedented growth. More and more motorists are electing to purchase protection, starting from the cheapest — pedal and wheel locks, and ignition, starter and battery isolators which can cost as little as \$20 but also range as high as \$200.

Gear lever locks and door lock protectors are priced from \$30 upwards. Costlier are shut-off devices and bonnet locks (a minimum of \$150 fitted), while the electronic alarms, depending on their level of sophistication and features, are usually between \$300 and \$1000.

The expensive theft alarms can incorporate refinements like a siren link to all doors, bonnet and boot, with cut-out devices for starter, fuel or ignition systems, ultrawave or microwave sensors, remote control, electronic key, central door locking, pocket pager and passive arming systems.

As long as nicking cars remains a low risk and high profit business, our vehicles will continue to disappear. Like the common cold, there is no cure-all for vehicle theft. Like the common cold, there are measures to minimise the risk.

Meanwhile let's muse the benefits of a return to the crime and punishment philosophy of the wild west, an era when horse thieves were summarily hanged. Many frustrated victims of the low-life car pilferers must be tempted to heartily endorse such home-spun justice. ☐



"I hope that's not a personal call, Miss Tibbs..."





HARD FEELINGS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I lost my boyfriend over these pictures," confides Vanessa Wilton in one of her rare pensive moments. "When he found out I was going nude for the country, he told me he simply couldn't handle it, that he had to leave, and that he hoped there were no hard feelings. I told him he'd *have* to handle it, and if he didn't have any hard feelings that was *his* problem . . ."



Vanessa then splutters at herself. "Sorry, I have to laugh because it's true. Ever since I found out I can drive men nuts with my body, I've been uncontrollable."



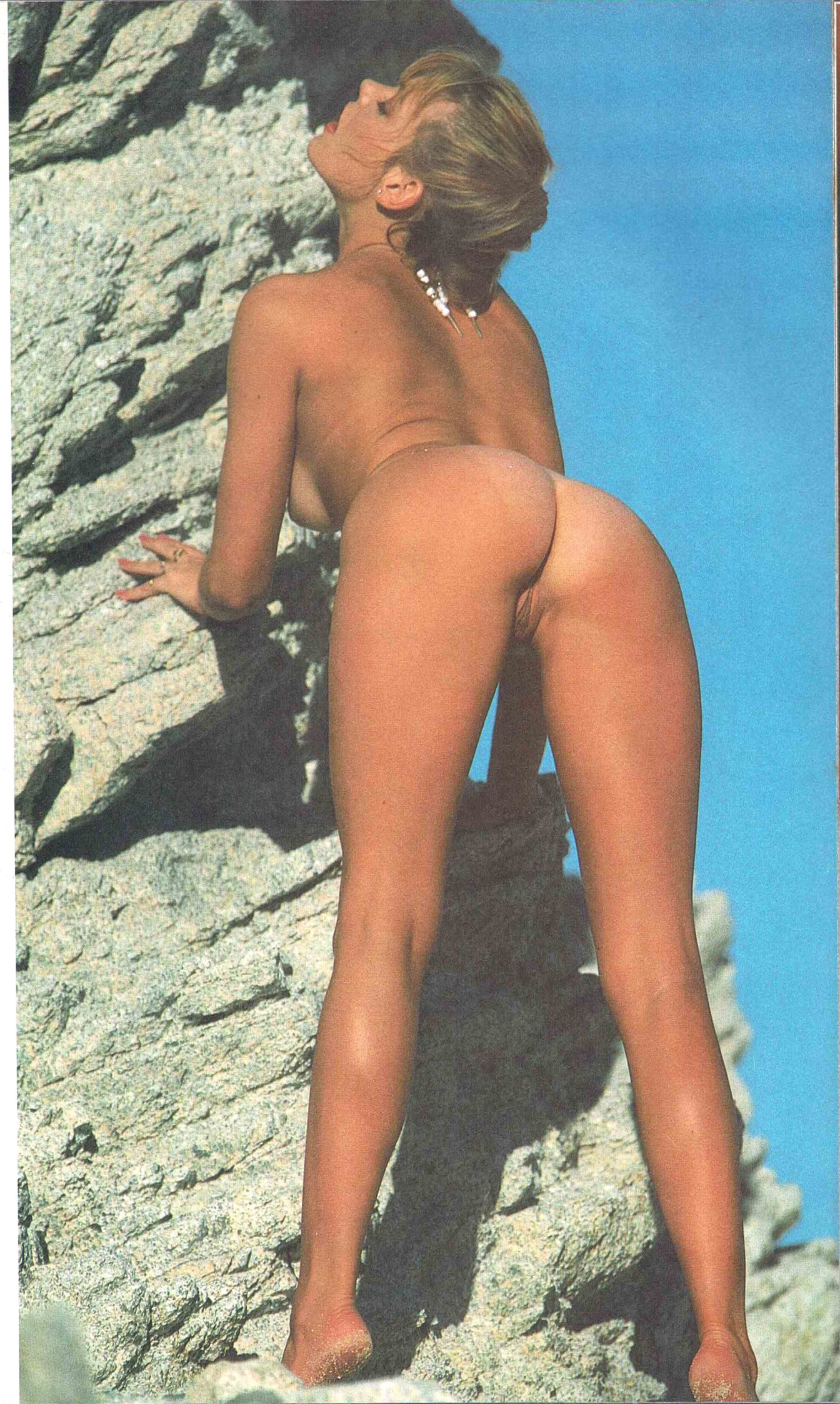




"I was a late starter," Vanessa explains. "I'm 22, but up to last year I had no idea that men found me particularly attractive — which is probably why I went out with such a wimp for so long."



**"Discovering
what strong
men can do
for me has
helped me
discover how
strong I am.
You wouldn't
have caught
me topless on
a deserted
beach a year
ago. These
days I look for
the biggest
audience I
can find."**



*Now is the time when all good media
magnates are coming to the aid
of the Party...*

LABOR PAINS

BY BRIAN TOOHEY

The late Eighties is the era of the super rich, of Labor leaders who fawn upon them, and of a media so intertwined with governments and the new tycoons that it is just about impossible for it to do its job properly any more.

The changes in the social landscape that followed the election of Hawke have been enormous, and will live with us for decades. Mostly, they have gone unnoticed or are being dutifully celebrated by a media that is more supine than any modern political leader has a right to hope for, let alone get. Malcolm Fraser has been one of the few to express concern about the emergence of the super rich and the yawning chasm being opened up between ordinary citizens and the new elite. In particular, he has criticised the failure of Hawke to use the foreign investment laws to stop the dominance of the print media by Rupert Murdoch after he acquired American citizenship. Murdoch has since gone on to announce that he would like to become US Secretary of State — an ambition that surely even the most docile of his journalists might see as raising a few difficulties for the expression of an independent foreign policy or trade line in his Australian and British organs.

The most striking feature of the new Labor leadership is not only that they enjoy the company of the new tycoons, but that they also share their values. The Labor party is an irrelevancy — an embarrassment to be explained away to the people who count and a vehicle to deliver votes from those who don't.

Under the new leadership, Australia is entering its third century of European occupation a meaner, narrower society. The accumulation of wealth is the ultimate test of a person's worth. Jingoistic advertisements are written about mateship while selfishness becomes the norm. Safety nets for the underprivileged are unravelled in the name of cutting waste while gold taps are installed on multi-millionaires' yachts. Widows' pensions are squeezed and community employment programs

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



LABOR

scrapped. Speculative profits are ripped from takeover plays while investment in new plants and equipment stagnates. Overseas debt is run up to pay for the switch in ownership of breweries, department stores, TV stations etc, and the whole community is told it has to tighten its belt to help meet the interest payments on loans it never asked to incur in the first place. Conspicuous consumption by the rich is dangled under the noses of the poor in an orgy of display rarely seen since the Bourbons. Hawke has at least promised to tackle the child poverty problem but there can be little doubt that a country which once prided itself on its egalitarian streak is now falling about in adulation — and service — of the super rich.

Although the Hawke Government claims to be modernising the Labor Party by dragging it kicking and screaming towards appreciating the virtues of the free market, this is not how most of the big bucks have been made under Hawke. A willingness to slog it out in the free market is no substitute for the head start that can be gained from being a crony of the government.

But it is in the media area that mates of the government have been really looked after. No nonsense about the free market here, nor even any pretence that a variety of outlets for ideas and information might actually be central to a democratic society. What has happened is that the government has allowed the creation of national television networks. Owners of existing stations who could sell into these networks made a killing. The broking firm of County Securities estimates that Kerry Packer and Murdoch made a windfall profit of one billion dollars by selling their stations to the new Nine and Ten networks owned by Alan Bond and Frank Lowy respectively. Because the Fairfax organisation had to be punished for being unkind to the government on about one out of every 10,000 pages of their newspapers, they didn't do as well in selling into the new Seven network owned by Chris Skase.

TV is now a closed club. Despite the lip service paid to a free market, no-one is allowed to start a new station even if they are prepared to lose money or simply want to cater for an audience left out in the cold. There is no room for further entrepreneurs or for special interest groups. The upshot is that the networks now avoid risks by bringing a numbing sameness to Australian television. The reliance on governments to keep rivals out of the game ensures that political coverage is tamer than a Swan Light. Both owners and journalists know instinctively where their bread is buttered.

Additionally, the exorbitant prices paid for the stations is ensuring that advertising revenues have to be jacked up to recoup the outlays, adding to the cost of consumer items, while expenditure on programs out-

side the tried and tested formulas is kept to a minimum.

All three network owners are property developers who have all the respect for the environment, urban planning, and low income housing that goes with the trade. Add resort developments based on overseas tourism, and the need for cheap labor becomes another component of the conventional wisdom. Not that the senior journalists in TV or certain areas of print have to worry about ordinary wages any more as they repeat the platitudes about the need for restraint. Salary packages between \$100,000 and \$200,000 are becoming commonplace. The journalists in turn are becoming increasingly out of touch with their audience and so dependent on their fat pay packets that they dare not rock the boat. The non-media interests of the owners, especially in the case of Bond, are not confined to property. Beer, blimps, mining (here and in Chile), and

There can
be little doubt
that the press gallery
is laying off the
leading figures in the
Hawke Government

automobiles are just a few areas where Bond has particular barrows to push regardless of journalistic standards.

In the print field, the players also have a wide range of other interests that make the chances of an independent journalistic coverage highly dubious. Murdoch is teamed up with TNT supremo Sir Peter Abeles (one of Hawke's business confidants) in Ansett; Packer is in mining, property development, and a stack of other ventures; Holmes a Court is likely to be in just about any company whose share price is moving.

Fairfax used to be different, with interests essentially confined to the media, with the *Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Age* as the flagships. Not any more. Since young Warwick brought in Laurie Connell and Marty Dougherty as directors of the company used in the disastrous takeover bid for family assets, Fairfax has forfeited all claim to being above the fray. Connell has a finger in a vast array of pies; Dougherty is a PR flak with around 20 clients whose names he has refused to divulge, but Abeles is known to be one. Sadly, some journalists seem to need re-

minding that PR puffery is not the same as good reporting, however convenient it might be to pass one off as the other.

On top of all this, the ABC is in the process of being rendered irrelevant by a Labor appointee as Managing Director, David Hill, devoted to apeing the commercial stations in a vain bid for ratings. News and current affairs staff have to work with a former head of Hawke's propaganda unit as Hill's offside. The stage has now been reached where *Penthouse* is one of the few independent journalistic outlets with any worthwhile circulation in the country.

Examples of the way in which the mainstream media have ossified in the past year or two include their extreme tardiness in taking up the issue of Aboriginal deaths in custody. The small magazine I publish, *The Eye*, had a front cover picture of Hawke posing for photos in a Private Blood Bank T-shirt. The photos were organised by Peter Walker, who is now facing a multitude of charges brought by the NSW Corporate Affairs Commission over alleged manipulation of share prices. British or American media would have seized on the story as one posing serious questions about Hawke's standards of ministerial conduct. Instead, it was greeted here with nothing but silence.

Stories about TNT's relationship with officials from the Transport Workers Union, which raised similar issues to those at the centre of the controversy surrounding Norm Gallagher, were ignored.

The role of Sydney martial arts expert Tom Domican in the building of Warren Anderson's property empire also got zilch follow-up after it was first disclosed. One of Domican's roles was to ensure vacant possession of property acquired for redevelopment. Another feared Sydney identity, Tim Bristow, has told how he organised prostitutes for BLF officials while working for Anderson, but there has been no follow-up. Anderson is a close friend of Paul Keating.

To any outsider there can be little doubt that the press gallery, however unconsciously, is laying off the leading figures in the Hawke Government. While they may deny it affects their approach, the journalists are acutely aware of their proprietors' "mateship" with the Hawke administration. How else do we explain the refusal to follow up the recent revelation about Keating writing a reference for Anderson after he was charged with bringing a loaded .38 into the country? If John Howard as Treasurer had done the same, it would have been page one news and prominent on every TV bulletin.

One highly placed Packer executive has even asked me with amazement how it was that the old Fairfax management had allowed articles to appear which had got up the nostrils of the Hawke and Wran/Unsworth NSW Labor governments. Critical articles on Abeles and Anderson have drawn particular venom from the Canberra

end while Wran was furious about the publication of material which exposed corruption in his government such as the revelations about bribe-taking by his Corrective Services Minister, Rex Jackson. The question from the Packer executive was based on the assumption that it was an act of gross incompetence to be so unpragmatic as to allow such articles to appear, rather than a normal, and highly desirable, part of the job of a newspaper. The same person a few years ago would have been leading the charge for free speech and denouncing proprietors who sucked up to governments of any persuasion.

The pressures for conformity in the media do not come only from the political head kickers. The chase for advertising dollars also puts great pressure on media managements to create the right "editorial environment." Sympathetic treatment of the disadvantaged is hardly likely to move more BMWs in upmarket publications. Hence the emphasis on "light and bright" lifestyle articles where the quality of the individual is defined by the fashionability of their consumption. Graphic accounts of what it's like to be one of the new poor in Australia are hardly likely to please the new rich who own the media, or even interest the new breed of journalist who is trying to crack the six-figure salary bracket. Questioning the ethos behind the takeover mania, the tax dodging rorts, and the massive redistribution of income in this

country is definitely not encouraged.

Nothing need be said to enforce this censorship. A reassuring consensus about what should be on the political and economic agenda can easily be established without recourse to formal agreement. Well-paid media executives don't have to be told not to rock the boat. Occasionally, but just occasionally, grassroots issues such as the broad cross-sectional opposition to the Australia Card manage to break through the barriers erected by the opinion leaders in the mainstream.

Many of the same players were around in the Whitlam period when I got my start in journalism, but most were singing a different song against a vastly different backdrop.

Alan Bond had the arse hanging out of his pants. Sign painter turned land boomer, he was close to going belly up in the '74 credit squeeze (yes, Gough took the advice of the economic rationalists on that occasion). Bond lost no time in asking for a handout from Tom Uren's much maligned department of Urban and Regional Development.

In 1974, Rupert Murdoch was in the process of turning from Labor cheerleader to undertaker. As Laurie Brereton — then a callow youth instead of the NSW Public Works ministerial supremo he was later to become — might recall, Murdoch needed some property rezoned down Botany

Council way. It was all part of being nice to Rupert and Laurie was supposed to persuade councillors of the merits of the rezoning. He allegedly did so in a way which led to bribery charges which were not proceeded with after Wran came to power. By the end of 1975 journalists on *The Australian* were on strike over the nakedly unfair treatment Labor was then getting at Murdoch's hands. (Symptomatic of the times, it is unthinkable today that any Murdoch journalist would go on strike over an issue of principle.)

The mid-Seventies saw Paul Keating worshipping at the feet of big, bad Rex Connor, applauding whenever "The Strangler" lashed the "hillbillies" of the financial markets or whipped the multinationals or screwed a better price out of the Japanese. But another Paul Keating was being nurtured under the tutelage of a less publicised mentor, property developer Sid Londish, who was having a touch of trouble with Tom Uren over his plans to redevelop the Rocks area of Sydney. Despite this little spat with the Labor government of the day, Paul soaked up financial wisdom from Sid, who could teach a little about survival in the fast lane.

Bob Hawke was in good form, taking the wheel of Sir Peter's Roller and generally boozing, gambling and carousing his way across the country and around the globe.

Continued on page 144





BY GLENN A. BAKER



MORE CLASS THAN ARSE

People who thought Billy Thorpe was
crazy are thinking again

The chant would begin to build at least an hour before he hit the stage. The first strains came from the camp fires dotted around the hills and inexorably spread down to the great hairy mass at the front of the stage. *Thorp! Thorpie! Thorpie!* they howled, at Sunbury, Wallacia, Mulwalla, Rosebud and anywhere else civic officials allowed rock festivals to take place during the first half of the Seventies.

This pungent piercing of the night air, interspersed with occasional incantations of "Suck more piss!", was the war cry of a working class ocker male mass who had found a hero. Ponytail flying, vocal chords quavering, denim-clad Billy Thorpe had, with his ever-changing Aztecs, marshalled the energies of a vast music audience which was not generally believed to exist — barely literate suburban yobs in their 20s with tattoos and dirty jeans who mended their cars at the weekend and consumed frightening amounts of beer. Their understanding of bliss was to drunkenly bellow back the chorus of "Ooh Poo Pa Doo" with their mates into the wee hours.

Outdoor rock festivals were the place to see Thorpie at his growling, menacing

best. In fact they came to be the only places. The Aztecs played so loud that they literally ran out of venues which could accommodate their daunting decibel level ... and their delinquent devotees. These weren't some poofy pansies in pink who teased 12-year-olds, they were real blokes who titled albums *More Arse Than Class* and dropped their strides on the front cover. Thorpie was so tough that he said "fuck" on stage when the cops were in the audience and did it again as soon as they let him out of jail. In the playgrounds and workshops of Australia, that really meant something.

Yet, for all his exalted status as the ultimate Aussie larrikin, chameleon Billy Thorpe was neither Australian nor particularly tough. He sensed a vacuum and rushed to fill it, but was, in many ways, a pretender to a throne which should rightly have been occupied by the man who taught him to play rock guitar and whip up a metallic rock 'n' roll storm — Lobby Loyde. Surly Loyde was wandering about Brisbane stages in dirty T-shirts and sneakers with a fag hanging out of his mouth, gleefully blowing up speaker boxes, while Manchester-born Thorpe was still touring around the Queensland

MORE CLASS

backblocks with Reg Lindsay, yodelling and rendering weepy country ballads.

"I started doing television when I was ten and I was a mad Elvis and Little Richard fan," Billy recalls, "but I just didn't have the voice to handle that kind of material. I had a really high pitch, as you can hear on my early records. Anyway, there was no opportunity for a ten-year-old to do rock 'n' roll. So when I met Reg Lindsay I toured around with him a bit and then started working with a bunch of guys when I was 11. There were these child protection laws so everywhere I went I had a different name. I was Little Rock Allen at one stage! By the age of 15 I'd done practically every type of music and worked in stage shows, variety television, clubs, even vaudeville at the Theatre Royal in Brisbane with George Wallace. It was very broad but I don't regret it one bit; it's stood me in good stead all my life.

"I used to do this thing called the Rock 'n' Roll Train, with people like Johnny O'Keefe and Col Joye. We'd all be in this carriage that would be shunted off into sidings in each town. We'd go out and play the show, go back to the train, hook up and off we'd go to the next town. I saw Australia that way. In those days you sold records as a result of being popular live. The machine that we now call the music industry hadn't been constructed. Now you get a chance to play live as a result of selling records."

Like so many other Sixties beat sensations, Billy proved to be in the right place at the right time. He left Brisbane for Sydney by the time he was 17 and fell in with an instrumental recording group known variously as The Vibratones and The Sierras at an audition for Surf City, in Sydney's Kings Cross. Creatively driven by newly-arrived English guitarist Tony Barber (not the quiz show host), whose relatives mailed him new record releases, Billy Thorpe & The Aztecs began to dazzle stomping audiences with British beat covers and quality originals. Barber's "Blue Day" gave the outfit a Sydney hit and in May 1964 they broke out nationally with their version of the Rolling Stones version of the Coasters' "Poison Ivy", which, along with Bobby & Laurie's "I Belong With You", marked the beginning of the Sixties Beat Boom down under.

Ironically, the only reason Melbourne radio played the disc, at the height of the Melbourne/Sydney rivalry, was because it was presumed to be by a foreign band. By the time they realised their mistake it was too late to check a tidal wave of teen hysteria. In Melbourne, where the Beatles had drawn 52,000 shriekers, Billy & The Aztecs played to 63,000 at the Myer Music Bowl. Within 18 months they had nine gold records and were household names. Even Ed Sullivan wanted to book them. Cocky Billy had a killer stance — feet apart, hands

clasped firmly behind back, a sly grin plastered permanently across his dial — that mothers and daughters found hard to resist. And as the mania mounted, so did the madness.

"We went to Perth and 8000 kids met us at the airport — they tore the place to pieces. We had to be taken from the airport to our hotel in a Brinks armored truck. When we got there we found kids in cupboards, under our beds, climbing up the outside fire escape, the whole thing. We were booked to play three shows a night for four nights at the old Capitol Theatre with Johnny Young, who was a big local act then. Well, we did the first show and it was just a riot. We got a few bars into the opening number and the fire curtain dropped because all these kids were invading the stage. At the second show they had police dogs in the aisles. By the third show of the night, a lot of kids had worked out how to get into the theatre through the storm

There was no precedent in this country for 17-year-old musicians being torn apart by screaming girls

drains out the back and about halfway through the set they ran on to the stage covered in mud and slime and crap.

"It was an unbelievable time and not that many people were aware of what was happening. I broke four ribs, a finger and my nose all on that one tour, or had them broken because of the fans. It was a nightmare, terrifying and unbelievable. That kind of fame is not fun. I got mobbed a few times in the States, on the first tours I did there. There's still that kind of thing but it's a different generation of fans.

"Something was obviously happening all over the world — it was keyed to go off somehow. The Beatles hadn't even really hit here when all this started to happen to us and yet teenage girls were behaving the same everywhere. We found it terrifying because there was no precedent in this country for 17-year-old musicians being torn apart by screaming girls. I still can't fully relate to the fact that it happened to me, and I guess the Easybeats and Ray Brown feel the same way. It was only a matter of a year before it was all being manipulated."

Billy continued to be mobbed until the

middle of 1966, when his reign abruptly ended with the cancellation of his national television show *It's All Happening*. When his original Aztecs had departed late in 1965 after ceaseless monetary squabbles he poached two musicians each from Max Merritt's Meteors and Ray Hoff's Offbeats and carried on regardless. He was on a roll and was willing to go any way the market wanted, even if it was in the direction of middle of the road ballads from Marty Robbins ("I Told The Brook"), Ketty Lester ("Love Letters"), the Platters ("Twilight Time") and Judy Garland. Billy had tossed in "Over The Rainbow" one night at Surf City as a bit of a joke, a taste of Brisbane variety days. But, to his astonishment, the crowd went berserk. With keen commercial acumen, he rushed it out as a single and it became his second number one, following the top ten hits "Mashed Potato" and "Sick And Tired."

In 1974 he knocked it off again, as a bit of a joke, and history repeated itself. The live Sunbury recording of the hoary old chestnut spent two months on the Melbourne charts. "We just thought it was a crazy thing to do to this crowd that had taken drugs and sat in the sun for three days. It could have gone the wrong way but they loved it. I couldn't believe it!"

After a final "pop" hit in 1967 with Roy Orbison's "Dream Baby", Billy slunk away to lick his wounds. "I was really lost," he admits. "I was bored by the entertainment business, sick of being a pop star and being booked to sing hits. Vince Maloney of the first Aztecs had become world famous as a member of the Bee Gees and I knew Barry from when he wore short pants and long socks in Brisbane, so Robert Stigwood said he'd record me in England. I was booked to sail from Melbourne and I was offered two gigs there before I left. I planned to spend a week in Melbourne and ended up staying seven years. That was because I ran into an old maniac I had gone to school with, called Lobby Loyde, who helped me discover this music scene that I never knew existed. I'd always come into town and do sell-out business at Festival Hall but I never had the chance to play those amazing discos like the Thumpin' Tum, Berties and Sebastians, where you could play five different gigs on a Saturday night. So I played the blues in Melbourne for three years for \$80-\$100 a week, carrying my own gear."

Billy moved into the Seventies with his spirits revitalised and his music changed forever. The album *The Hoax Is Over* featured just four hard-driving, bluesy tracks and by the beginning of 1971 was in the top ten, as was *Aztecs Live* later in the year and *Live At Sunbury*, with gold status achieved in a week, early in 1972. "The Dawn Song" returned him to the pop charts but it was a chance comment in 1972 which saw him back in the top three. "Some guy came up to me in the street one day and said, 'You know Thorpie, most

people that know you now think that you're crazy', and it stuck in my head for ages. At that time I was living with my keyboard player Warren 'Pig' Morgan and his wife and one day I sat down with my guitar and started to sing 'Most People I Know Think That I'm Crazy.' Pig was in hysterics, holding his guts laughing, so I finished it off as a song. The timing couldn't have been better, with the first Sunbury festival coming up."

Sunbury was the pinnacle of the Thorpe Phenomenon, the crowning of the king. "I discovered volume and what a powerful weapon it is. I used to love to stand in front of a 20-foot stack of Marshall amplifiers; it was a euphoric experience. I'd stand in front of 48 JBL horns, about 350 Watts a side. I had total control of dynamics. I could be as soft as I wanted or as loud as any human ear could stand. It was the best time of my musical life."

These supreme years of power and popularity were dotted with outrageous examples of excess and lunacy. For a time, the Aztecs had their own plane, an old, seven-seater Italian troop transport. "They wouldn't let us land in various airports because we were basically a flying party. Once we stayed at this dinky little motel a way out of town where the rooms were so small you had to shove your bed aside to open the door. I was just about to pass out on my bed one night after this party when a fist came through the wall right next to my head. By the time we left in the morning the place was wrecked and as we flew over in our plane there was the manager on the front lawn shaking his fist at us, while we were dropping beer bottles on to him!"

"Then there was the Melbourne Town Hall concert when Rodney Currie built this 72-foot high clear plastic sculpture for us — The Starfish. It was inflated by four industrial vacuum cleaners and had 36 tentacles, each six feet in diameter and up to 30 feet long. Warren Morgan was dressed in tails at the pipe organ about 40 feet up and when he opened all the stops, windows broke in Bourke Street. From his first note the whole audience ran to the front of the stage. It was the most emotional thing I've ever seen — moved me to tears. As we got underway, this plastic sculpture began to inflate and the tentacles started bouncing out over the crowd. Some guys were trying to burn holes in it with cigarettes. When it got to its full height it collapsed on to the band and then disappeared into a pile of plastic rubble, with amplifiers crashing, lights going out, mics stopping. It should have been on film."

The Aztecs phase of Billy's career ended in 1975 and after a seductive solo hit with "It's Almost Summer", he made a permanent break with the country which had been alternately kind and cruel to him. "I realised that I had reached the same stage as I had in the Sixties," he explains, "where people only wanted to hear the hits. I thought: 'Oh no, what have I done?' I've cre-

ated a monster. Here I go again!' So I did about five farewell tours to raise enough money."

Billy wrote songs for Ringo Starr and the Osmonds, among others. He also wrote three inventive, futuristic albums of his own — *Children Of The Sun*, *21st Century Man* and *Stimulation* — which no doubt horrified his Australian followers. "I'd always been into Pink Floyd and Moody Blues but could never get into playing music like that in Australia because nobody would have been interested in hearing it. In America it was a different thing because there was no image for me to overcome. With the first album, which was sort of Pink Floyd meets the Aztecs, I broke out right away in Texas. It went straight to number one after about three weeks airplay and I was selling out shows in places like Dallas. I went out on tour and we were picking up dates as quick as we were picking up radio stations. By the end of the tour the album was in the Top 40, I was well over gold, screaming up charts all over the country... and then Capricorn Records went under."

Although Polydor reissued the album, the momentum was lost. However, Billy went on to enjoy two American gold albums, a string of Canadian hit singles and more than a few headlining ballpark shows (20,000-plus). All of which was sufficient to build him a 24-track studio in his Hollywood Hills home and bankroll a lucrative new

business — Zipper Dedodah Inc. From hard rock hero to soft toy mogul overnight, Thorpe found a new direction in life after meeting up with original Aztec Tony Barber for the first time in 16 years. Tony had been designing Australian toys, such as the Puggle doll, and his old comrade sensed the commercial potential in the United States. Dubbed the Sunshine Friends, the range of cuddly characters were snapped up by Mattel. At the same time the pair became involved with special props for such films as *Aliens* and *Poltergeist II*. "We do character creations, robotics, plus toy design and construction," details Billy. "We make models and marquettes, we do animation, illustration, licensing, miniatures, original music, original stories, special effects and costume design. You name it, we do it."

Billy's direct involvement with rock is, for the moment, on hold. Yet he can't ever escape his rich past. "In the summer of 1985," he relates with undisguised pleasure, "*Rolling Stone* magazine asked a number of performers in the States to select the top five records they'd take to the beach, and Rick Springfield picked *Sick And Tired* as his top choice. I couldn't believe it. I actually had *Rolling Stone* call me and say: 'Is this record available?' I had record companies asking: 'This *Sick And Tired* thing, how do we get hold of it?' All I could think was, 'Oh no, my past is catching up on me, even this far away.'" OT



THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS

**Damian will
die the same way he
lived: beyond his
means**

NUMBER TWO

THE LAWYER

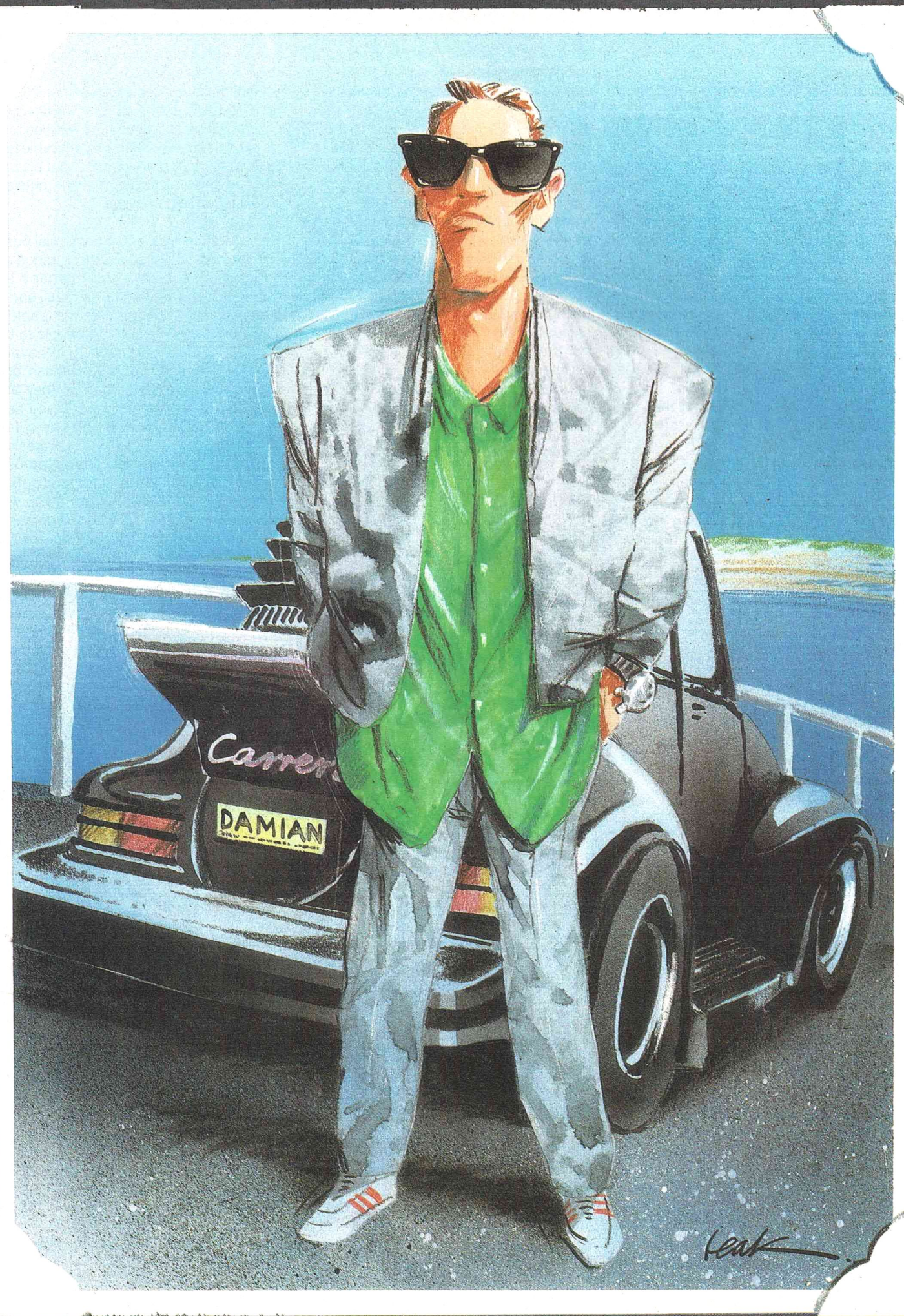
HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH

Damian Summerhayes is a junior partner in one of the city's larger legal firms. He was born a Catholic and educated at a GPS college, where he did most things well, so that an ordained path into one of the professions could be safely trodden with smug optimism and perhaps a hint of swagger. His family was upper North-Shore Sydney establishment with social and political ties which only wealth and a military record can secure. Accordingly it was inevitable that, after graduation, Damian had his name placed at the bottom of a list of 30 partners with everyone concerned know-

ing that it would be only a few short years before he was threatening the top six. His father, Sir Xavier Summerhayes, would certainly see to that.

But this is the Eighties and a generation removed from the intrinsic values that made good men mightier still. So it was not surprising that just two years after graduation, Damian stepped out of his faith the way a child leaves the bed he's just pissed in. And with the shedding of his faith, with little or no visible guilt, Damian embarked on a voyage of satiation and indulgence commensurate only with what he calculated was owing to him for his years of dedication and discipline.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



THE LAWYER

Damian is a member of the inner-city legal push . . . 50 or so close friends from Law School, most of whom have stayed in the profession, but others of whom have diverted into more lucrative fields such as merchant banking and corporate ladder-climbing. Their main interests are money, cars and women — in that order. Damian's first car, a gift from his parents when he turned 18, was a second-hand VW which he promptly had converted to a "bug Porsche" as they were then known. This had given him a sort of novel prestige at Thredbo and on the Gold Coast. But then it was time for a vehicle more befitting his professional image, which he now imagined was certainly rakish but nevertheless solid.

His conversation with the bank manager discussing the finance for his purchase went something like this:

Manager: Mr Summerhayes, as I've said, your credit with this bank is upper-bracket . . . a term we often use for people in your position . . . that is, potentially gold-pass material, but . . .

Damian: Potentially? Potentially? Are you kidding, Mr Thickness? I'm already on 50 a year. Twelve months from now I'll be a senior partner and . . .

Manager: Quite possibly, Mr Summerhayes, but 100,000 dollars for a car . . . That's a very sizeable outlay.

Damian: I'm leasing it, for Chrissake! It comes off my tax . . . It's an investment . . . I'm getting the impression you're not quite *au fait* with this sort of business.

Manager: Unfortunately, Mr Summerhayes, I'm very *au fait*, as you put it, with this sort of business . . . We tend to call it "high risk." For instance, what collateral can you offer?

Damian: My father.

Manager: Your father?

Damian: Remember? He is on the board of this bank. He *employs* you, Mr Thickness.

Damian took the lease on the BMW the following day.

One of Damian's friends from the push is Gladstone Stone, a stockbroker whose father purchased him a seat on the exchange when he turned 21. But Gladstone was clever, if not devious, and his small firm had prospered during the exciting days of the bull market of the mid-Eighties. By the time he was 25, Gladstone was worth about two million with the prospect of his options in the gold market pushing him into the twenty-million class if things held up and the Middle East remained on the boil. Gladstone's pleasures were stamp and coin collecting, dining out, world travel and, until the AIDS scare, bum fucking.

Although he is a friend, Damian considers Gladstone a parochial bore. On this particular night they are at a side table at Rogues with Gladstone, smothered in

Aramis, watching the men and Damian half-interested in the tall blonde from an early evening soapie who he thinks is attractive and famous enough to go down on him later on if nothing better comes along. Gladstone is putting a business proposition to Damian, who is not really listening because his friend has a nasal problem whereby every now and then his damaged antrums open up and drip glug down his face and on to the table. And besides, the tall blonde is now looking his way as she dances with a washed-up rock star who is now into voice-overs on television.

"If you can get the prospectus through in three months," says Gladstone, mopping his nose, "then you can have 100,000 shares and the options that go with them." Damian raises an eyebrow which signifies his interest but he can't drag his eyes from the blonde who is now dancing with her dress pulled up and tied around her waist, which is the "in" thing at these after-

6

The blonde is now dancing with her dress pulled up and tied around her waist, which is the "in" thing at these discos

9

midnight discos. Her powder-blue panties are almost as interesting as Gladstone's proposition. He feels he would like to taste her body with his tongue.

"We've got a clerk on the staff who's ex-Corporate Affairs," says Damian, now smiling at the blonde and knowing it is just a matter of time. "He'll get it through in under six weeks."

Gladstone pours more champagne. "By the way, how have you been travelling, old boy?"

Damian's expression is impassive. "Listen pal, if it was raining cunts, I'm so stiff I'd get the mother-in-law's."

Despite the language, Gladstone's face remains vapid. "If you're short I'll stake you for the shares. They're only a dollar but they'll come on at three . . . that's 200,000 for you and you can put the options in a drawer as a nice little investment."

Damian momentarily forgets the blonde. "What the fuck are they?"

"Gold, of course," says Gladstone.

"Where?"

"A lease about 30 miles west of Wyong."

"Wyong? There's no bloody gold near Wyong."

"Maybe not, but who cares? We're next to an outfit which is next to a mob which has a high producer in Kalgoorlie. That's all you need these days."

Damian nods slowly in agreement, lights up a Mahwat and is suddenly inner-glow happy that he accepted the invitation for a night on the town with this insufferable fag. He is now no longer worried about his car, which is triple-parked in the lane outside, blocking traffic both ways.

Outside the legal and commercial push, Damian has cultivated a rather strange assortment of friends . . . or perhaps acquaintances. Because of his social standing and superior intellect he is able to patronise these obsequious people to the extent that they truly believe that he is interested in them. Actually, Damian only suffers their company because they add color to his many dinner parties and Sunday barbecues. Among them is an out-of-fashion jockey, a call girl who operates out of Double Bay and who fled Kambala Ladies College when her coke habit got out of hand, a shearer from Cootamundra who flops at Damian's house when he comes to the city, and a Rugby League front-row forward who occasionally helps Damian with his misinformed plunges at Randwick. There is also a taxi-driver, a waitress, a failed scriptwriter and a public servant who stamps certificates at the Water Board.

Although he is the antipode of all these people, Damian enjoys a kind of misplaced reverence from his other friends who seem to think that anyone with such cosmopolitan tastes must necessarily be some sort of social guru. Accordingly, Damian has been, from very early on, very acceptable on the pseudo-social scale, dominated by the half-wits who swan around most nights in the eastern and lower North Shore suburbs.

However, on this particular Sunday afternoon, his meld of contacts becomes decidedly unstuck. The conversation around the barbecue is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Sir Norman and Lady Stephens, who have dropped in on their way to Government House. Sir Norman is Damian's senior partner but otherwise only sees him in the corridors or the firm's toilet. The initial repartee goes something like this:

Sir Norman: Nice little place you have here, Summerhayes . . . Good capital investment.

Call Girl: Is there any more red wine?

Damian: It's only temporary, of course, before I can get a foot into Darling Point . . .

Jockey: Can I have a word with you? We dropped two big ones yesterday . . .

Damian: What the hell are you talking about?

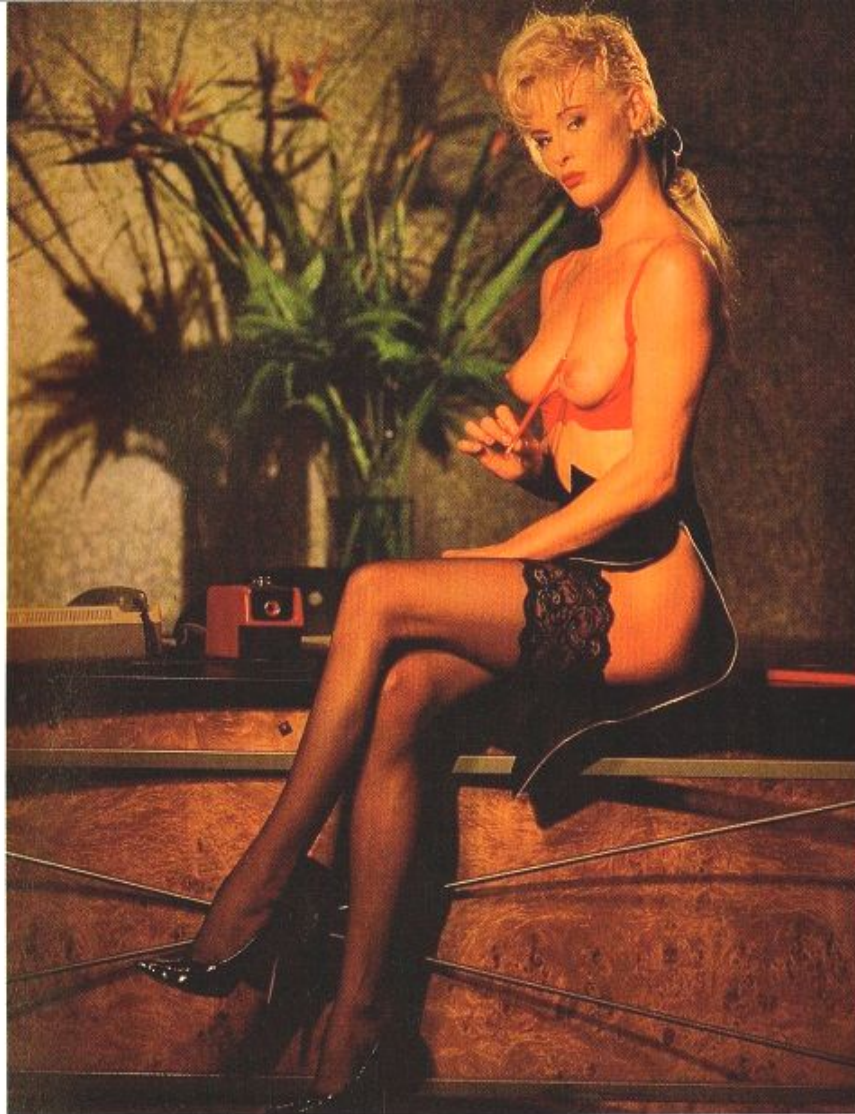
Jockey: A short half-head and a protest . . . we lost the lot!

Lady Stephens: Do you like abalone?

Continued on page 104



DIANNE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

VERTIGO

Sydney's Dianne Carolan, just 22, affects men in her presence in ways that medical science dares not explain ... She tends to have males wondering whether someone went and spiked their last drink. Dizzy spells and hot flushes are the symptoms; more, more and more is the prognosis. It's a giddy beauty. A bat of an eyelid bowls them over — the pitch of her playful voice tempts them out of their ground: stumped.





In India, a fainting spell is otherwise known as "divine swooning." When men meet Dianne, they realise why this is so.



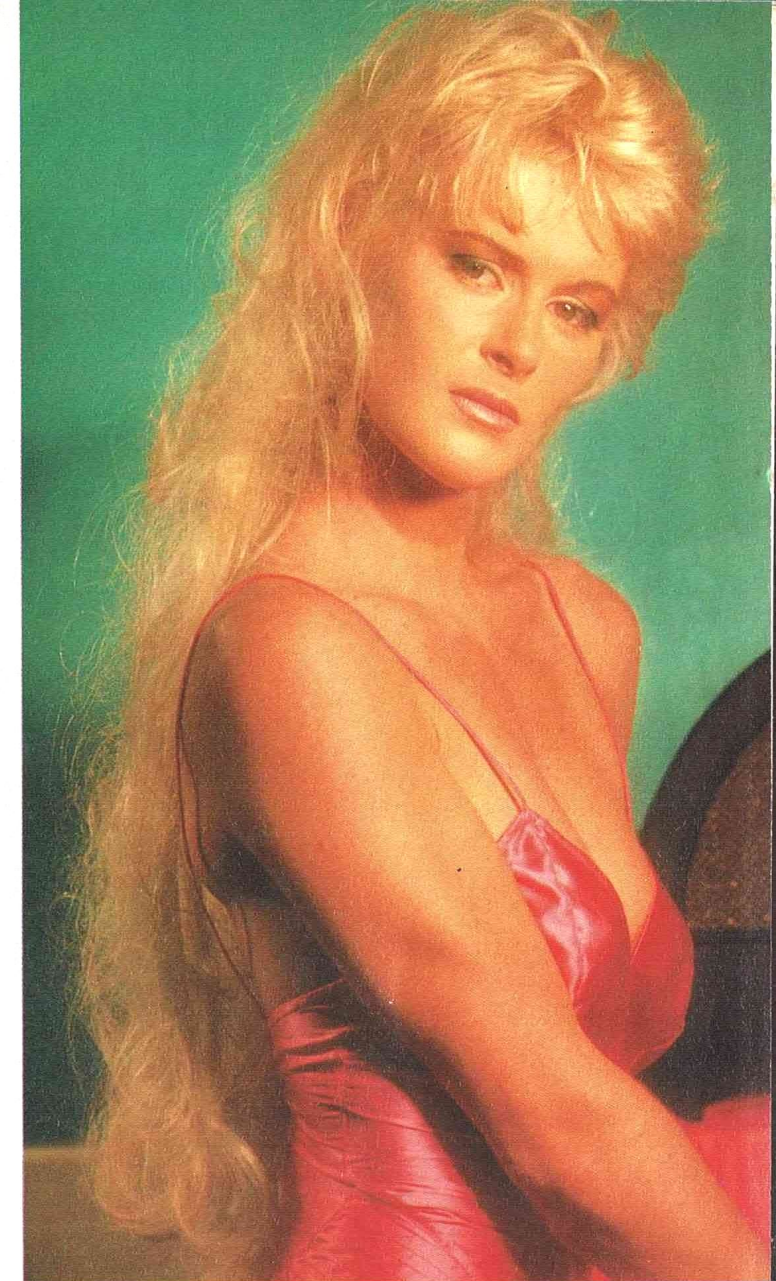
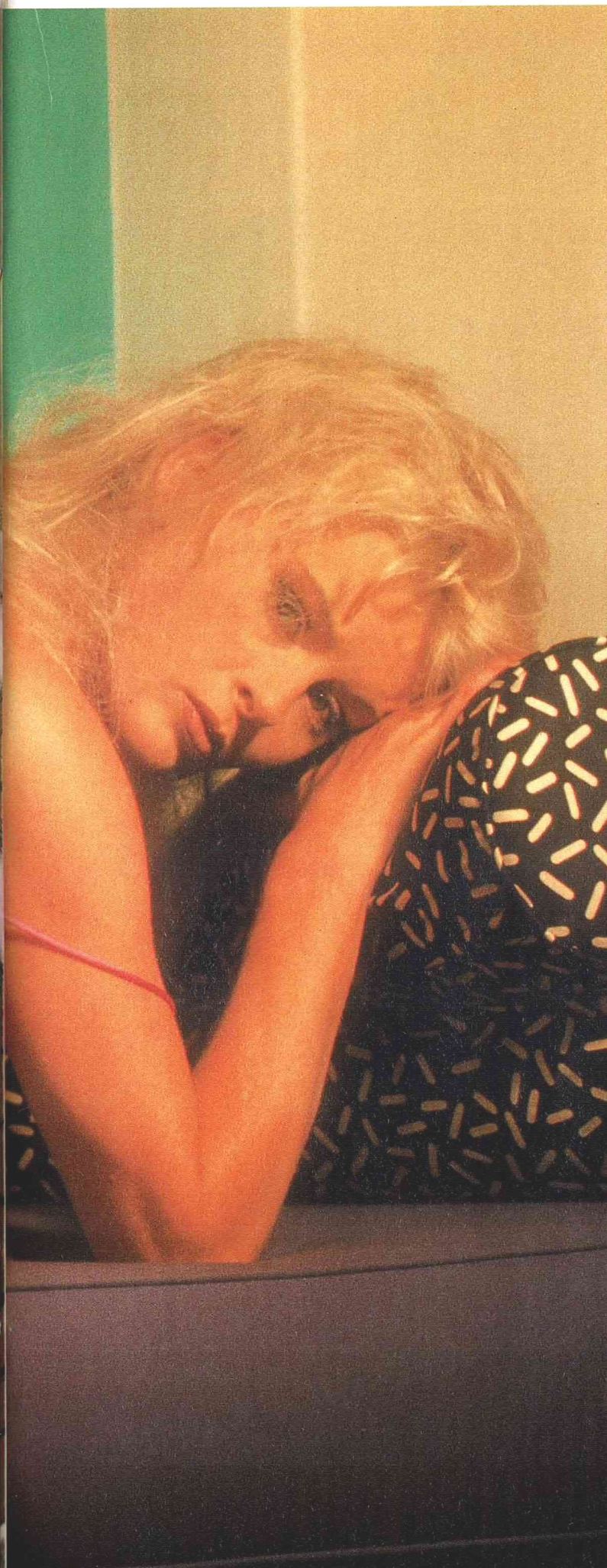


"I'm the kind of person who likes to pour oil on troubled waters," says Dianne. "Troubled waters" almost seems like an understatement. She gets men's blood purling like the outside reef at Banzai Pipeline . . .





"I dance for a living — and for fun," she goes on. "When I hear music, something inside me tells me to move to its rhythm." Music? Does the sonic boom she leaves in her wake count there?



"I'm attracted to a man who is stronger than I am," Dianne reveals. "I need a man who can say no to me at the right time . . ." Perhaps this is why Mr Right has not yet appeared; men tend to say yes to her without even being asked . . .



ILLUSTRATION BY SIMON BOSCH

WHO WILL KILL YOU?

Discover
your own worst
enemy

You are unlikely to be murdered by just anyone. The recent outburst of random shootings, part of the worldwide trend to mass murder, might suggest you will be killed by a wild bullet from a stranger as you walk out of the supermarket, but the odds are against that.

If you are one of the estimated 4000 Australians to be put down more or less wilfully in the year ahead, you have about three chances in four of being killed by someone you know.

The better you know them, the warmer and closer the link, the more readily you can fall victim to them, so that your most likely killer is the person closest to you, the partner in your most intimate relationship.

Conversely, you have only about one chance in 12 of being killed by a violent stranger.

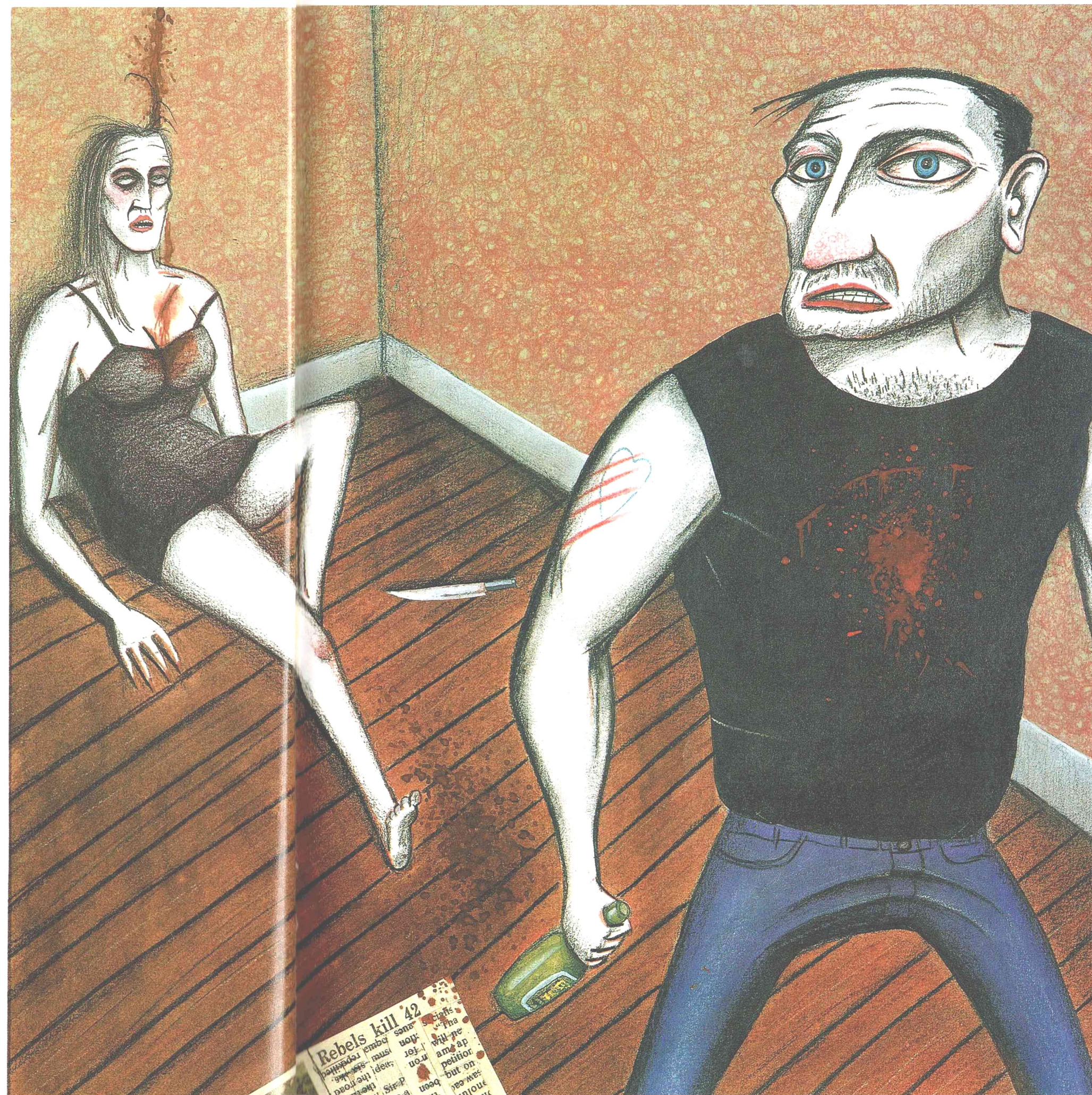
As far as we know. We lack sure numbers for the behavior which most distinguishes mankind from other animals: wilful killing of our own species. Official figures are contradictory as they include attempted murder, in which no-one dies, and leave out police killings, many "accidents" which are nothing of the kind, and all the murders which are not discovered because they are listed only as disappearances.

But as far as figures and estimates go, violent strangers perform one in every 12 killings. That is a general trend. Your personal chance of being killed by a someone you do not know depends on what you do. It is obviously higher when you move among violent people.

Michael was a 20-year-old computer operator, and most Saturday nights he went to a well known pub in a Melbourne suburb, a bloodhouse so renowned for fights that the police sometimes arrived in force to search all the men for weapons.

For Michael, the fights were part of the fun.

Late on his last Saturday night he was drinking with his uncle near the door of the Ladies, which was approached by a girl he had once gone out with and who this night was doing her drinking with another man. Michael leaned his considerable frame across the door and gave her quite a time before he allowed her to pass through. For an encore, he repeated the performance when she emerged, finishing with a smack on her bottom.



KILL

The smack was seen by her boyfriend, who had come to see what was keeping her, and after a word with the lady, he knocked Michael on top of his uncle. The couple, having had enough, then threaded their way through the crowd towards the exit.

Michael had not had enough. When he stopped feeling woozy he decided the night's fun was just starting. He collected some football mates and cut off the girl and her boyfriend just inside the door. Perhaps because it was late enough for the bouncers to have linked up with unattached girls, they did not interfere.

Knowing that men at the pub might be searched for weapons, the girl Michael had assaulted carried her boyfriend's Dundee special in her tote bag. She returned it to him so he could stab Michael to death.

Besides showing how strangers can kill you, Michael's death makes a second point. You are likely to be murdered by someone who knows you are violent, fears you, and decides that killing you is better than waiting for you to kill them. Michael's death makes a third point too. Like drivers who die on roads, you are likely to die when you have alcohol in your blood, or your killer does, or both.

More than half of my male victims, documented over 25 years, died after they had

been drinking heavily. As every drinker knows, the stuff weakens the foresight which at other times guides you to sidestep death.

Of course, if your killer is a beautiful woman, your death may be hard to foresee even if you have not been drinking.

Human-human killing is a sexist phenomenon. Male victims slightly outnumber women, but male killers far outnumber deadly ladies. Only about one killer in every 11 is a woman, which makes Gogon look doubly unlucky. He was a lonely bachelor with the usual problems of lonely bachelors, which he took to the lounge of a Footscray hotel. Here he was soon happy with the smiles at a table of three young ladies, all comely, and one of them, Marta, among the most beautiful women you could imagine. I know. I talked to her later.

With gentle conversation at their table and a few more beers, Gogon arrived at the pleasant understanding that in return for a mere \$50 he could enjoy all three ladies.

Marta was 15; her friends Ruth and Susan were 17. They all lived with their parents, and so they had nowhere to take Gogon; he could not take them to his single room in a private house, so he drove them in his Valiant to the romantic wilderness of the Yarraville Park.

On arrival there, they left the car and walked to a quiet part of the park where Gogon was soon enjoying his first choice

— the beautiful Marta — against a tree, while the two older girls awaited his second breath a modest distance off.

So he believed. But the girls were robbers, not whores, and once he was standing tall in the saddle, the two older ones came up quietly, frantically beckoned on behind his back by Marta, who was terrified she would be impregnated.

There was no anger. After seeing Gogon's wallet they had made their plan in the hotel powder room before they got into his car. Ruth had a beer bottle to knock him out with, while Susan carried a clasp knife as a backup.

If Ruth had hit hard enough, a knockout blow from the bottle might have saved Marta from shame, given the three Gogon's wallet, and saved him from death. But Ruth froze in fear and dropped her bottle, Susan lost her head, and Gogon's ecstasy turned to agony as she stabbed him twice in the small of the back.

Later she said that her "nerves" got the better of her, but it is likely that they had always meant to stab him, bottle or no bottle.

Susan's lack of technical knowledge got the better of her, too. She was not sure how to stab someone to death, and her first cut hardly went through Gogon's clothes, while even the second, deeper stab did not stop him disengaging from Marta and running hell for leather to his car. His speed was helped by Susan chasing close behind him — as he thought, to stab him again, but perhaps only because she realised she had left her purse, with her name and address in it, on the seat of the Valiant. He kept ahead of her and as she clutched for the door handle, drove off to Western General Hospital.

He died nine days later from the infection resulting from the second stab wound, but not before he had told his story, which, even filtering through the jargon in which police record statements, still expressed his bewildered disappointment. They had been such attractive girls.

Oh, one more way to be killed by violent strangers. Become a policeman. Without artillery support or the comfort of a foxhole, and not always armed, you will man the community's unmapped front line, and run in peace all the risks of war.

Assuming that you do not join the police, and thus shun the sharky waters where violent strangers cruise, your next likely risk is from acquaintances who, on the average, kill about as many people as strangers do: one in 12.

An acquaintance is not necessarily a strong friend, but at least someone whose name you know, someone you've talked with a bit, so that the two of you are on some kind of footing. You are especially likely to be killed by one of these less-than-close friends simply because you have had enough time to learn to trust them, but not enough to know their potential for murderous action.

John Turner worked as a nurse in one of Victoria's smaller hospitals where, like everyone else on the staff, he knew that another nurse, Angela, was having husband trouble. She had separated and, after surgery to repair her face, meant to stay separated. But her husband, like many, was emotionally dependent on her, could not accept the separation, believed that if only he could get her to talk to him love would bloom afresh, and kept the telephone at the ward and the nurses' home tied up a good part of the day trying to woo Angela back to the marital boxing ring.

Like other staff, John had taken some of these calls, and once or twice tried to reason with the husband and comfort him, as well as speaking to him two or three times when he appeared in person. So he was ready to cope when the husband appeared to him outside the linen store one night, carrying a rifle and asking for Angela.

He may have meant to use the rifle to herd her into his car, or may have been going to threaten suicide. He told both stories later.

John spoke to him calmly, said that he and Angela were separated, and, fair go, she didn't want to talk to him — why didn't he come and have a cuppa? "Just give me that gun before you hurt someone."

The husband brought the rifle up and pointed it at John, and mumbled that he had to see Angela.

John smiled and took a step forward, stretched out his hand for the rifle, and felt a hammerblow as he was shot through the right side of his chest, at the edge of the armpit.

Some people find it hard to imagine anyone dying from a wound around the edges. They believe that to be killed you have to be shot through the heart or head, and they also believe the marvels of modern medicine can bring you back from death's brink every time.

Both beliefs are false. Your wounded body reacts like a raided whorehouse, with crashes, bangs, shrieks, lights going on and off, and folk diving out windows. The reaction, through nerves, lungs, circulation, is truly massive — a hormone riot with electrical effects sometimes strong enough to stop your heart and kill you outright from traumatic shock.

Of course you can die simply from loss of blood, but assuming you don't, and you survive the first reaction, you are at risk of dying from fat embolism: the blocking of important blood vessels by fat released into the bloodstream as a latter part of the shock reaction.

After that, you can die from operation shock, when your heart will fail from pain stress during or after the operation. While anaesthetics stop you feeling pain, they don't stop your body reacting to it with the same old traumatic shock again.

After that, you can still die of many complications, and especially of infection. No, antibiotics don't make you infection-proof.

The husband's .220 Swiss bullet was a 45-grain hollowpoint, and destroyed John's right lung — although perhaps because it was nearly through him before it broke into a spray of shrapnel, it did no obvious damage to his heart. Even so, with the operating theatre just around the corner, John died within 20 minutes, a victim of a harmless acquaintance.

Many acquaintance victims die after drinking. Two men drinking together, a situation every ocker sees as manly and friendly, can become dangerously complicated when the drinking is heavy. Homosexual impulses, open or hidden, are the most common element in the atmosphere of that kind of party, and when they are stimulated, fear can make one or both men ready to react violently to any imagined slights.

Those impulses can seldom be proved, although they are sometimes mentioned in defence when the killer alleges that his victim made a pass at him. But often they can be guessed.

The workmate of my sudden murderer Wayne may have been killed with his own axe after he made a proposition, or Wayne imagined he made it.

Gerald Simon Fraser was kicked and stamped to death in Melbourne in April 1987 by a man who had been drinking with him for about three hours and who told the police he had been angered by something Fraser said — but could not recall just

what. It must have gone close to the bone to touch off what the prosecutor called a ferocious, deliberate attack which ended with Fraser drowning in his own blood.

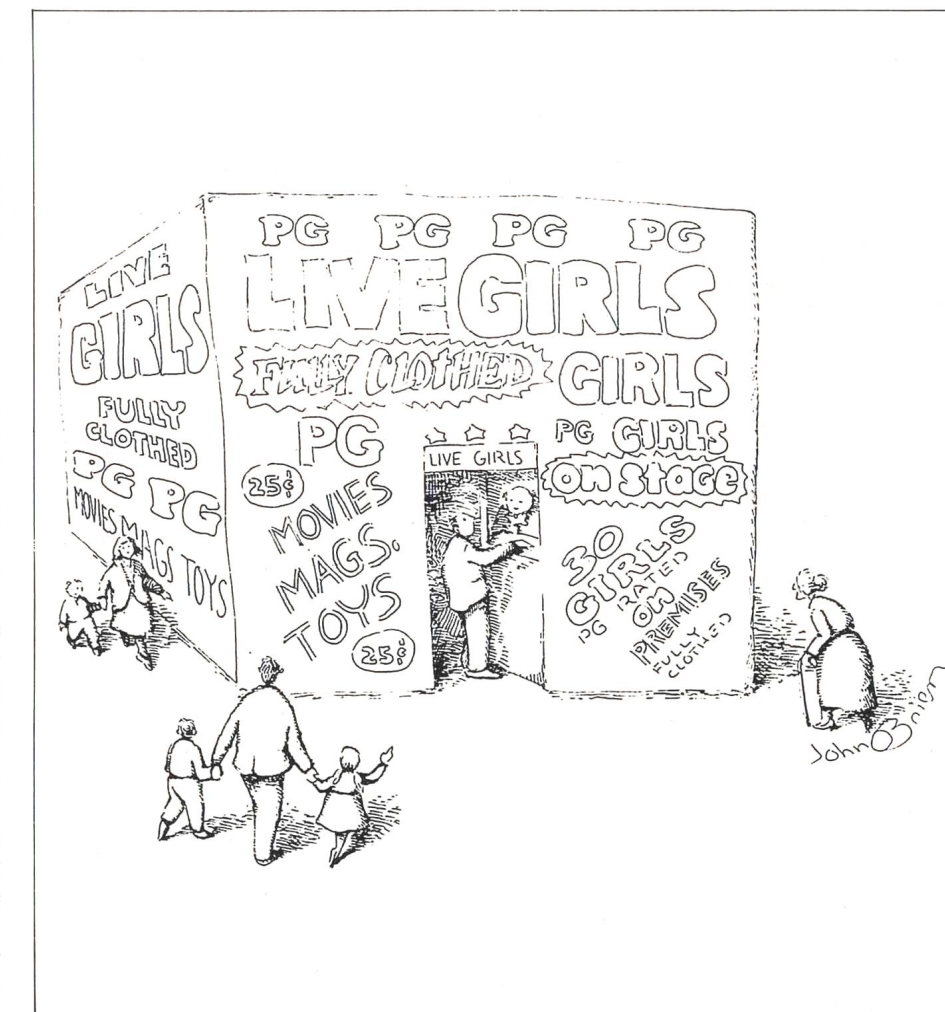
Perhaps the most fatal mistake you can make with acquaintances is choosing criminal ones; that way you put yourself at risk of being killed by the police, yet at even more risk of being killed by your acquaintances.

If you avoid violent strangers and acquaintances, you are most likely to be murdered by someone with whom you have a strong emotional bond: a lover or good friend, or a member of your family.

Simon was a 40-year-old Aborigine who in 1985 lived in one of the small settlements common around Alice Springs. His last day of life began like most others: up before dawn and into the cask of Coolabah Moselle, with a short break for breakfast around sunrise; then it was back to the Coolabah.

As the air warmed, most of the settlement got comfortable near the creek, and drinking went on through the morning. Simon's drinking mates were all members of his tribe, which meant that regardless of what Europeans consider family relationships, all were closely related to him, and all the men were his brothers. Among his family that morning were his wife Eileen, about 20, and one of his young tribal

Continued on page 124



BY TIMOTHY WHITE

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

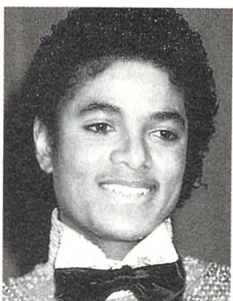
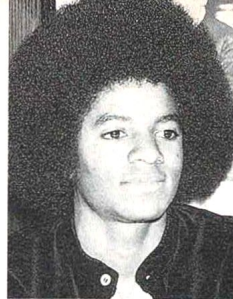
Ten years ago, Michael Jackson entered never-never land. He's never come back.

It is August 1977, the end of the beginning, or the beginning of the end.

"I've never been scared of any kind of performing, even when I was the littlest kid," rules 19-year-old Michael Jackson, seated at a shadowy corner banquette in Georges Rey, a frayed old French restaurant on West 55th Street in New York City. Fair enough. Yet his hands tremble as they hold the menu, and he interrupts his careerist show of strength to murmur intensely to a fellow diner, "I don't feel right in these places. Do you? I don't know how everything works. Help me not mess up, okay?"

We are a party of four, including Michael, the vice president in charge of publicity at Epic Records, and her husband. None of us has much previous acquaintance with the guest of honor, or his curiously meek mien.

"Oh no! I better not do anything like *that*," Michael asserts when asked if he'd like to order wine or a drink. When his Caesar salad is placed before him, he looks down at the plate, then at his silver-



BEHIND THE MASK

ware, and begins eating each dripping leaf with his spidery fingers, oily dressing accumulating on the tablecloth.

Jackson tucks his linen napkin deeper into the collar of his charcoal T-shirt, and then shrinks from the maitre d's solicitous main-course inquiries — "Some excellent chicken cordon bleu? Or escargot? Quiche Lorraine?"

No reply. Around the table, there is a long moment of overlapping miscomprehension. Finally, Michael fills the silence with a breathy, barely audible question: "What's *gweech*?"

A previously ordered wedge of the cheese-and-custard pie is rushed to the table. Michael, stabbing his fingers into the steaming wedge, gathers up a gooey hunk and ingests it in one hasty gulp. "It's like ham and eggs!"

Michael Jackson has been in New York City a mere two weeks — the longest stretch he's ever spent in America's urban Oz — and it is having a discernibly profound effect on the fellow. The matter that lured the starved man-child to Manhattan from Los Angeles in August 1977 is *The Wiz*, the Universal-Motown film production of the long-running black Broadway musical that was based on L. Frank Baum's 1900 book fantasy, *The Wonderful Wizard Of Oz*. Michael has been selected to play the Scarecrow, the acutely insecure stuffed effigy who comes to life — and to the realisation that he possesses a serviceable intellect — under the auspices of a lost little girl named Dorothy.

Shooting for *The Wiz* is set to begin in four weeks. In the interim, as we will see, it is Michael Jackson who seems a stranger in a strange land.

"I don't drive," he volunteers when some solo sight-seeing is proposed. "But I love cars. I like big old ones that make you feel protected. Not just some new Ford. I like the old Continentals."

He wants a "Lincoln, not a Ford — just like the last president", a member of the dinner party quips, referring to Gerald Ford's defeat by Jimmy Carter in the previous White House election race.

"Excuse me?" Michael probes in his tiny-tot treble. "Vice President Ford was a president? Really? Boy, I gotta keep up on these things!"

He is similarly unapprised of recent events that shook the foundations of America.

"I don't know much about Watergate," he concedes when asked, picking at the crust of a dinner roll. "It was terrible, wasn't it? I guess it was. Have you met Nixon? Is he happy? I saw him on TV last year, and he looked so unhappy!"

What are the ingredients for woeful isolation in the waning 20th Century? How does one become stranded in the centre of a whirlwind?

Certainly the Jackson clan lacked the mettle to give Michael counsel. By her own admission, mother Katherine Jackson had been too frightened of his precocious will to insist he do so much as *eat* on a daily basis! So he turned inward. Which means he postponed generous portions of his own maturation. Which means he became his own worst enemy.

The Jackson Five were never given the critical attention of more sophisticated Motown stars like the Temptations. Yet they were surely the most original act on the label. Their hyperharmonic cadences, paced by Michael's piercing falsetto, were an ingenious R&B merger of street-corner soul caroling and the drills of the black drum-and-bugle corps that were an inner-city staple in the Midwest of the US. Caping this hybrid was a sassy dash of the histrionic funk normally seen in the rowdier of the Chitlin Circuit saloons.

I was the managing editor of *Crawdaddy*

Michael, stabbing his fingers into the steaming wedge, gathers up a gooey hunk and ingests it. "It's like ham and eggs!"

(a once-underground youth-culture journal whose 1966 founding supposedly made it the first vehicle for serious rock criticism) when I decided to do a major article on the Jackson Five. I was neither prepared for how weird the emerging Michael Jackson was, nor anticipating the indifference his story would generate among my co-editors. A much-abbreviated version of my report appeared in the December 1978 *Crawdaddy*.

It was openly deliberated by the record people handling Michael Jackson back in 1977 whether his demeanor was an intricate put-on. Upon realising it was not, their posture shifted to discreet alarm, and a screening mentality toward the media took hold.

By 1983, when Jackson was well on his way to becoming a phenomenon, there was too much control on the inside and too much wrongheaded protectiveness on the outside to help matters. Everyone with entree was treading lightly as the singer was beginning his surreal ascent, and few wanted to further addle a human cash register. As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines, knots and all.

It was not until a fortnight after the appearance of *Bad* — a musically salutary record suffused with freakish anguish — that I considered re-examining my own past impressions of the now 29-year-old star. I had accidentally rediscovered the tapes of my 1977 interviews with Michael while unpacking 15 years of writing files during a move to a new home. I slipped them into my tape deck, and the bizarrely modulated voice that crept from the speakers — devoid of any visceral animation or emotional vitality — sped me back to an unnerving sequence of ominous episodes. I feel that the publication, for the first time, of an account of my contact and conversations with Michael provides an invaluable window on the Oz that was enveloping the singer's sadly susceptible psyche.

Not since Elvis has there been such a cautionary tale of one performer's inky dance with illusion, or one with a more unfathomable ending. All anybody knew for sure at the time was that Michael was off to see the Wizard.

No entertainment figure in modern times had reached the threshold of mainstream fame with greater gifts of enthrallment. Unlike Elvis at his early peak, Michael was not an intuitive novice, near-oblivious to the depth of his own skills. Rather, he was an acutely polished veteran of the footlights. His ten years of roadwork fronting the Jackson Five soul calliope had seen them forge new standards of hit potential: four straight No 1 singles out of the box in 1969-70 — "I Want You Back," "ABC," "The Love You Save," "I'll Be There" — with a dozen other chart successes to follow.

But the fifth son of arc welder/crane operator Joseph Walter Jackson and Katherine Esther "Kitty" Jackson's nine children was a textbook case of arrested personal development, adroit to a fault on the high wire of his own ambitions, yet utterly hapless as a social being in the slack pulse of ordinary existence.

The Michael Jackson of 1977 was a wholly untempered individual, as oblivious to national and local headlines as he was to etiquette in a public eating establishment. Separated from the tools and terrain of his expertise, he had little sense of himself. Indeed, he regarded the off-stage Michael Jackson as a phantom, a formless creature who cast no reflection, left no worthy trace.

Seeking to get to the basis of his exquisite detachment from all things earthbound, I interviewed Joseph Jackson, who proved as forbidding as Michael was benign.

A native of Arkansas, Mr Jackson was raised in Oakland, California, and settled in Gary, Indiana, in his late teens, marrying at the age of 20. He and his wife Katherine made their home at 2300 Jackson Street, rearing the kids according to the harsh Lutheran rubrics inherited from his own schoolteacher dad, Samuel Joseph Jackson.

"My father was very strict," the broad,

muscular Joe Jackson explained brusquely. "He really went to us. I'm glad that happened. I might not have been able to do the things I do without a strict raising."

What Mr Jackson had done was act as chief taskmaster and field marshal for the Jackson Five, coaching them since 1967 in musical skills he'd acquired while heading a bar band in his youth.

"I saw the potential in them being stars," he said, "big stars. And so we worked toward that goal, and they had to be talked to all the time, with a skilful hand. With an iron hand. There's other interests in life other than just singing and dancing, and the Jacksons used to play a lot of team sports. All of them, in fact, except for Michael, who was strictly show business."

When I met Michael, he and his brothers had just completed *Goin' Places*, the crucial sequel to their much-ballyhooed 1976 Epic debut, *The Jacksons*. *Goin' Places* was only the second LP to contain songs by group members (during the Motown years, song material and publishing were consigned to a corporate writing staff). While their Epic debut yielded such favored radio fare as "Enjoy Yourself" and "Show You The Way To Go," *Goin' Places* was a stiff — as Michael had privately dreaded — from the day it was pressed.

After two albums, the Jacksons broke away from the tutelage of independent Philadelphia International producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff (who'd done so much for the O'Jays) and produced themselves on *Destiny*, a superb 1978 release that included the radiant rug-cutter "Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)." It climbed as high as No 7 on the *Billboard* survey, then stalled.

For Michael's part, he was proud of *Destiny* as it took shape, but from the day we were introduced in the summer of 1977, he made it plain that his first priority was a pathfinding solo album that would erase any popular memory of the ones (*Got To Be There*, *Forever*, *Michael* etc) he did for Motown. "I hear an ideal record in my mind, maybe with Quincy [Jones, who produced the original cast soundtrack LP of the film version of *The Wiz*]," he mentioned at the tail end of one of our phone conversations. "We'll see."

That "ideal record," released the week before Michael Jackson turned 21, was the Quincy Jones-co-constructed *Off The Wall*. It would go on to sell some nine million-odd copies on the strength of the singles "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough," "Rock With You," "Off The Wall," and "She's Out Of My Life," the first (and best) of which was written entirely by Michael.

Off The Wall was just as startling for the portrait photo on its jacket cover: a suddenly thin-nosed, squared-jawed Michael Jackson had surfaced, his revised visage resembling an amalgam of the Scarecrow's features and those of *The Wiz*'s female co-star, Diana Ross. The sur-

gical hunt was on for a mask Michael could live with, as all natural development in his personal and professional life had come to a grotesque close.

After the Jacksons' chaotic 1984 *Victory* tour satisfied any perceived obligations to his brothers (actually, while the *Victory* LP sold adequately, the shows near the tour's end would fail to sell out), Michael withdrew from the fold. Some of his precious few friendships would be strained or worsened by insensitive business attitudes, a case in point being the cunning outbidding of Paul McCartney for the \$47.5 million ATV Music publishing company, which owns the Beatles' songs. (After a lifetime of work and financial reorganisation, it was probably McCartney's sole shot at owning his own compositions.)

Jackson located consummate career guides in manager Frank Dileo and attorney John Branca — forthright, fiercely tough men who excel at keeping the world at bay on their clients' behalf. Dileo has announced that Michael will never give another interview, and contact with the bulk of humanity will henceforth be confined to concerts (the recent tour is likely the last) and what few personal appearances are required to smooth business deals.

Psychologists say that children portray with their pets and toys the things they've seen done to themselves. In Michael's case, that would mean, at the very least,

the massive callous replication of himself for merchandising purposes. Michael's Pets, a line of stuffed animals inspired by a California menagerie, will soon be in toy stores. From his new *Bad* album and its inevitable splashy videos, to a surfeit of products and souvenirs, Michael Jackson is everywhere in evidence, and nowhere in substance.

If the goal is fame, the battle is won to a fare-thee-well. If the aim is music, Michael Jackson has never made a "bad" record, and his latest output has been crafted to almost soulless perfection. If the intent is happiness, it can only arrive in realms of mundane risk and chance, places Michael no longer frequents. And yet if someone so well-known, admired, and essentially harmless (to others) as Michael Jackson cannot find a full measure of solace and contentment during his allotted span, then the human equation in our culture has been diminished to a degree more deplorable than any rearrangement of his facial features.

The mysteries of Michael Jackson's sexuality, or the reasons why he owns a hyperbaric chamber and covets the Elephant Man's remains, are minor puzzles. The important riddle is: why has this young man labored tirelessly to fix everything but the facets of his life that do not work?

As Michael continually repeated to me when detailing his ongoing fascination with the Scarecrow role, "My character



BEHIND THE MASK

knows that something is wrong with the way he sees things, but he can't quite put his finger on it."

In my time with him, he seemed to bring out the nanny, big brother, and baby-sitter latent in everyone, particularly in catering to his mercurial mood swings, which ranged from bubbly to contritely depressed. His retainers, hired or spontaneously self-appointed, were never actively solicited or dispatched by him, because he gave them little notice.

Those people in his largely professional circle of awareness who were acknowledged were either "good," "great," or they were nothing at all. The two words were spoken as sound, logical appraisals, without shades of meaning. In his polite tolerance of new arrivals or short-time visitors to his claustrophobic sphere, there was a childlike air of condescension, awkwardly assumed. And beneath that, something more: an icy, largely distracted resolve, and a drive beyond ambition.

Michael Jackson earned international fame, respect, and affection as a symbol of enlightened self-discipline. Now he earns perverse notoriety as a paragon of elaborate self-denial. Within and between the lines of this interview are some of the roots of one battered spirit's blind search for love and dignity. In his own bewildered way,

Michael Jackson has always known that you simply don't stop till you get enough.

Are you hot for dance singles these days?

Yes. Both — ballads and dance singles. I just love to see the kids have a good time when the music come on. Sometimes I sneak into this skating rink when they put them jams on. And you can tell when something dirty the kids be kicking in. Soon as there's something hot — ow! — they break out. Which is important, because people like to dance and have a good time.

Speaking of ballads, I think back to "Ben." Even though it was No 1 in 1972, a lot of people don't know the song's about a rat. They haven't seen the film, so they see the song as a ballad about friendship.

Umm hmm. I like it both ways.

How do you mean?

I mainly like it as a record. I love rats. And I like it as a friend, too, as if I'm talking to a guy that's a friend of mine — [blushing smile] but none other than just a friend! Some people see it the rat way. Some people see it the friend way. It works both ways.

You're big on rats?

I love them. I used to raise them.

White rats? You raised them at home?

Yeah. In cages and things.

You've gotten out of it now?

[Nodding] You know, 'cause rats have weird characteristics. [Very sheepishly]

They start eating one another. They really do. It just got sickening to me, and I just said forget it. I came home one night and looked in the cage and the rats had started eating each other. The father was eating the babies. I got sick of looking at it all and left the cage outside. I didn't realise how cold it was. The rats, still alive, froze to death. [Laughs] I don't mind talking about it, if you don't. Do you?

Plus, in Beverly Hills there's a lot of snakes. I almost got bit by one rattlesnake because of the rats. See, when you live up in the hills, that's what happens.

The rats draw snakes?

Umm hmm! Tremendously.

And it was cold enough in Beverly Hills one night to freeze the rats?

Yeah, oh yeah. See it's high up. There was a strange mist around, a rainy type of coldness, and the snakes started coming out of the ground to get the rats. I guess I got caught in the middle of this thing. It was awful! [He bursts out laughing.]

How many rats did you have?

Oh, I had quite a few. A lot of them. My mother hated it. I was up to about 30 rats.

Do they reproduce quickly?

[Grimaces] Weirdly quickly! You wake up one morning and you see all these little things crawling around. It's fun, anyway.

Nobody clued you in on the rats' habit of eating each other?

Nope. I just saw it when they ate the babies. I shoulda separated the father from his children. I'd never seen that deal. I had no idea, no idea. I don't think anybody knows the reason why — it doesn't exist; if they did say it, it's not a good enough reason.

Well, let's go back to the film. What sort of preparations have you made to play the Scarecrow? I assume you saw the old Wizard Of Oz movie?

Oh yeah, I have it on videotape. I watch it sometimes and just turn the sound down and watch the moves. When you see the old one, you realise — I had to say this — but you realise that they didn't bring out what they should have brought out. That's what *The Wiz* is all about — it's bringing out what Frank Baum, the writer, was really trying to say, in this movie. You can see where a lot was thrown out. We make it more recognisable to people what the story is all about.

Give me an example.

Well, the different characters, the Scarecrow with the brain thing. He *think* he doesn't have a brain, but he does. All the time it's there but he don't know about it. The whole thing is bringing it out.

What I do as the Scarecrow is, I don't think I'm smart and everything. And all through the movie I be bringing out these quotations from out of my sleeves 'n' all. See, I'm *garbage* instead of straw; I'm filled with the stuff. And I'm reading these quotations from all over me about such and such: "Confucius said this." But I *still* think I'm ignorant.

So it will have a larger social impact than a whimsical kid's story?

[Solemnly] Umm hmm. It's a *strong* movie. Some people will see it as a kid's film, but it isn't. You can follow it as you go through your life. That's the main answers to life — with that whole movie. I mean you can just follow life with that movie. It's deeper than what people really think it is.

[Excited] You can find so many great things in *The Wiz* about life. There are so many smart people walking around that don't know they're smart, don't *believe* in themselves. It's helpful for that too.

That's what the Scarecrow is all about. He's a smart guy! There's these crows that come every day and jive me and say I'm dumb, I'm ignorant, I can't walk, I can't do this. And they're so cool they just walk into my garden and take advantage of me. I'm begging them, "Can't I get down just for one second and walk in the garden?" They say, "Man, you can't walk!"

One day my break comes when Dorothy helps me down. I've been reading all these quotes that show how smart I am, but I really don't know it. I know something's wrong with what they're telling me, but I can't put my finger on it, and something's still wrong.

What do you enjoy most about the filming?

[Very softly] I love the amazing makeup and all the costumes and all the excitement. And I love the dance sequences. We got some dance sequences gonna knock people down! [Giggles]

Are they working you too hard?

Not at all. It's just the opposite. I never want to stop. Sometimes I even come home in my makeup!

You're that attached to the character?

[Nodding slowly] It takes a long time to put it on my face, but I like how *different* it feels. I can be in a whole 'nother place with it. Sometime I wear it home, and people — kids — I look out the back window of the car and let them see me. Whoa, they get frightened! They don't know who or what it is! It's a trip, it's really a trip. [Softly, guardedly] It's a secret, that's it. I like that it's a secret.

[Relaxing] It's just a warm feeling inside, like I can do anything he does, and everybody will dig it. Because once he comes down from the pole in that corn patch, everybody appreciates the Scarecrow.

What was the first time you performed?

It was in a shopping centre, the Big Top, in Gary, Indiana. It was at a grand opening. All the people come around and buy the season fashions. We agreed to be in front of the mall, in the middle of it, and sing. And that's what we did.

You must have done some performing before that, to have that come about.

[Mulling] Yeah, but you know, I can't remember. I wasn't even thinking about that. I just *did* it. I was about six. I got started around five.

What is your earliest memory of perform-

ing? Did someone, your father maybe, take you by the hand and ask you to sing?

No, we were just singing around the house, old folk songs, "Cotton Fields Back Home" and [sings] "Down In The Valley . . ." We used to wake up singing.

We had bunk beds, and I would shack up with Marlon, and Tito would shack up with Jermaine, and Jackie would have his own on top. We would just sing every morning.

See, my father had a group, with his brothers, the Falcons. And Tito would sneak his guitar and play it when he'd go to work.

When he got caught, Tito would get in so much trouble for playing Dad's guitar. One day Tito broke a string, and my father got so mad at Tito, he got so mad at him, so angry, he said, "Lemme see what you can really play! If you can't play that I'm a really *beat* you!"

Tito was scared, but when he *could* play, my father was shocked. He was so good,

"I've been reading all these quotes that show how smart I am, but I don't really know it."

by just sneaking and playing. My father thought, *Well, there's some kind of talent here*, and he started saving up money, buying instruments and microphones and amplifiers.

We would do talent shows in the neighborhood in Gary, and later at the high school. [Proudly] We would always win every one. We have all these trophies in our house, all over the place.

One day Gladys Knight told a guy named Bobby Taylor at Motown about us, and Motown got ahold of us. We did a show on Berry's [Gordy] gigantic estate in Detroit, around the poolside. All the Motown stars were there: Diana Ross, the Temptations, everybody. They loved us, and we recorded our first record, "I Want You Back", a three-million-seller. And we went on and on.

What was it like being so young and travelling around performing in those early days?

We had our own van. It was some great time. I would sit in the wings and watch the other acts, on and on. I would watch every step Jackie Wilson made on the stage. I'd hear them say, "Jackie Wil-son!" And he

would take that coat off and strut around! I would sit there and watch every step and just *learn*. Every show, I would run down just to watch him take the stage.

I recall seeing the Jackson Five on TV in 1974, at the time of "Dancing Machine." You had a dance routine that was so wickedly hot. Do you put those things together yourself?

Do you mean the robot moves and all that? We always do our own choreography. Michael, Marlon, and Jackie, us three do it.

You always had great moves. I'm sure you had a lot of people coming up to you and saying you were very skilled for your age. I don't know of any 11-year-old kids who had that kind of poise.

[Glum, exasperated] For so many years I've been called a midget, a 45-year-old midget, and I was, like, six and five. And they would tell us how "great, great, great" we were, but we should "never get the big head." We heard that so much. "Never get the big head." They were saying don't get too big for your shoes.

Have you ever gotten a big head?

Oh, no. No way. No way I could deal with that.

Why do you think that is? Because your father tells you to be cool? Or your brothers do?

Yeah. Good parents, and just, you know, how can you think you're better than somebody else? I mean, I do certain things that millions of kids out there will never get to see or do, but I shouldn't think I'm better than them because I can do something and they can't. [In a hush] We're all human.

Have you ever had kids your own age approach you and remark on your amazing abilities? How would you react?

I'd just listen — and then get better and better.

I don't know what I was thinking back then. I'd just listen, say thanks, and keep on going, and not let it affect me terribly anyway. [Suddenly tense] I'm just always trying to get better. That's all, really. I'm just telling you that all I'm trying to do is get better and better. Which I never stop doing. 'Cause when you stop growing — [he cancels the thought]. Boy, you *never* can stop growing. But some people do.

On TV you look sharply accomplished, even shrewd. And tough, almost like a grown man. But I meet you now, and there's a striking difference.

[Smiling strangely] That's true. People always tell me that. All the kids at school say, "Man, you're so much different onstage. I can't believe it's the same person." But I'm not really recognising what people are telling me.

When I get onstage, I don't know what happens. Honest to God. It feels so good, it's like it's the safest place in the world for me. [Warily] I'm not as comfortable now as I would be onstage, because I was raised

Continued on page 110



"I'm afraid the government has to demolish this house. We need it for a pizza."



STRANGE BREW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I'm a witch," says sultry Denise Oldenberg, 26. "I've got spells for every occasion." It doesn't take long to realise Denise is absolutely serious. Besides her interests in occult powers, which she says will propel her without question beyond *Penthouse* to international stardom, Denise says she enjoys aerobics and horseriding. This one is a strange brew.





So how does Denise perform her magic? "If you think I'm the type to throw a pentagram on the floor and screw the first warlock I find, you're a bit off the mark," she smiles. "A bit."





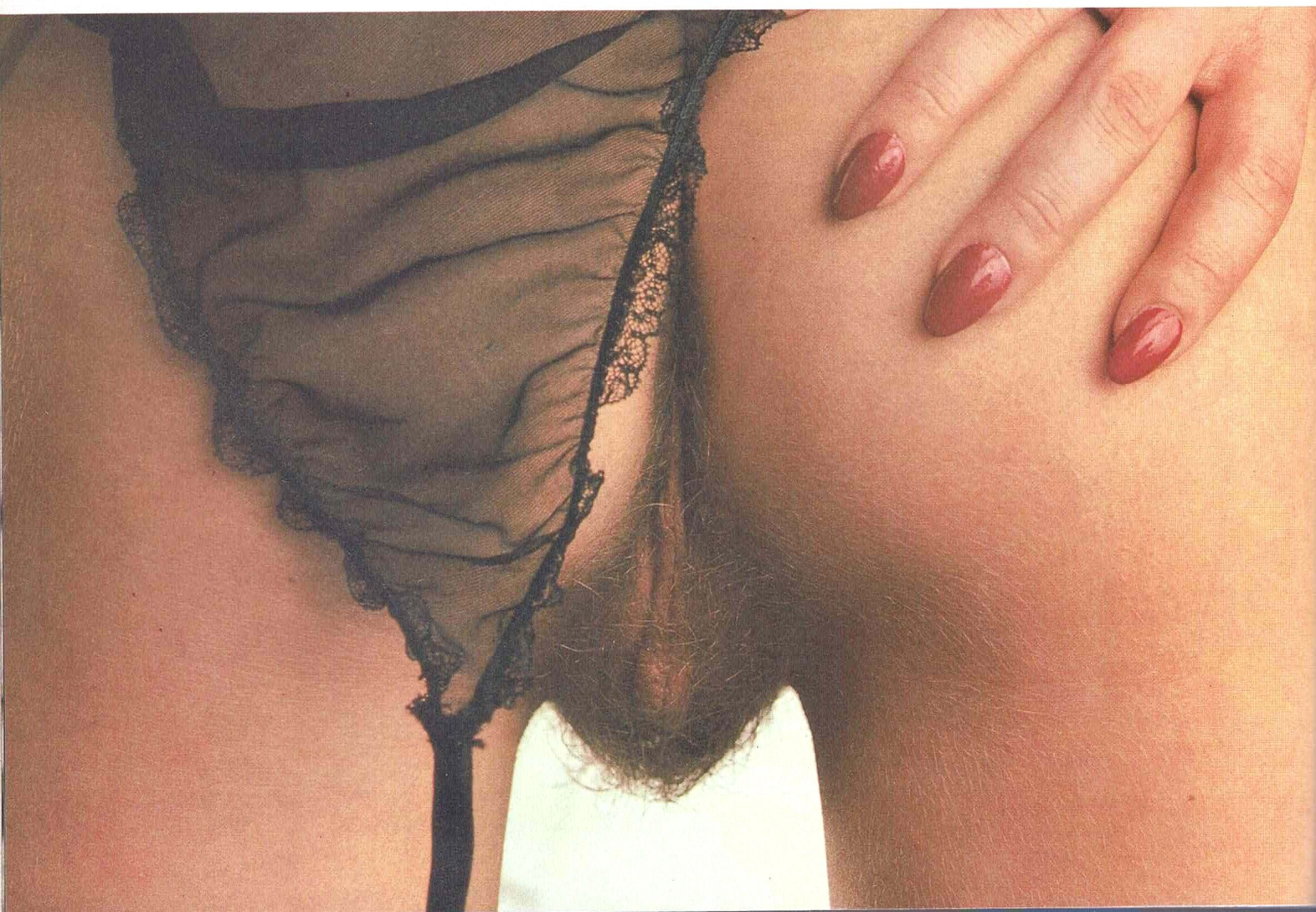


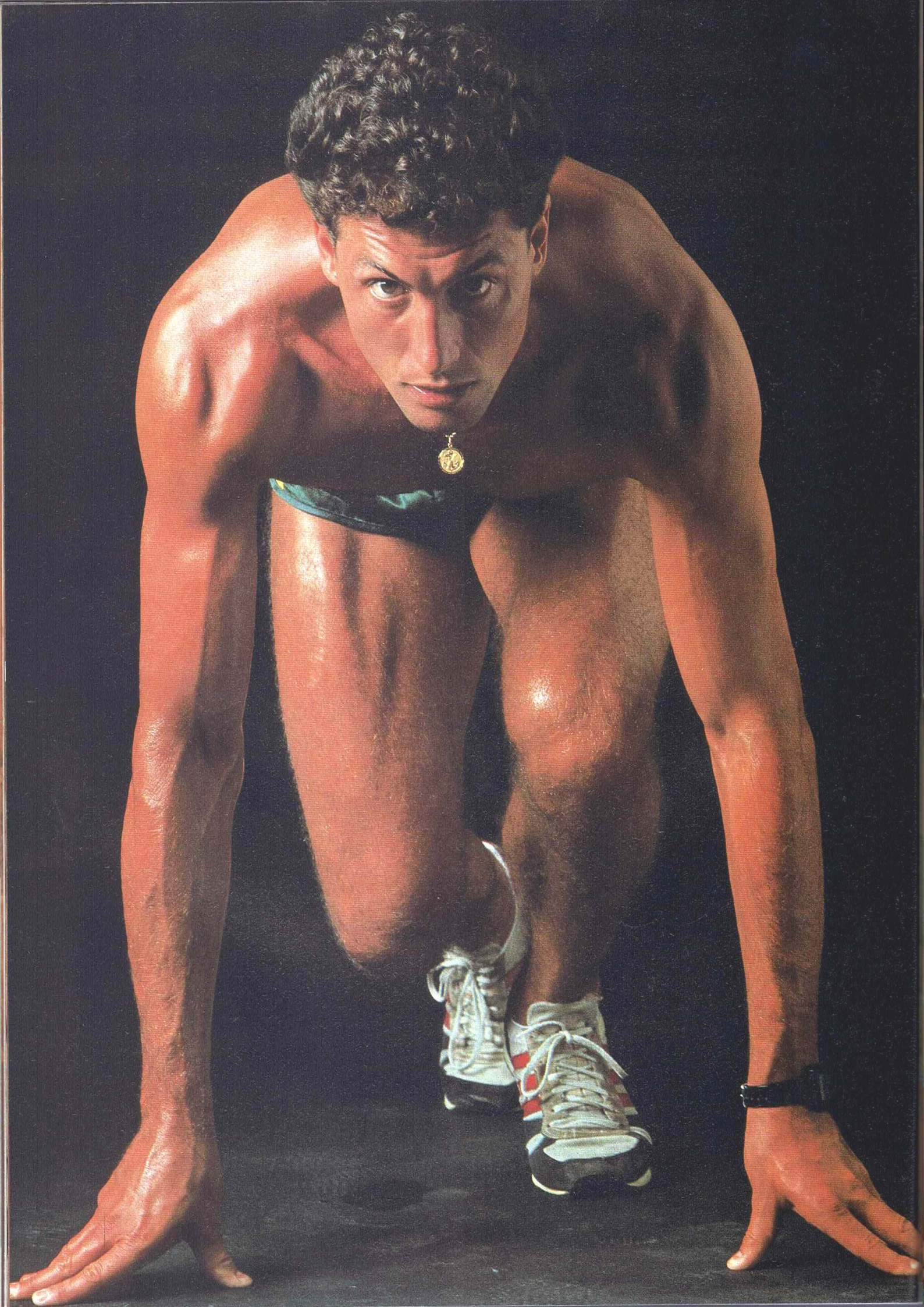
"It's a little more complex than that. To give you an example, every day I imagine that I take myself apart like a piece of machinery and then put myself back together — except I only put back the parts I want. Beats dieting."





And her spells?
"That's easy. A
kid could do it.
In fact, kids
probably do it
better than
adults ever
could. You take
a thought and
repeat it over
and over in
your mind so
that even when
you're talking
to someone,
you're thinking
and concentr-
ating on
something
else. It's so
effective it's
frightening."





BY GREG HUNTER

THE YEAR OF DARREN CLARK

**Is he ready to become the fastest
man in the world?**

In 1984, at the tender age of 18, Darren Clark caught a fleeting glimpse of Olympic gold. In the final of the 400 metres he rounded the last bend a full ten metres in front of the hottest field on Earth. Although he'd gone out way too fast — in fact he'd split 31.8 for the first 300, shattering the world record over that distance — it looked as if he might just hold it together well enough over that last desperate 100 metres to snatch the gold medal. But at the 350-metre mark, still in front, he hit the wall. In near-total oxygen debt, his massive leg muscles riddled with lactic acid and performing, in spite of his will, a sort of agonised madcap spastic dance to the death, Clark watched three other runners surge by him before he staggered over the line.

Had he not faltered on his opening strides when he thought he heard a false start, had he not then gone out like a startled rabbit to catch the field, had he not miscalculated how quickly he had to cover the third hundred to hit the straight in front, had he followed the original plan to make his move at the 250, Clark would certainly have got third and may even have won it; as it was, he missed by four-hundredths of a second the honor of being the youngest track athlete in history to win an Olympic medal.

Older and considerably wiser, Clark has the chance to set the record straight in Seoul later this year. He believes that if he can just do all the work set for him by his coach Alan Hawes — work he has never been able to complete because of a shocking run of injuries over the past four seasons, culminating in a disastrous 1987 — he can bring home the bacon at last. "The upsetting thing has been knowing all along exactly what work I have to do to achieve my goal, and not being able to do it because of injury," he says. "See, I don't know what my abilities are; all I know is that I can run a hell of a lot faster than 44.72 [his personal best], and anyone knows that if you do that you're going to be right up there. I want to know exactly how fast Darren Clark can run."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE LOCKHART/OZSPORT/FUJI

DARREN CLARKE

So far, so good: a homespun yarn about a boy with prodigious talent who, having climbed the mountain of adversity and endured the bitter taste of luckless failure, hardens into maturity determined to grasp what he has always known was within reach: a place atop the Olympic victory dias. In truth, however, the Darren Clark story is much more complex than that.

In November last year, prior to the start of the Australian athletic season, coach Hawes gave *Penthouse* a five-hour interview in which he aired for the first time his belief that Clark's inability to cope with the massive pressures he's faced had resulted in psychosomatic injuries, debilitating anxiety, and a subconscious mind-set or "program" causing him to continually screw things up so as to have an excuse for the failure he desperately fears. Hawes said: "I think if he is prepared to address the psychological barriers that exist within him, and have professional counselling, he can win any number of gold medals in the next five years. But somewhere in his dynamics is a program of self-doubt and fear of failure." Heavy stuff, but Hawes was not content to leave it there: "What it's become for the Australian public is a tease. They don't doubt him, but they're sick of being titillated and teased, because he will show his ability, he will demonstrate it, he will *almost* prove it — but not do it when it counts."

What, then, of Seoul? What of the Olympic gold? Formerly given to making bold — some would say rash — long-term predictions, Hawes was not even prepared to endorse his athlete for Seoul until he sees what sort of commitment Clark puts into the current Australian season, culminating in the National Championships in March. "Given an injury-free summer and a good run up to the Olympics, Darren Clark will do things that people will never have expected. What I have mapped out for him will be devastating. In Seoul he will run the 200 metres and the 400 metres and he can win them both more easily than you'd think. But at present I am suspicious of his real commitment. The work that's in store for him is greater than he's ever had to do, and there's an inherent laziness there. It also worries me greatly that I haven't yet seen what is necessary for him to overcome his problem. This program of rationalised or justified failure is an addiction for him. It's going to be hard to beat — and time is running out."

Throughout the interview Hawes conveyed the impression he wasn't revealing anything that had not been discussed time and again with Clark. It had been, until now, their shared secret. "At first Darren will be defensive," he said, "but eventually he'll admit that what I've told you is the truth."

It was not one of his better predictions. As to Hawes' theory of "justified failure",

Clark responded: "Is that what he thinks? I reckon that's all bullshit, and I'd say that to his face. I can't change his beliefs, but they're not mine. We've had a lot of blues in the past year. The conflict is partly because I don't go for that whole psychological trip. I can see how he'd have those beliefs, but I think he reads too much into it. When you get into this psychology bit it's all so confusing. I just want to get on with the job, train hard and do the things I know are going to make me run fast, and forget all the other shit."

Extraordinary as it is, this conflict — and, hopefully, its resolution — would be of no great significance were it not for the fact that Darren Clark is arguably the greatest athletic talent this country has ever produced and potentially one of the greatest in the world. This is not just the opinion of a proud but frustrated mentor; it's in the record books.

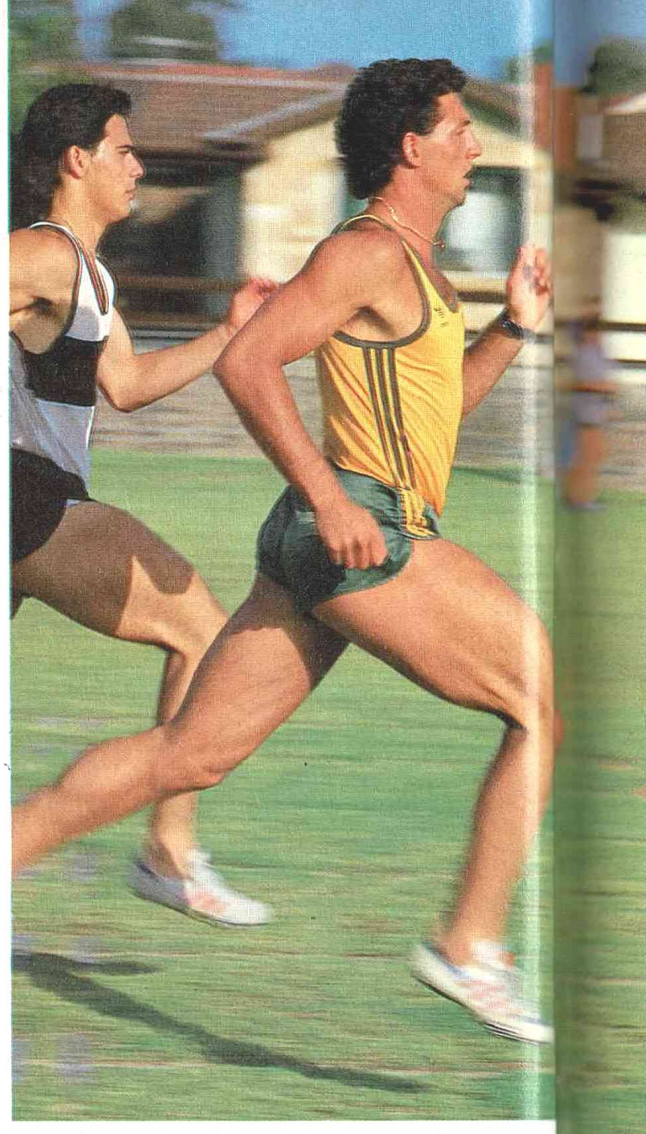
Clark had never made a NSW state sprint final when Hawes began coaching him in August 1982. In November the same year he broke the great Alan Wells' state 100-metre record with a time of 10.52 electric. He had just turned 17. "I had in my mind then that I was going to produce the world's fastest man and prove my training philosophies," Hawes recalls.

For the boy who'd always been happy to run fourth, winning was now a cakewalk. Darren was improving so quickly it was soon time to take on the world. In May '83, in his first major international meet in Tokyo, he ran the fastest 400 (45.42) recorded anywhere in the world at that stage of the year. Darren Clark had arrived; coach Hawes was already talking about an unprecedented triple — gold in the 100, 200 and 400 at the Seoul Olympics — and why not? It looked like anything was possible.

Yet a more amazing feat was to follow two months later when Clark, still only 17, beat a top class field in the final of the British AAA Championships, clocking 45.05 — a full ten yards faster than anyone his age had ever run before. No-one could believe it, least of all Clark himself, who'd come so far so quickly it seemed he'd entered a time warp.

Can you imagine the pressure he must have felt? His whole world had turned upside down in the space of less than a year, along with the hopes of an Australian public long starved of the chance to hail a world class sprinter. Earlier in the year there hadn't even been talk of the LA Olympics — it was Seoul, Seoul, Seoul — yet here was Darren, not yet 18 and not only qualifying for the 1983 World Championships in Helsinki but entering the 400 metres as one of the favorites.

And that was when something went wrong. Precisely what it was is open to question. Clark made it through the early rounds but prior to the semi-final he was troubled by a slight groin injury on the way

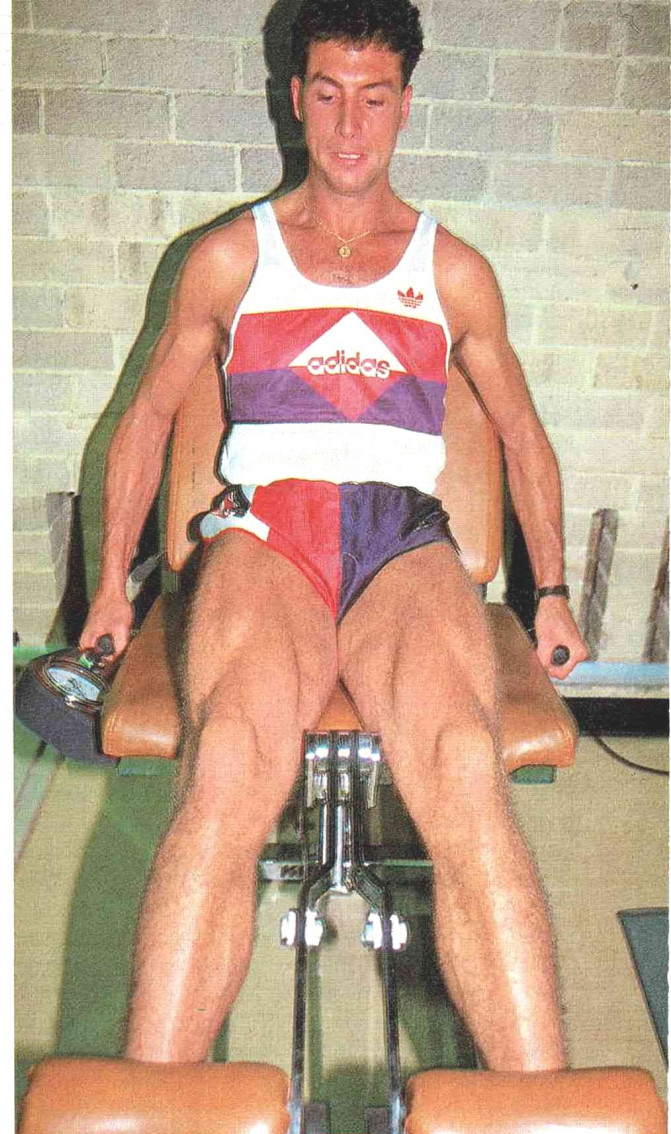


to the track, and says he aggravated it moments before the start because of his tendency to over-stretch during the warm-up when he's nervous. He'd thought about scratching but decided to run and see how it went. It was a disaster; there was no power in his legs and he was chopping and changing stride. He managed to put in a strong finish but it was far too late. That was the way the story appeared in the media, but according to Hawes, this groin strain was a psychosomatic injury — one which had previously appeared a couple of times when Clark's emotional stress levels had been high. "Pressure is a big problem for Darren. He doesn't get overawed by the crowd; rather, it's the expectation of what people will say and what he'll think of himself if he loses. He recognises it himself; he finds it hard to admit to, but he does at times and I'm working on having him confront the problem and fix it." When the race was over, according to Hawes, Clark broke into tears and said: "I just couldn't handle it." It took several years, he says, before Darren was able to admit to him that the injury was a figment of his imagination.

Darren Clark denies categorically that he ever admitted the problem was all in his mind: "He must have dreamed that. I never said it." A puzzling situation — but perhaps the explanation lies in the nature of psychosomatic illness, which produces symptoms *no less real in the mind* than they would be if the underlying cause were



Clockwise from far left: Clark's tremendous flexibility gives him a giant three-metre stride; Darren and friend; Regular gym work is mainly a safeguard against leg injuries; Recently in tatters, the Clark-Hawes partnership is back in business.



physical rather than mental. In any case, the significance of Helsinki is that it established a pattern that would continue to the present. Clark has won a lot of races in the past four years — including a record four successive British AAA 400 metres titles — and has beaten just about every major contender over that distance in the world. But he's never won the ones that really matter.

The next race that really mattered was the Olympic final, and Clark's effort in that race was a courageous performance. Clearly it was a situation fraught with pressure, yet Darren seemed to handle the atmosphere well. As he puts it: "Getting into the final placed enormous pressure on me *which I didn't feel at the time*. But as far as future runs were concerned . . . that's when I started to feel the pressure."

As a youngster, Clark had an appetite for taking on the big names. He was not a member of their peer group; he was not expected to win; he had nothing to lose. All of that changed after LA. Still a youngster, he now had to face the public expectation that he would win and win consistently. What if he were to lose to someone of lesser ability, someone outside his new peer group? How would he feel about himself then? According to Hawes, this was the dynamic that would dominate Darren through a series of failures in the big events to follow: the World Cup in '85, the Commonwealth Games in '86, the World Cham-

pionships in '87. And the pattern of Clark's performances seems to confirm that when the heat is on, Darren's instinctive response is to get out of the kitchen.

In his 1985 European tour Clark blitzed all comers and established himself as one of the most consistently fast 400 metre runners in the world, breaking 45 seconds several times and looking in sensational form for the World Cup showdown on Australian soil: his first chance to blow the world's best off the track in front of his home crowd. Clark got fourth in the final, unable to explain his apparent lack of strength in the home stretch. It was a credible effort, but according to Hawes, "Darren's father was with him on the European tour and said he didn't apply himself and wasted his time playing up. He came home with just three weeks to spare before the World Cup, and he'll tell you himself that he was absolutely out of shape."

Why would a young athlete, poised to consolidate his status as a national hero, apparently place his finest hour in jeopardy? Did Clark have a need to confront his fear of failure by actually making the failure happen — a variation of the classic self-fulfilling prophecy? It looked very much that way in the disastrous Commonwealth Games final the following year.

Once again, Clark was in scintillating form on the European circuit, running sub-45 seconds at will; just two weeks before the Games he recorded the second-

fastest 300 in history in pouring rain and seemingly without effort. "He could have run a world record in the shape he was in," says Hawes. "And he should have blown the Commonwealth Games field off the face of the Earth."

Therein lay the problem. Months earlier, Clark had confided to Hawes that he did not even want to run in the Games because he couldn't cope with the pressure of knowing people expected him to win. And from the first round onwards, he ran like a schoolboy. Riddled with the debilitating effects of his anxiety, Clark spent long sessions on the phone with Hawes, repeatedly confessing: "I'll be glad when it's all over." And when it was all over, the hot favorite was beaten by Englishman Roger Black, an athlete who had never beaten him before and who probably doubted he ever would.

"He told me he was sorry," says Hawes. "He knew he hadn't done what I'd told him, but he'd make it up in Zurich." In Zurich, where there would be no pressure, no expectations, no titles and no gold medals up for grabs. Of course, in Zurich Clark ran a personal best of 44.72 (the world record was then 44.45) and Roger Black was not within shouting distance of him when he crossed the line. That was the tragedy of it.

It was extraordinary that Clark could run such times at all, considering the massive injury problems he'd faced in '84, '85 and

DARREN CLARKE

'86. This was, again, an established pattern: repetitive hamstring strains during the Australian season, long layoffs and severe disruption to his training program. In Hawes' view this pattern was not coincidental, not merely the result of lucklessness; it was, rather an integral part of Darren's subconscious "program", his need to provide himself with some kind of defence against the spectre of failure.

Alan Hawes does not believe in fate. His world-view entails the notion that people are capable of bringing upon themselves the disasters that befall them. A former sprinter of only moderate ability who dreamed of Olympic gold, he clearly believes that if he could only marry his own mind with Darren Clark's body, the result would be the most perfect running machine the world has ever seen. Imagine, then, his frustration when at an interclub twilight meeting prior to the Australian Championships in 1986, yet another triumph slipped through his fingers.

Clark had been running outstanding times at training. One week previously he'd clocked a 20.4 200 metres into a strong wind, beating his rival Fred Martin by 13 metres. He was absolutely flying, and Carl Lewis' world record 19.75 looked suddenly vulnerable. In the interclub race Clark came off the bend eight metres in front of

Martin, went through the 150 in under 15 seconds — and then stopped running. He'd pulled a hamstring. Martin, who at that stage was *some 14 metres behind*, ran a 20.6. On those figures, Lewis' world record would certainly have tumbled if Darren had finished that race.

"I couldn't believe it," Hawes laments. "Then after the race he tells me he'd felt the hamstring twinge the previous day when he'd tried to Kung Fu kick my brother. We didn't tell the media these things — but there it is again, that irresponsibility, that immaturity."

Clark, of course, is not buying for a moment the idea that he has somehow contrived to place himself in the way of injuries. "Sure, the injuries haven't been entirely due to bad luck — like the Kung Fu kick. That was just foolishness. But I was only a kid. I knew it was stupid, but I didn't care. I was a bit of a daredevil in those days; I did things like that all the time. But I wasn't looking for an 'out.' I wasn't thinking: 'Ah, my hamstring might go tomorrow.' I don't believe in that one iota."

Indeed, Darren was a bit of a lad in the early days. He had never revealed to Hawes the real reason for his first major hamstring tear back in 1984 during the NSW Championships. The initial damage had been done a few hours beforehand when Clark felt a cramp in his hamstring while making love with his former girlfriend. "I wasn't going to tell Alan I had sex on the

morning of the race," he grins.

As far as the public is concerned, Clark is loath to make excuses of any sort. If he does have a need to make excuses, he makes them only to himself. He will adopt the standard Australian sportsman's defence: "I wasn't good enough on the day." He will admit to a difficulty in handling pressure and a fear of failing to fulfill expectations, but says he's over that now. "The only time you can't handle pressure is when you're not strong, fit and ready, because you know you haven't had the proper build-up. It's not pressure from others, it's pressure from within yourself — and that's often been the case for me." This is why he genuinely believes that he needs only one good year — this year — to finally take his place in the record books.

Alan Hawes might well have invented the maxim: "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." He carries around a set of bullet cartridges containing notes of his personal goals — a sort of ready reference for his life plan. He has a smouldering intensity and a sense of destiny that might have surprised Adolf Hitler, and no more of an inclination to hide his light under a bushel. When he announces his primary goal — "I will have Darren Clark establish his greatness beyond any doubt" — you can't help but feel it's a good thing he is on our side.

In Hawes' view it takes a certain type of personality to cope with the concept of being the fastest man in the world. "It is the ultimate measurement — almost like going before your Creator. The scope of it is enormous. Take Carl Lewis — a man who has supreme confidence and whose body language asserts his presence. People *hate* Lewis — he's the most pretentious man I've ever met and to have dinner with him is an awful experience — but that personality works for him." Like Lewis, Alan Hawes is his own man and the world can like it or lump it.

Darren Clark could hardly be more different. He is tremendously concerned about what people think of him as a person. When he was booed off the track after winning the Australian 400-metre title in 1986 by a crowd which thought he'd displayed arrogance toward his rivals, Clark was mortified; he suffered the tortures of the damned. "I think I am capable," he says, "of running under 44 seconds this year, and that would mean I'd win Olympic gold — but I find it hard to say that because people will think I'm a bighead." Fundamentally, Clark's greatest desire is to be seen as a "good bloke" — quiet, modest, unassuming, but a bit of a larrikin as well. And that's exactly what he is.

Alan Hawes wants nothing less than to "raise the level of the possible." The phrase does not rest easily on the shoulders of his prodigy. Although he loves to run when he's running well, the impression is that there are times when Darren's great gift — a gift that could one day make him as famous as Carl Lewis —

seems to him more like a burden than a cause for celebration.

These, then, were the conflicts that pursued Clark through his disastrous 1987 campaign, culminating in the Rome World Championships last September — the nadir of his career thus far. The pattern was painfully predictable: a fragmented training schedule, nonetheless brilliant early season form (Clark won the NSW sprint treble in spite of stress fractures in his foot), then confinement to the swimming pool for 12 weeks when the injury became worse, resulting in the loss of invaluable training time and the subsequent need to play "catch-ups" in preparation for Rome.

The season was pretty much a write-off as far as Clark was concerned: "February-March is a real danger period. If you get injured then you can just about throw it away." Hawes didn't think so; he reckoned with two months of hard "stress adaptation" work his athlete would still be competitive at elite level. Now, stress adaptation (which Hawes claims as his own invention) is extremely tough stuff. It involves having Darren run 150s and 300s at around 98 percent effort with only two minutes' rest between repetitions, forcing his body to ventilate carbon dioxide much more rapidly than it normally could. In the initial stages Clark vomits between repetitions. It's not the sort of work anyone could do without some kind of gun at their head.

Against the wishes of Hawes, Darren decided to forgo most of that training and head for Europe, where he could earn handsome trust fund dollars on the grand prix circuit prior to the World Championships. That decision was to take the Clark-Hawes partnership to the brink of conflagration.

Clark's idea was to try and run himself into shape on the track during competition — an impossibility and the downfall of many an Australian athlete. "Darren was on a downhill slide," says Hawes. "I believe he was struggling emotionally, thinking he was going to the World Champs and about to have another failure hanging over his head, and by the time I got over there he was a nervous wreck."

Darren admits that he knew he was not in shape to take on the world. Refusing to publicly excuse himself because of the missed training, he gave the traditional thumbs up to the press and lined up to face the music in Rome. It was a forlorn sight. He looked horribly thin, his face drawn and distracted. He must have been hurting inside with the realisation that somehow, whether by fate or by design, he'd sold himself short again. Can any of us imagine how it feels to run a long last in a World Championship semi-final in front of 80,000 people and millions of television viewers in a time that under ideal circumstances would be simply laughable?

Darren Clark has lorded it over Aus-

tralian athletics for so long now that people tend to forget he's only 22 years old. Sprinters normally reach peak strength at 27 or 28. Clark is far from washed up yet.

Perhaps it's unfair to expect anyone to cope with the pressures Darren has faced. Had his ascent to elite level taken place in a more conventional time frame, the story so far might have been a happier one. Whatever the case, there are portents that suggest 1988 may well be the year when Darren Clark finally gets it all together.

In spite of all his reservations, Alan Hawes firmly believes it will be. Some time after the Rome debacle, Clark pointedly apologised for his behavior and promised his coach a complete commitment toward Olympic gold in Seoul. "There have been times," Darren now says, "when I haven't listened, done my own thing, and failed. It was probably part of growing up. You get a bit cocky and you think you might know more. But I've learned. It's pretty hard to

“Potentially he is the greatest athlete in the world — greater even than Carl Lewis”

admit, but it's true." As far as Hawes is concerned, that was the decisive move. "I think Darren has sucked the sour lemon for the last time and is ready to taste the juicy fruit. He realises that he only has to return to the same attitudes and belief in me that he had back in '82 and '83. In a lot of small ways — ways that wouldn't mean much to outsiders — he is building the bridges back to the original Darren." Hawes has made a reciprocal commitment to spend as much time as possible with his prodigy. The Darren Clark Show is back on the road. The original "program" for Darren was fixated on Seoul. "I believe that program is still in his mind, and therein lies an excuse up till now," says Hawes. "I think now my theme — 'You are ready' and 'It's what I predicted in '83' — will do it."

The most encouraging thing for Clark is that in spite of his many tribulations, his fastest 400-metre time in 1987 was only .25 seconds outside his personal best. "I know deep down that as long as I can do all the work this year my PB is going to be slashed. I know I've got the ability to win the Olympic final, but so have the other seven guys in it — so it comes down to

mental discipline, how you're going to handle it all on the day."

Recognising that, Clark has developed a new philosophy for all his races this year. "The fear can drain the energy out of you. So from now on I'm going to think only positive things. The idea is to get from point A to point B as fast as I can and forget about anyone or anything else. If I do all that properly it's more than likely I won't see anyone else, because I'll be in front of them. That's my new attitude and it will work for me."

And so Alan Hawes' immediate goal is to get Darren Clark in scintillating shape by March, pull off the sprint treble at the Australian Championships (for the first time since 1908), and then complete a daunting training schedule leading up to the race of a lifetime. The targets for the Nationals, concealed inside those bullet cartridges, will read like this: 400 metres — 44.35; 200 metres — 20.0; 100 metres — 10.1. "After that we'll be training for specific events. We'll be going to Japan in May and that's when we'll be looking to go under 44 seconds for the 400 and under 20 seconds for the 200 — and if Darren has got his head together and does all the work, I promise you that's what he'll do. He's capable of a 43.7 400 metres [the sea-level world record is 44.10] without any hassles. Potentially he is the greatest athlete in the world — greater even than Carl Lewis. *I am going to have him live up to his true potential.*"

In that statement there are the seeds of future trouble in the Clark camp. Hawes wants that Australian sprint treble recorded in history; Darren, concerned about the risk of injury, would rather just go out and win the 400. Hawes wants his athlete winning gold in the 200 and 400 in Seoul; Darren thinks entering both events would be arrogant: "It's like you're saying, 'I'm so much better than you guys [in the 400] I can run the 200 as well.' I haven't even won one of them yet. Winning the 400 metres at the Olympic Games is a big enough aim." It's the same old conflict. One of these men would crawl a mile over broken glass to hold those gold medals in his hand. The other almost certainly would not. Maybe that will turn out to be the bottom line.

Darren Clark is not merely "carrying our colors" at the Seoul Olympics. He is not merely "our best chance of a medal in the track events." He is *great* athlete. As tragically fragmented as it is, the evidence for that proposition is overwhelming. Alan Hawes, likewise, is a great coach. Together they can shake the athletic world right down to the ground.

Will the bond they have managed to forge prove strong enough to sustain its weakest links when doused in the emotional maelstrom of an Olympic Games? Will Darren Clark overturn the age-old adage and prove that nice guys can also finish first? Let's hope he will. Let's hope Australia's Bicentennial Year will also be, at long last, the Year of Darren Clark. **O**



QUIZ

Your most vital sexual organ
is between your ears

TEST YOUR SEXUAL IQ

BY JOHN SPENCER

While every man in history has at some stage wished he had a bigger dick — and every woman has likewise pined for bigger tits — no-one has ever had the audacity to whinge that their brain is too small. For some reason, we are concerned with practically every aspect of our physical make-up but for the most sensitive, important and possibly least utilised sexual organ that we possess.

Your sexual IQ is not something to be tallied by the number of conquests you have made — believe it or not — as if the more you think about sex rather than doing it is a measure of duncehood. Nor can it be suggested (as some religious circles are wont to do) that the power and ability put into ignoring our sexuality is an indication of our intelligence quotient.

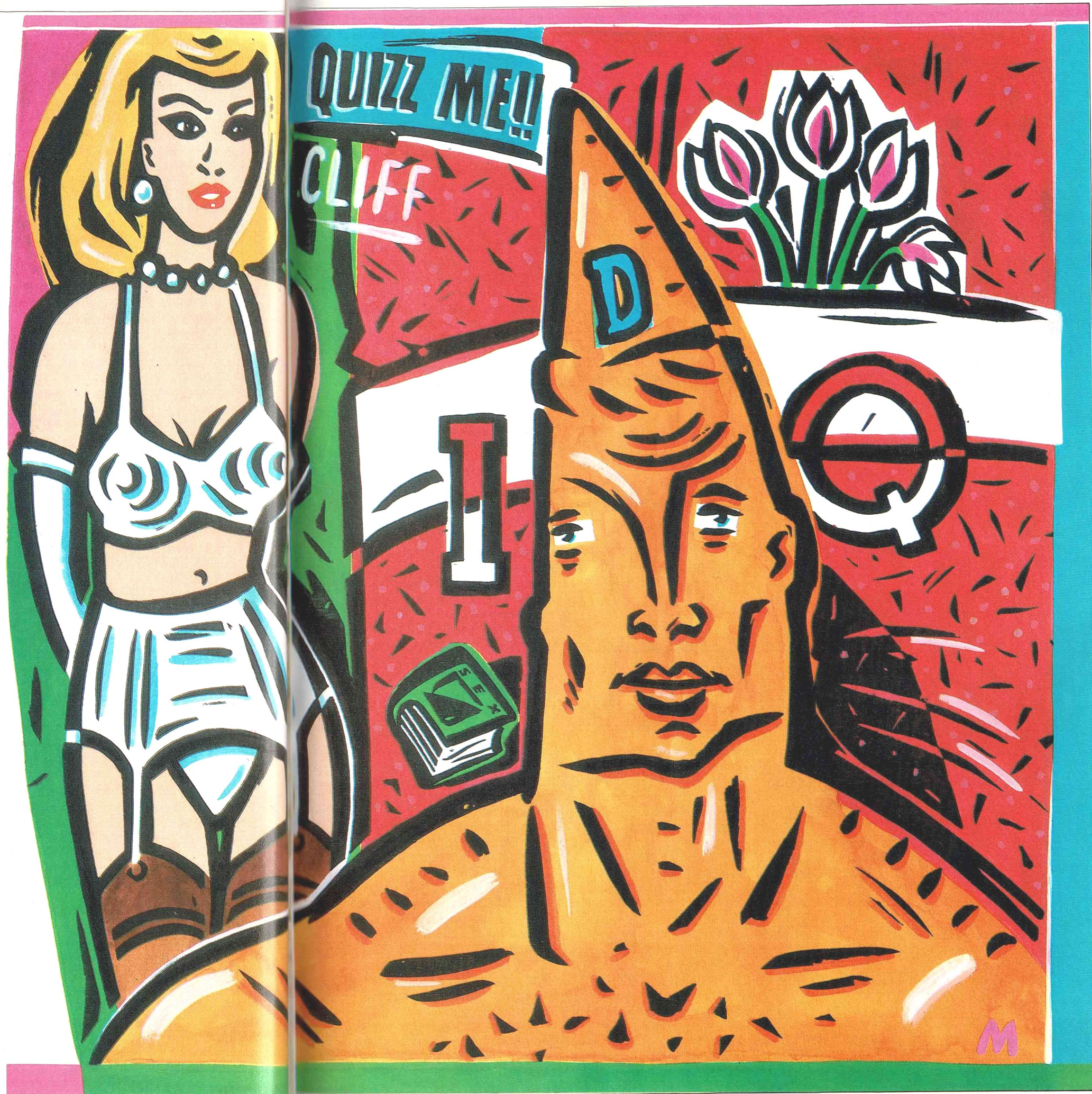
Rather, let's suggest that intelligence about matters sexual is that which leads to *satisfaction* rather than mere gratification, while acknowledging the potency of sexual expression in creating more healthy, efficient people. That's smart.

This test has been designed to go beyond your mere retention of trivial sex facts and figures. Rather than finding out how much you know, it offers clues as to the *quality* of your intelligence, tapping into the perhaps unconscious attitudes and beliefs you have held from an early age and which have helped fashion your Self. You can find out how comfortable you are with your sexuality — and whether it is a help or a hindrance in making the most of every minute in this journey from womb to tomb.

Answer each question honestly — if not privately — selecting the response which most matches your own opinion or feelings. At the end of the questions, you can tally your score to find out whether you're a genius — or a goat.

- At what age did you learn the truth about sexual reproduction?
 - under 5 years
 - 5 to 8 years
 - 9 to 11 years
 - 12 to 14 years
 - over 14 years
 - still in doubt
- How did you learn to masturbate?
 - self-taught
 - taught by others
 - from a book
 - as a sin at Sunday School
 - never learned
 - didn't want to learn
- Why do you watch sports events?
 - the competitors' bodies are a turn-on
 - I like the physical activity displayed
 - competition excites me
 - I identify strongly with the local area, state etc
 - I have nothing better to do
 - other people make me

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT



4. When asked to give a physical description of a person, who is easier to describe?
 - (a) a member of the opposite sex
 - (b) a member of the same sex
 - (c) no difference
5. Your dream of becoming rich is realised. How do you use your money?
 - (a) to make more money
 - (b) to dominate other people
 - (c) to create more time to socialise
 - (d) to display the trappings of wealth
 - (e) to give to the poor
 - (f) to buy sexual favors
6. You've seen the Grim Reaper ad on television. How have you reacted?
 - (a) you spend your free time looking for virgins to seduce
 - (b) you become totally celibate
 - (c) you buy a large supply of the thickest condoms available
 - (d) while being aware of any dangers you continue to live normally
 - (e) you have a nervous breakdown worrying about the possibility of contracting AIDS
 - (f) you simply find them amusing
7. What is your earliest memory of a peer of the opposite sex?
 - (a) a friend
 - (b) an enemy
 - (c) a strange and interesting creature different from you
 - (d) just a playmate
8. As a child, did you mainly play games:
 - (a) which were stereotyped as belonging to your own sex?
 - (b) which were not gender stereotyped at all?
 - (c) played by both girls and boys?
 - (d) in which there was the greatest number of children of the other sex?
 - (e) which involved the playing of and swapping of gender roles?
 - (f) by yourself?
9. How do you regard the new non-sexist terminology for employment ads etc?
 - (a) pointless, confusing and stupid
 - (b) a brilliant idea
 - (c) important for social justice
 - (d) reflecting the realities of human existence
10. You walk into the wrong public lavatory by mistake. Do you:
 - (a) get extremely embarrassed?
 - (b) not even notice until you've left?
 - (c) make the most of it?
 - (d) get annoyed because the facilities are different from what you're used to?
 - (e) pretend you are the cleaner?
 - (f) announce that you are an undercover police officer?
11. You are watching an X or R-rated

- movie. Which do you prefer?
 - (a) homosexual scenes involving actors of the opposite gender to yourself
 - (b) heterosexual scenes
 - (c) nude scenes involving a single actor of the opposite sex
 - (d) scenes that allow you to participate in your imagination
 - (e) to shut your eyes
 - (f) to lap it all up
12. You are planning a holiday. Do you pick a location that:
 - (a) has lots to see?
 - (b) is simply very relaxing?
 - (c) shows the native culture?
 - (d) is a melting pot?
 - (e) offers luxury and comfort?
 - (f) is cheap?
13. You get on a train or a bus. Which seat do you prefer to select?

6
Intelligence
about matters
sexual is that which
leads to satisfaction
rather than mere
gratification

- (a) one by itself
 - (b) the nearest vacant one to the door
 - (c) one next to an attractive member of the opposite sex
 - (d) one next to the window
 - (e) the most comfortable
 - (f) the safest in the event of an accident
14. A person who is attractive to you gives you lots of compliments about the way you do things. What do you assume?
 - (a) they know quality when they see it
 - (b) the person is just being friendly
 - (c) that person has common interests to yourself
 - (d) he or she fancies you
 - (e) the creature wants something
 - (f) the person doesn't know much
15. A girlfriend or boyfriend invites you over to dinner. What do you do?
 - (a) take a night bag just in case
 - (b) dutifully leave when it gets late
 - (c) buy some condoms
 - (d) ask if you can bring a friend
 - (e) bring an ample quantity of wine
 - (f) suggest a restaurant to save him or

- her the trouble of cooking
16. You are in a strange city and need to ask directions. What do you do?
 - (a) go to the nearest police station
 - (b) ask the first person you see
 - (c) use your intelligence to get the information as quickly as possible
 - (d) avoid asking anyone
 - (e) select attractive members of the opposite sex and keep asking until you know the way
 - (f) stand on a corner and look helpless
17. When selecting a course of study or a place or type of work, which do you consider the most important factors (in descending order)?
 - (a) genuine interest, money, convenience, social opportunities, health considerations
 - (b) social opportunities, genuine interest, money, health considerations, convenience
 - (c) money, social opportunities, health considerations, convenience, general interest
 - (d) social opportunities, convenience, money, genuine interest, health considerations
 - (e) money, genuine interest, convenience, health considerations, social opportunities
 - (f) health considerations, convenience, money, social opportunities, genuine interest
18. When selecting your place and style of abode, which of the following is the most important factor?
 - (a) independence
 - (b) price
 - (c) location
 - (d) comfort
 - (e) convenience
 - (f) status
19. The sexual urge is man's first instinct. True or false?
20. Men and women are aroused equally by good looks. True or false?
21. Extreme puritanical views on sex often hide repressed highly sexual natures. True or false?
22. Do you think most people experience their first sexual feelings:
 - (a) at puberty?
 - (b) as infants?
23. Vaginal friction is generally the easiest way women can reach orgasm. True or false?
24. The more attractive a member of the opposite sex is, the more we are inclined to overlook that person's faults. True or false?

25. Do you think sexual experimentation by the young is always:
 - (a) fraught with danger?
 - (b) a result of boredom?
 - (c) a product of decadent society?
 - (d) absolutely vital?
 - (e) simply a result of peer pressure?
 - (f) a natural part of growing up although it often proceeds in a haphazard way producing problems?
26. Do you think the repression of sexual urges results in:
 - (a) nothing discernible?
 - (b) their channelling into other areas and sometimes neuroses?
 - (c) a higher moral attitude?
 - (d) a more healthy body?
 - (e) greater emotional stability?
 - (f) freedom from feelings of jealousy?
27. Select a conclusion to complete the following statement. A satisfying sex life:
 - (a) is impossible to achieve
 - (b) makes a person lazy
 - (c) leads to selfishness and lack of concern for others
 - (d) suggests a lack of opportunity
 - (e) is one factor in maintaining a harmonious existence
 - (f) drains a person of vital energy
28. Select a conclusion to complete this statement. A sexual relationship is:
 - (a) either a form of communication or the satisfying of a physical desire
 - (b) a form of communication and the satisfying of physical desire
 - (c) vital at all times for inner peace
 - (d) dependent on the partners liking each other
 - (e) correctly called love if it is mutually satisfying
 - (f) at the bottom of all male-female communication
29. Select a conclusion to complete this statement. The sexuality of a person is:
 - (a) often apparent in the way he or she generally does things
 - (b) not at all related to their performance in other fields, such as work
 - (c) dependent solely on appearance
 - (d) just a mask for other shortcomings
 - (e) often the very first thing we notice
 - (f) the major factor in his or her success with friendships
30. With which conclusion to this statement do you agree? Thinking about sex is:
 - (a) always beneficial
 - (b) the start of a moral slide
 - (c) only a substitute for doing it
 - (d) only normal for adolescents
 - (e) the sign of an empty mind
 - (f) quite natural unless it's obsessive

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned

point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answer you chose. The highest possible score is 150; the lowest, 2.

1. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1, f-0
2. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1, f-0
3. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1, e-2, f-0
4. a-5, b-3, c-0
5. a-0, b-3, c-5, d-2, e-1, f-4
6. a-4, b-1, c-3, d-5, e-2, f-0
7. a-4, b-3, c-5, d-0
8. a-2, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4, f-3
9. a-5, b-1, c-2, d-0
10. a-3, b-0, c-5, d-1, e-2, f-4
11. a-4, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-1, f-0
12. a-3, b-2, c-0, d-5, e-2, f-1
13. a-0, b-2, c-5, d-1, e-3, f-2
14. a-4, b-1, c-2, d-5, e-1, f-0
15. a-4, b-1, c-3, d-0, e-5, f-0
16. a-0, b-2, c-1, d-3, e-5, f-4
17. a-4, b-5, c-1, d-3, e-2, f-0
18. a-5, b-0, c-4, d-1, e-3, f-2
19. T-5, F-0

6
If Sigmund
Freud were alive
today, it is doubtful
that he would
believe in your
existence

20. T-0, F-5
21. T-5, F-0
22. a-0, b-5
23. T-0, F-5
24. T-5, F-0
25. f-5, all other answers-0
26. b-5, all other answers-0
27. e-5, all other answers-0
28. a-3, b-5, c-0, d-0, e-0, f-0
29. a-4, b-3, c-1, d-0, e-5, f-2
30. f-5, all other answers-0

If you scored 130 or more:

You are a sexual genius. However, whether you will succeed in any other spheres of life is probably open to question. Life for you is Freudian in the extreme. For you nothing is innocent. Sex occupies most of your thoughts, words and deeds. From your nightly dreams to your greatest achievements, everything in some way or other relates to your endless quest for sexual gratification. Being amongst the most talented in this basic field of endeavor you are constantly on the lookout for opportunities — and seldom fail to make the most of them.

But here's the danger. Due to the intrinsic

essence of this primeval drive, the search is never-ending and because of your very nature all other pursuits will take a distant second place. Any purpose which you are unable to relate to your sexual search will almost certainly receive little attention or effort on your part. Consequently your employment, your personal development and even many of your personal and family relationships are likely to suffer.

If you scored 100 to 129 points:

You have a healthy awareness of sexuality. Sex is possibly the greatest single enriching factor in your life but your pursuit of it does not blind you to other things. You are the sort of person who thoroughly enjoys romantic interludes and sexual encounters but you have the strength to say "no" if the price is too high. You will not shirk your responsibilities as a matter of course simply to capitalise on an opportunity in the mating game.

Personal achievements and relationships are important to you quite apart from sexual considerations. Although the boy/girl chase is a colorful and important part of your life, you are not the type to lose your job or fail an examination as a result of a preoccupation with an alluring but transient affair.

If you scored 80 to 99 points:

Your sexuality and awareness of it is in the average range. As a teenager you probably swore to your friends that you weren't a virgin but were in no great hurry to change your state of innocence. Your ideas of sex almost certainly are strongly influenced by those around you. If you displayed an apparently great enthusiasm while growing up, almost certainly it was the result of peer group pressure.

Sexuality for you is just one (although not an unimportant) facet of life's complex web of needs and relationships. Almost certainly your hobbies and goals in life will be largely independent of sexual considerations.

If you scored less than 80 points:

You have a lot of catching up to do. In fact your life, with its trials and tribulations, could best be compared with a black and white newsreel. It is lacking in the color that a strong awareness of sexuality and its attendant emotions would provide. While you may be able to pursue many goals in life without hindrance from that many-headed "beast" (sex), isn't it just possible that you might be missing out on something?

Two final considerations: If you happen to be physically attractive those members of the opposite sex of your acquaintance probably hate you; and if Sigmund Freud were alive today, it is doubtful he would believe in your existence.

Let's hope that you are just a late developer. Otherwise . . . there are some very nice monasteries around. 

THE LAWYER

Continued from page 60

Footballer: Eh?
Call Girl: Where the fuck is the booze?
Water Board Clerk: We're going out on strike this Monday...
Waitress: Half your bloody luck!
Sir Norman: Are these your friends?
Taxi Driver: And he says to me, the Iron Man's a bloody fruit... can you believe it?
Call Girl: If I can't get a drink I'll piss on your bloody geraniums.
Lady Stephens: People risk their lives for these abalone.
Footballer: Eh?
Scriptwriter: Cecil B. DeMille used to suck cock...
Waitress: That stupid tart with baldy is a little bent...
Damian: They just dropped in... I haven't a ghostly who they are...
Lady Stephens: Apparently the sharks get them.
Footballer: Eh?
Shearer: We bite their balls off with our teeth...
Call Girl: I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?
Sir Norman: I really don't think so, young lady.
Taxi Driver: And there are strong rumours about a certain fast bowler, believe me.
Water Board Clerk: We're presently trying to control the shit out of Maroubra...
Lady Stephens: Is there a chop?
Jockey: Gosford, next Tuesday... put the trust account on it...
Damian: Shut up, you twisted little dwarf!
Lady Stephens: Yes, the great white monsters seem to know they're coming...
Footballer: Eh?
Call Girl: Christ Almighty! This boring afternoon has cost me at least 400 bucks... and there's still no wine!
Taxi Driver: Okay for you, slut... I drive 12 hours for just 80 bucks... so shove it!
Water Board Clerk: And Bronte... Jesus, they're finding foot-long turds out there...
Damian: I'd like you all to go home!
Lady Stephens: Did you realise that abalone are bivalves?
Footballer: Eh?
Sir Norman: Glad we dropped in, Summerhayes...
Damian: I really don't know who these people are...
Call Girl: I'm bloody sure I know you...
Sir Norman: Perhaps I've seen you in court, m'dear...
Call Girl: Pig's arse.

Damian wraps it up by putting an arm around Sir Norman and showing him the front door. Lady Stephens gives a feeble shriek when the footballer gropes her as she comes out of the toilet. The call girl throws her red wine at the taxi driver who has accused her of making too much

money for too little effort. The Water Board clerk is trying to explain to the footballer the dangers of not deodorising his toilet.

"Eh?"
 Damian comes back in and sits down with the jockey. "Now, how much do we owe, you crooked bloody midget?"

At work, Damian has an office on the thirty-second floor overlooking the eastern reaches of the harbor. On a square-metre basis, and at current commercial prices, his office would be worth about three modest houses in the outer western suburbs. His forte is corporate law — of which he knows very little. But the octopus-like influence of his father in this field ensures a steady flow of new and valuable clients which guarantee his high profile at the weekly partner meetings in the boardroom.

Behind the scenes he has two female assistants, both honors graduates, who share an office adjacent to the coffee room

“
 Damian has fantasies of screwing Julie, the younger of the two, just for her mind
 ,”

at the back of the building. They work long hours for little money, but are happy to be useful cogs in such a prestigious legal machine. They know that one day their efforts will be rewarded with an office like Damian's and all that goes with it. Damian has fantasies of screwing Julie, the younger of the two, just for her mind. The senior one, Louise, is in love with Damian, and would gladly accept service of any writ on his behalf. But she is demure and rather shy and although she insists on serving his morning and afternoon coffee personally, it is a ritual similar to someone feeding a rodent to a cobra. She is in and out in a flash, rarely with any comment, but believing that one day Damian will comment on her hair, which she changes almost daily, both in cut and color.

For the past year, Damian has been slumming it in a two-bedroom terrace in Woollahra, but as summer approaches he is a little giddy about the prospect of a penthouse by the beach. He likes himself with a tan and early morning jogging along the promenade is a great avenue for a sweaty pick-up. He decides on the wrap-around circular three-bedroom apartment

overlooking Tamarama. He convinces Mr Thickness that 400,000 isn't too steep for his recently stretched finances, because the gold company float is just a few weeks away and that is a certain quarter million, and the scrip, already in hand, can be lodged as collateral for the deposit. Naturally, the balance will be advanced under bank mortgage. Mr Thickness reluctantly agrees. To him Damian is a steamroller and he is still unsure about the heavy shadow of his father.

Damian decides to furnish the apartment in Spartan white. He feels that great expanses of carpet with intermittent sticks of furniture are akin to expansive moods. Tubular steel and glass become the theme with Oxley and Whitely prints on the wall.

The leggy blonde from Rogues was his first overnight visitor. Three months later she is back for a candlelight dinner. The roar of the surf below complements the rather urbane "Peer Gynt Suite." But Damian has recently got right into Scandinavian music. She waits until after-dinner ports before lowering the boom. Her face is a reptilian mask.

"I'm pregnant," she declares flatly.
 "So?"

Damian spends the Christmas break skiing in Austria. Accordingly, he is unaware that the gold float is a disaster. Something about a false statement in the prospectus. Gladstone has fled the country but the receivers are looking for Damian's 200,000. To make matters a little more catastrophic his father has been arrested and charged with conspiracy. And the pregnant blonde has a brother-in-law who is known throughout the underworld as "the man who talks to people." And he has agreed to meet Damian at the airport on his return. Mr Thickness at the bank is tossing up whether to resign or suicide.

Despite these minor setbacks, Damian is still able to give credence to that old adage: "You can't keep a good man down." It is relatively simple to use an old chum from school, a super accountant on the way up, to organise a Part X scheme which takes care of all of his debts without going bankrupt and which sees him clear within 12 months on monthly payments of just 100 dollars.

In hospital, after that fateful meeting at the airport, he dictates instructions for assault proceedings which he is confident will result in some sort of cash flow, perhaps to the extent of finance for a new business. Which, in fact, it does.

Damian Summerhayes is now one of the leading finance brokers in the city. On the side, he dabbles in Forex transactions which the previous month netted him half a million after backing a steep fall in the yen. His interests now are his racing stable, cocaine, film investments and women, in that order. For some reason, the leggy blonde still comes around to visit at his waterfront house in Darling Point. 



“...so I said deliver it”

“What a Sterling idea.”

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning
 *Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN
 MEDIUM MILD, ULTRA MILD AND MILD MENTHOL

APB 6732-C/88 F724

BY BILL McKINNON

VICIOUS CYCLE

Motorcycle sales in Australia have hit the wall

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

While you may or may not be one of those people who thinks motorcycling is a risky way of getting your kicks, there's no arguing with the fact that, financially, it's a pretty dangerous business to be involved in at the moment.

If you thought things were tough for manufacturers, distributors and dealers trying to flog family sedans, then spare a little sympathy for those purveyors of freedom on two wheels. They have seen new bike regis-

trations plummet from 70,000 plus in 1981 to a meagre 23,000 in the 1986-'87 financial year. The 1987 calendar year returned only 17,000.

There are around 1000 new bike dealers in Australia. Monthly registrations are currently at 1200-1500. Throw in an equal number of off-road sales and you're looking at each dealer selling two or three new bikes each month. If he's lucky.

This decline in new bike sales is a world-wide phenomenon. Both the British and US markets have shrunk by 10 to 20 percent each year since 1984, while overall exports from the Japanese big four — Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki — have also fallen by a similar amount.

However the Australian motorcycle industry has been hit harder in the showrooms than any other, and although sales were declining before the floating of the dollar, its shrinking value since that measure is cited as the main cause of the present malaise.

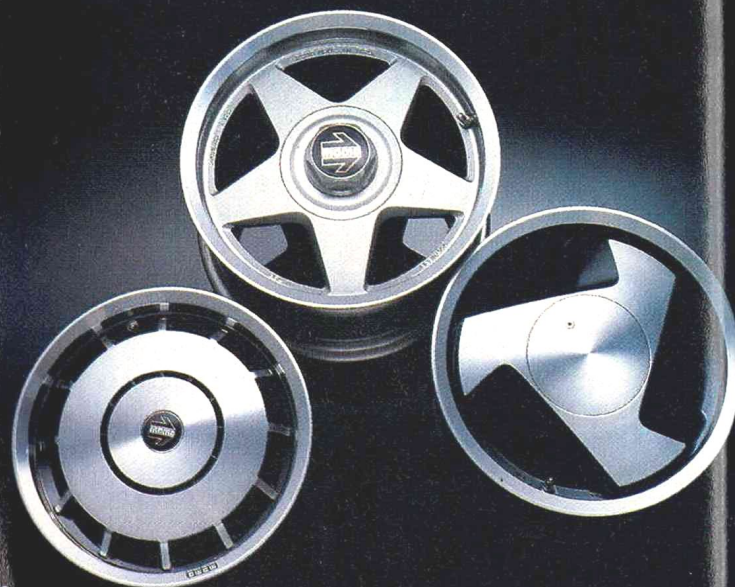
Bike prices have roughly doubled since the first half of 1984 as a result of the weakening Australian currency.

A 250cc sports bike which cost \$2500 then is now worth close to \$5000. A Japan-





1.



2.



3.



BY **carisma**

CLIVE KANE 014

1. MOMO STEERING WHEELS.

Elegance, style and craftsmanship are the hallmarks of Italy's famous Momo steering wheel collection. The choice of leading Formula 1 teams, chosen by Peter Brock and Enzo Ferrari for their road cars, Momo steering wheels come in twenty-five styles and colours. Designs from Dr. F. A. Porsche and Pininfarina and fitments for most cars in Australia ensure a style for everyone. Momo the master wheel maker.

2. MOMO ROAD WHEELS.

The Momo road wheel collection gives new meaning to the word — style. Style — as only the Italians can do it. Made from premium aluminium alloys — to guarantee light weight, strength and flexibility, Momo was one of the first in the world to adopt the technology of differentiated pressure die casting and together with complete automation, superb finish, a fanatical approach to quality results in a road wheel to suit the most discerning buyer.

3. COMPOMOTIVE ROAD WHEELS.

British engineering at its finest — that's what Compomotive is all about. The English maker offers a range of three-piece, two-piece and conventional one-piece wheels in 15 styles. These can be tailor made in offset and pitch pattern to suit any car, while a speciality paint shop allows a wide choice of colour matching to your car.

4. HARTGE TUNING.

BMW Style, Performance and Handling — we are now offering the complete range of these superb German components. Wide Body Styling kits to improve the appearance and aerodynamics of all 3, 5, 6 & 7 series BMW's. Dramatically increased performance for engines with Hartge engine kits. Transformed handling for all models with Hartge suspension kits and wheels. You can tailor a BMW to your own exacting demands for style, handling and performance with these superbly engineered Hartge components.

Ring Carisma International for your nearest dealer — (02) 743 4222. Showroom at 138 Great North Rd, Five Dock.

CYCLE

ese 750 in '84 would set you back \$4000-\$4500; now, it's \$8000. The big muthas — 1000ccs and up — have well and truly broken through the \$10,000 barrier.

At the very top end of the market, how about a Bimota YB5 for \$26,000? Or a BMW K100RS, which has doubled in price since '84 to nearly \$12,000?

The marque which has suffered least as a consequence of all this has been Harley-Davidson. Harley prices, once at least double those of top-of-the-line Japanese machinery, are now much closer to the pack, with the 1340cc range selling for between \$11,000 and \$17,000. The decline in the value of the Australian dollar against its US counterpart hasn't been as substantial as its losses against the yen and the Deutschmark, and Harley-Davidson is currently enjoying record sales in Australia, dominating the big bike market.

Despite prices like these, it's a fact that Japanese bikes are still cheaper in Australia than just about anywhere in the world, including Japan. Although it's difficult to find out exactly why this is so, one suspects that when the executives of the big four sit down to carve up the world in Tokyo, they make pricing decisions based on how many dollars they believe consumers in different markets can afford to spend. And given Australia's slide down the table of affluent nations in recent years, we're probably treated more generously than most.

Even BMW, the prestige maker of motorcycles for gentlemen, has recently indulged in — perish the thought — discounting, albeit in the form of a factory rebate. While widespread among Japanese brands, it shows that things really are getting desperate, and although deemed necessary by BMW to shift a couple of slow moving models, this move could create a backlash from customers who, until now, thought that part of the deal with a BMW included being protected against such barbarous and expensive practices.

Discounting, while universally acknowledged as bad for business, has been a fact of life in most dealerships since 1982. This year marked the start of a furious war of technology between Yamaha and Honda, which saw a flood of new models pumped out in an effort by both factories to cement the top spot. Yamaha was the challenger.

Unfortunately, they chose to fight it out at a time when the present crisis was just beginning, but in typical Japanese fashion Honda and Yamaha firmly believed that the market would expand because the bikes they were building would dazzle people into parting with the cash en masse. It didn't work. The Japanese factories, by 1983, were locked into a situation of their own making as each spat out a new model virtually before the paint was dry on the last one.

Kawasaki and Suzuki were forced to join the new model war to protect their positions, and when things finally slowed down in 1985 most of the spilled blood was Yamaha's; the company incurred massive losses as its challenge failed. The legacy of the fight is still felt today, with many motorcyclists firmly of the belief that Japanese bikes are nothing more than whims of fashion with a very short lifespan.

People who bought Japanese bikes between 1982 and 1985 experienced the disquieting sensation of paying for state of the art machinery only to find it soon discounted heavily as a result of being superseded by a completely new model — often less than 12 months later. The manufacture and marketing of Japanese bikes came to be seen as a cynical exercise designed to relieve hapless consumers of their money on an annual basis.

Steve Crouch, now General Manager of Nash Holden, a Sydney vehicle dealer, has

6
One distributor,
which didn't enter
last year's Castrol Six Hour,
claimed that part of the
reason was the unfavorable
publicity

had experience in the motorcycle industry as National Sales Manager (Motorcycle and Marine) for BMW Australia. According to Crouch, this situation has led to confusion and resentment: "If you want to buy a bike now, where do you start? It's like the bad old days in the car game, when buyers were confronted with an unlimited variety of options for a given model. There are too many choices too often, and this means that each new model has a catastrophic effect on the value of a superseded bike and its owner's equity, because its value is rapidly eroded."

John Chiodo, who runs Monza Imports, a Victorian firm which markets accessories such as Dunlop tyres and riding apparel, believes that discounting doesn't put people off buying bikes. But, he says, "It does make it harder for dealers to be profitable — let alone professional in their operations — and this creates a vicious cycle."

This term is one which could well be applied to the other big Japanese power struggle and its effect on the market. As well as trying to outdo each other by making the most technologically sophisticated bikes, the Japanese factories have also

gone hell for leather to increase power outputs and top speeds with each new model. In Japan, quarter-mile times are God, and you can now buy a production motorcycle that will propel you over that distance in close to ten seconds.

While it's fair to say that motorcycle manufacturers have been trying to make their bikes go fast for as long as bikes have been on the road, it's now reached the situation where top speeds in excess of 250 km/h and power outputs of 140 horsepower (shifting around 200kg) are standard fare in the 1000cc class. Wayne Gardner only has to control a little more than that, although he's riding a bike nearly half the weight.

The marketing strategy of the Japanese in the Eighties has been to promote the racing/road connection by building racer replicas for the street — complete with wrap-around fairings, crouched riding positions, aggressive styling and a maximum of hi-tech componentry.

In Australia, the racetrack/road connection has been accentuated by the prominence of production races like the Castrol Six Hour which, until last year, enjoyed massive distributor support. Although it's freely acknowledged that many who enter cheat a little, the Six Hour is totally different to, say, the James Hardie 1000 in that the bikes racing don't just look the same as showroom models — they are the same.

One distributor, which didn't enter a team for last year's Castrol Six Hour, claimed that part of the reason for not doing so was the unfavorable publicity it generates for motorcycling when the race commentators frequently tell viewers watching the race on the tube: "Yes, folks, the same bikes you see carving up Oran Park are now available at your nearest dealer!"

This is the line that all the industry wanted to hear until 1987, but now that sales are reaching a desperately low level the emphasis on the promotion of motorcycling via production racing is finally being questioned.

Although rapidly escalating prices have accelerated the slump in new bike sales during the past two years, it's arguably this single-dimensioned performance image that has done motorcycling the most harm during the Eighties. The Japanese manufacturers who created it are only now beginning to realise that it has restricted motorcycling's appeal to a small group of speed merchants and has repelled many others from even considering it as a pastime.

"You Meet The Nicest People On A Honda" was the advertising punchline which inspired one of the biggest booms in motorcycling history back in the Seventies, and while it may be a bit too cute to swallow today, it's got a lot more potential in the over-regulated, over-priced and everyman-for-himself Eighties than "Rip shit on the latest Sukasiki 1100." 

BEHIND THE MASK

Continued from page 83

onstage. That's all I did: travel and sing and dance and watch other people that were trying to do it.

At school, I didn't know how to *be* in class. Teachers would write home and say [giggles], "Michael comes to school to sleep." Because we would be up all night in the nightclubs, doing our acts and tours. When I'd get to school, that'd be my sleeping hours.

[Confidential tone] And my pockets would be *loaded* with money. Because people would throw money on the stage — the money, the change! We would have \$300 lying on the stage, and we would make just \$15 from the manager paying us. We'd go to school — whoa! — with all this money.

It was great, great times. [Dreamily] I'll never forget those times. I write about them in songs.

I'm writing a *lot* now, too.

These days you're writing a *lot* of songs?

[Nodding] In the studio. I love to go into sessions and listen. Whenever Stevie [Wonder] has a session, I'm always there. I sit and listen and *learn*. He's a great friend of mine, and I think he's one of the greatest guys around. He's so much farther ahead of everybody, he's so good.

What kinds of topics are you writing about these days?

[Cool, pensive] I just *hate* everyday love songs. I'm interested in a different type of love song. I want a brand new thought. That's what I love about "Ben." There's a mystery to it. You wonder, "What is this about?" I even got sick of it [snigger], so many people come up to me and say, "Why did you create such a song about a little stinkin' rat?" ["Ben" was written for the 1972 horror film *Ben* (the sequel to 1971's thriller about befriending rats, *Willard*) by composer Walter Scharf and lyricist Don Black. The recording session was co-produced by Freddie Perren, Fonce Mizell, Deke Edwards, and Berry Gordy, Jr. Michael Jackson had no credited role in creating the song.] But it's so beautiful! How'd you make it so beautiful if it's about a dumb rat?"

I said, "I don't know. I just felt it, because rats, they got a mind, they got a heart as well." I don't look at it that way. I *love* animals. I said, "You may not look at it that way, but I *love* animals."

I write about all kinda things. I write about an old man, a tree, what's happening in the world, a deer. I love writing so much I'd *eat* it, really. I *love* it!

Have you ever written a song about one very specific incident? You met someone, something very specific occurred, you wrote about it — and maybe it went on to be a hit?

Oh yeah. A song I'm writing now about travelling the world: It mentions, in the song, all the different countries and, to me, what they're like. And there are so many people around the world that *don't* get a chance to travel. And there are some that *do* want to travel but can't. And some that think the whole world is what *they* picture. There are a lot of people like that.

Well, some do say that Europe is looking too much like America, from McDonalds hamburger stands on outward.

Oh, not to me. Did you go out in the country and stuff? Now, business *will* do that, but that different country and their society and their culture just creeps in anyway. The governments are different, and there's no way that could be like America. Of course, business will remind you — you look at McDonalds sometime and you forget that you're in England. But they even have McDonalds stands that look different! So there's no way: the culture is different, the government is different, the countryside is different.

Was there one person who was a model or hero of yours when you were forging your own particular style?

I had those that I admired, like James Brown, a man that today don't get the credit he should get from the music industry. Look what he did to music: all these funky tracks that you hear today, that's where it came from. Sly Stone, James Brown, these are people that started funky music. They stood between the gospelly soul and the dance music. And that's *funk*: Sly, James Brown, and people like that. Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding. And of course in rock 'n' roll, there's Little Richard and Chuck Berry and all those guys who I would always watch. And Jackie Wilson — yeow!

When did you go over to visit with Jackie Wilson?

When we did our album; we just finished it. Not too long ago, in Philadelphia, at the hospital. He really don't get the credit he should get. He's the man the big people of today in the music industry copy after. [After years of hospitalisation following an onstage heart attack in 1975, Wilson died in 1984.]

Does that bother you?

Yes. I think it's an *awful* thing. 'Cause I like the people who really do something; they sweat and work for it and go through hell bringing it about. And the guy who takes it so quick [loudly snaps his fingers], he comes along and gets all the credit for it. I'm glad at least it took somebody to bring it about, but real people should get the credit.

Have you ever felt that way about things you've done?

Yeah, a lot of things. [Giggles] You know, I don't have to mention names. How do I feel about it? I feel it's a compliment in one way, and in another way [voice drops to a whisper] you be kinda *angry*.

[Aggressive] Because *it's yours*. We

were the first young group out there with that style, making hit records. There were nobody out there at our age. We came across it, and then all of a sudden along came the Osmonds, the Partridge Family.

Now you have groups like the Sylvers! The Sylvers have the same producer that wrote all our hits, Freddie Perren. That's why they sound so much like us.

A lot of people that worked with the Osmonds said they would have video tapes on us and study us. They really patterned themselves after us, because they were singing barbershop on *The Andy Williams Show*. They never were recording jams, poppin' soul, then — boom! — they were.

I heard "One Bad Apple" several times before I found out it wasn't your people.

[Grinning fiercely] I know! One lady walked up to me and said, "I got your new record." I said, "What?" She said, "'One Bad Apple.'" I said, "Lady, why don't you read who's on the label?"

Did you know that record was ours at first? But Motown turned it down. George Jackson is the producer, and he came to Motown with it, and Motown turned it down. Because we were in a funky, strong track-type bag, with good melody. George's song was good, but too easy-going; we were striving for something much stronger. So he went and gave it to the Osmonds. [Annoyed] They sang it and it was a smash — No 1.

He had you in mind when he wrote it?

Sure! That's why it was mainly like us all the way. They sounded so much like us. I don't mind if somebody takes it and go further with it. The only thing I *hate* is they take it and make like they started it. It's like a dog-eat-dog type of situation. I think it's *aw-ful*.

At least the Beatles did mention where they were influenced. They were great writers, on their own, but they *did* study black music.

'Cause Chuck Berry — who was it, Chuck Berry or Little Richard? — when the Beatles were coming up he saw them and he introduced them to a lot of people. A long time ago, the Beatles were on an all-black label [Vee-Jay]. The guy's name is [Ewart] Abner — I know him, he was president of Motown Records — and a long time ago, he had them! Then, after they went on from there, they were gigantic.

Tomorrow, from when you wake up, what will your schedule for the day be like?

I get up at 9am or 8.30, and I work on *The Wiz* at the rehearsals until 5.30pm. Then I'm free, unless I have other appointments. I'm going to the Parliament-Funkadelic concert tomorrow, which is a form of freedom, but there's no way I can get away from the stage completely. I got to have it!

Certain people were created for certain things, and I think our job is to entertain the world. I don't see no other thing that I could be doing.

So many people do so many different

things that they're good at. It seems like "He was meant to do that!" or "That's her job!" because of how they enjoy it. It's that way with me and entertainment, and it's strange, because our whole family is in on this thing. We *all* do it.

I notice the Bible over on the coffee table. Is your family especially religious?

We all believe in God, of course. [Giggles] I study and read the Bible with my mother and sisters. I know there's a true and breathing God. A lot of people don't believe in that, but I know there's no way it can't be. There's *no* way it couldn't be; it's so true that there is a God, when you break it down: the universe, the beauty of the world, the sun.

But there's a lot of ugliness in the world, too, a lot of cruelty. Did God create that?

No! That's because of man! Man is because of the fallen angels. It says in the Bible that all this would happen, and it's all coming true.

“I want to see what it's like to really starve. I don't want to hear it, or read it. I want to see it.”

It's easy to judge the world from the privileged safety of America. If you'd been to India, say, and seen the ugliness there...

I can't wait! That's what I *want* to see! I've seen the very rich and the very poor, but I'm mainly interested in the poor. I don't wanna think the whole world is just like what's around here. I want to appreciate what I have, and try to help others.

I know what the rich are like. I've studied that country India so much, and when I go to other countries, people say, "You wanna see the ugly part of it?" [Nodding] That's what I want to see!

[Smiling] I want to see what it's really like to *starve*. I don't want to hear it, or read it. I want to see it.

Why?

It's a whole different thing when you see it! All the things I've read in my schoolbooks about England and the Queen were okay, but my very eyes are the greatest book in the world. When we did the royal command performance, and then after it I actually looked into the Queen's eyes, it was the greatest thing! And it's the same thing with starvation!

[Dreamily] When you see it, you just re-

ceive a little more.

What would you say is the worst thing you ever saw in your life?

Well, can it be anything?

Sure.

It was probably during the hard days onstage. Some of the things I use to see when we use to do nightclub acts. [Giggles] You'll probably say, "Aw, that ain't nothing," but to me, especially at that age, I had never seen anything like it.

Seen what?

[Giggling harder] See, we used to do club shows, and there was this one lady — you probably know what she did — but I thought it was awful. I was around six, and she was one of those stripteasers, and she would take her drawers off [giggles], and a man would come up, and they'd start doing — aw, man she was too funky! Ugh! That, to me, was *awful*!

Looking backward and forward, how do you feel about your body of work?

All those records in the past are our songs, and we've sung them, and we put our hearts into the *singing* of them, but they're really not from us. They're not *our* thoughts and what we think should go on that plastic, on that wax.

When I get into writing my own stuff, I'm gonna just let it *all* out. It's something I always wanted to do: make it really *me*!

Speaking of your thoughts and your heart, do you have any girlfriends?

I'm too busy for dating and girls right now. I'd like to try, maybe. What do you think? Think I should, yeah? Well, I'll think about that. I'll think about what you said. We'll see... But I'm happy.

You've certainly got the power to make yourself happy. People live their whole lives and don't find that power. Do you think you'll use it well?

[Grim-faced, listing his thoughts on his fingers] Okay. For starters, there's nothing inside of me that wants to come out but don't know how. I just let it all come out.

If there's something I'm not, I'll mention it.

I love children — crazy 'bout 'em.

I love music.

I'm looking forward to writing lots of songs and good material and putting it out and just doing my best.

So nothing's bothering me, because I got things that I want to do, and I know I can do them.

[Adamant] There's nothing inside killing me.

Filming *The Wiz* and playing the Scarecrow seem to be the high points of your life thus far. Will you be sad to see it end?

[Musing, almost whispering] Ohhh yeah. Sometimes, when I come home with my makeup, I keep dancing in front of the mirrors here as the Scarecrow. Or I get out of bed at night and do a few moves in front of the mirrors.

When I get into it, I forget everything else but the Scarecrow's world. It's a feeling of peace. It's just like... magic. 



Call me if you can handle it

(02) 949 7733
8am - 2am 7 DAYS

Fantasy Hotline

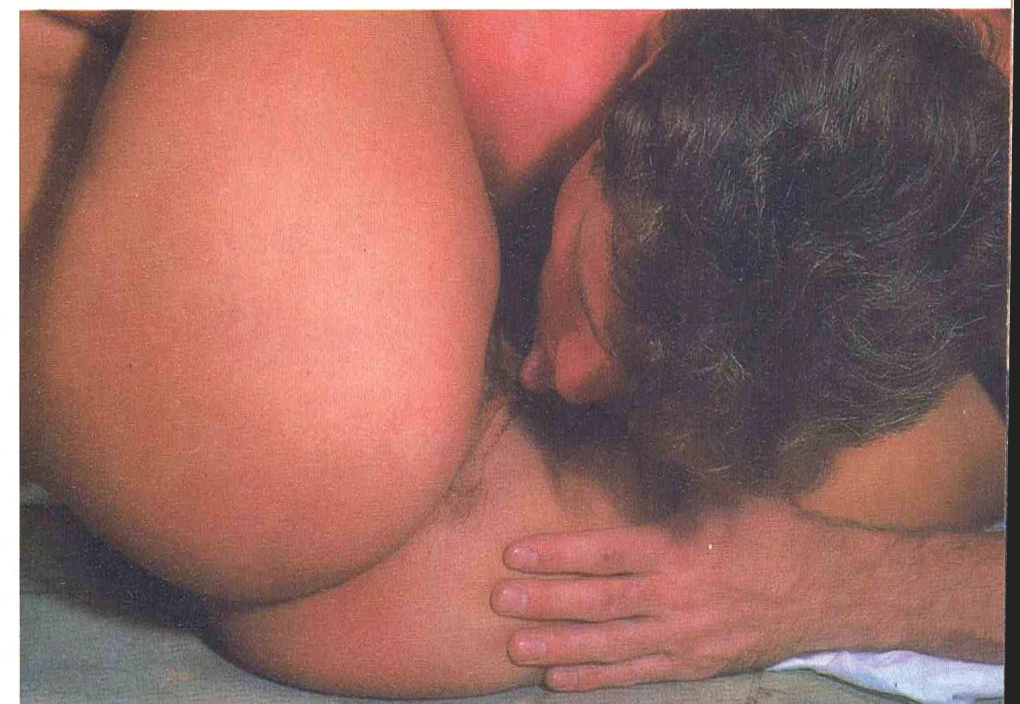


SWAMP ROCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

"We're looking for somewhere . . . secluded," Jonathon had told the real estate agent. "We need a place so that even if we were to, just say, scream or something, no-one would hear . . ." Jonathon couldn't hide his embarrassment — Angie shuffled. The agent tried to memorise their faces in case he ever had to describe them for the police: "I think we have just what you're looking for . . ."

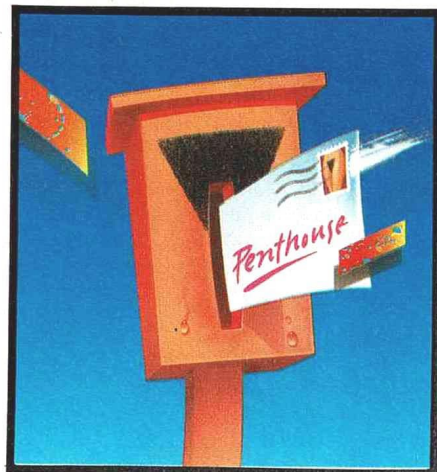






They found the shack and wasted no time in testing. Angie peaked — and let out her characteristic blood-curdling yell: the screech which had led to their eviction. As they rested for a moment, they listened for the cop car which had become part and parcel of their resolution. None came. They smiled. Now the only problem was where to put the microwave and the BMW.





FORUM

Continued from page 16

me an instant hard-on! The babe wasn't wearing any panties, and she parted her legs as far as the stool allowed, giving me a mouth-watering view of her crotch and cunt. It was almost as exciting as her being totally nude. I saw the lips of her pussy overlap the crotch of her cutoffs and learned that she was indeed a true blonde. My cock throbbing, I continued to leer up between her long, luscious legs at her lovely cunt!

Several minutes later, she announced she was done. Jutting her behind out toward me, she slowly came down the stepladder. I broke out in a sweat with her bottom so near my face. On the floor, she

turned and stretched, giving me an eyeful of her long, sensuous body. She looked fantastic from the back, but from the front, there were no words to describe her. Bating her lashes, she took a deep breath and the nipples of her tits were finely outlined under her thin clinging T-shirt. She saw me gawking and blushing, and I quickly averted my eyes.

"Well . . . I'll show you where the lawn mower's at," she smiled. She swayed sensuously as she strode out the back door to the garage. She stepped back abruptly, and her soft body came in contact with my stiff prick. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said smiling. Her voice was light, her eyes dancing.

"It's quite all right," I stammered. "Well, I suppose I should get busy then." Marveling at the way she moved as she walked back to the house, I was embarrassed when she caught me staring as she glanced back at me.

I was almost finished when she came out on the back porch. She'd changed and looked good enough to eat in a little mini cut low on her jutting tits and high on her shapely bare legs. Sitting down on the steps, I noticed she still wasn't wearing any panties as I passed by her with the lawn mower. Her beautiful legs were parted slightly, and I could see past where her dress ended high on her curvy thighs. My cock immediately started throbbing again as it strained against my jeans. I was bare from the waist up and my upper body glistened as I began to perspire profusely. When I was through, she invited me inside for a cold soft drink. She had the most per-

fect tits I have ever seen. They were firm, nice and round, and pushed at the light fabric of her dress, begging to be released from their confinement.

Inside, I followed her into the living room, where she sat down close to me on the sofa, tucking her feet beneath her. Her dress hiked up, exposing more of her fabulous silk-smooth thighs. "I noticed you've been staring at my legs a lot," she said. "Do you like them?"

"Yeah . . . uh . . . sure!" I managed to say. My voice was raspy, shaky, and beads of sweat formed on my forehead. "Would you like to feel them?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, she took my hand and placed it on her thigh. I gulped and looked at her. Her blue eyes sparkled and smoldered. Her closeness made me dizzy, and I couldn't help trembling as her lips, only inches away, came nearer. Her yielding, eager mouth fused with mine and I floated into paradise!

"Mmmm . . ." she hummed deep in her throat while her tongue explored my mouth. Our lips finally parted and my chest heaved with each gulping breath. "Have you ever made love before?" she asked softly.

I was not sure of what to say and she smiled at my flustered behavior.

"Say no more, honey. If you promise not to tell, I'll let you make love to me!" she whispered. I let my breath out sharply. A tremor ran through me and I nodded, unable to speak.

"Good," she exclaimed. "But first, let me show you what you'll be enjoying!" Getting to her feet, she placed her hands on her thighs and slowly began to inch up her dress. She stopped, the hem just below her cunt. "Do you really like my legs?" she asked. My head throbbed and my eyes bulged as I gawked at her long legs.

"Wow," I breathed heavily. "They're beautiful!" I cleared my throat and swallowed, wanting to tell her to lift the dress higher, but I couldn't get the words out.

"I'll take it off if you like," she said.

The garment fell in a whisper to the floor. From her forehead to her feet, silky skin was openly on display! She drew her left foot up on to the sofa. Her right foot was on the floor, and her crotch was wide open! Her creamy thighs were out of this world! My cock jerked wildly in my jeans and leaked warm fluid as I stared at her hair-covered mound. Rubbing her hands over her flat stomach to her cunt, she separated the swollen lips and exposed the pink, glistening slit. "You're in for a treat, honey," she said huskily. "Shall we go upstairs and get comfortable in the bedroom?"

She spun on her heels and I eagerly jumped up to follow, my eyes glued to her. She flounced into the bedroom, threw herself on the bed, spread her legs, and winked. Keeping her long legs spread wide, she grabbed each ankle and raised

her legs. She was blonde, pink, wet, and creamy!

"You like?" she teased.

I was speechless! With trembling hands, I skimmed my jeans and shorts down, hot passion overcoming my natural shyness. "Eat my cunt first, honey," she said, wriggling her hips. Groaning, my hands greedily ran up her thighs and clamped themselves on to her full hips. Rapt with joy, I buried my face between her parted legs and licked like a crazy fool!

"Mmmm, yes! Lick it like you would an ice-cream cone," she moaned. My hands circled around to cup her soft yielding globes. I devoured her juicy cunt, spurred on by her cries of pleasure. Not wanting to disappoint this beautiful woman, I continued to lick and suck even when my jaw began to ache. Her fingers groped and clawed through my hair as she spiraled toward her waiting orgasm. "Yes . . . now! I'm coming! Oh!" she moaned. She went soaring over the peak, twisting her hips in tight, frenzied circles while her hands gripped the sides of my head, keeping my mouth plastered to her wet cunt. When her sanity returned, I looked up from between her thighs.

"Did . . . I do it right?" I asked shyly.

"You're a natural, sweetie! I enjoyed it very much!" she replied dreamily. "Now lie down and enjoy what I'm going to do to you."

I was shaking inside. My stomach was

churning and my heartbeat raced at about 80 miles an hour. She curled her fingers around my cock and lightly brushed her lips against the tip.

"Your cock looks delicious. It's lovely," she said, squeezing it. Without another word, she engulfed my prick in her warm, wet, delicious mouth and bathed it with her hot saliva. I couldn't believe I was actually getting sucked with a growing hunger, her cheeks drawing in for maximum suction, her tongue licking the underside of my cock. I groaned, bucked, then groaned again. My hands formed tight fists. My prick, throbbing and aching for so long, erupted in her mouth. She swallowed my come in rhythm to my spurting cock, her lips and hands working in sync to give me maximum pleasure. Skilled in the art of cocksucking, she gave me a blowjob I'll never forget! Jerking and twitching, I skittered down from my mind-boggling climax. She came slowly off my cock, licked it clean, then moved up to plant kisses on my chin and mouth. "I hope you liked that," she murmured. "I hope you'll remember I was the first." Too numb to speak, I could only nod.

About 15 minutes later, she threw her right leg over me and rubbed my limp cock with her thigh. I felt it beginning to harden again. "Honey, hold me! Get hard in my arms, baby," she cooed. I did, and her hot body burning into me got my cock rock-hard in seconds. Holding her tight, my

hands roamed freely over every inch of her. "Fuck me, sweetheart! Fuck me good! Fuck me from behind," she panted. She rolled over on her hands and knees, wiggling her hips. I crawled around behind her, my eyes glued to her rounded backside and the moistness of her cunt. Groaning again, I grabbed her hips, my cock aiming. "Do it slow, baby. I like getting fucked nice and slow," she instructed. Her hips shook in anticipation of my first plunge into her wet pussy. I grabbed my cock and eased the head inside her tight cunt, marvelling at the ease with which it slipped inside. When it was all the way in, I held steady, feeling her cunt pulse around my buried prick. She told me to pump slow and easy. I obeyed, and the sensation was absolutely maddening!

I eased my throbbing cock in and out of her cunt as a slow pace, long enough to make her go out of her mind. She bucked her hips, settling into a rhythm that matched my thrusting, which increased in force. My hands held her flared, inviting hips. I didn't want to disappoint this lovely

CALL ME
02-11625
Penthouse Pet-Line

SPEND YOUR NEXT HOLIDAYS ON OUR WATERBED.

It's called the Coral Sea. By night it will gently rock you to sleep while you gear up for another day in the paradise called The Whitsundays.

On our luxury fully provisioned yachts and flybridge cruisers the attractions are endless. Drop into a resort for a rage or cruise to those secluded places people daydream about.

Or both.

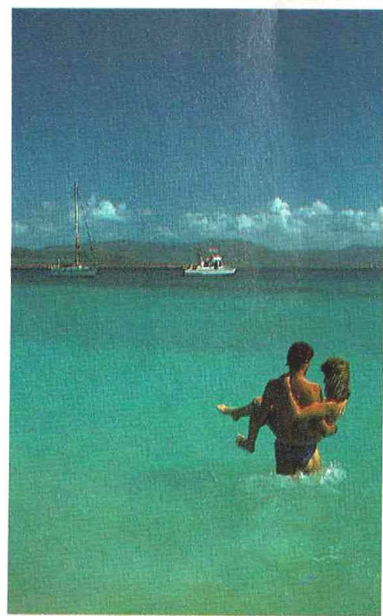
Get together a group of friends who could take this sort of pace and we'll provide you with a holiday you'll never forget.

See your travel agent or call us toll free for our free booklet.

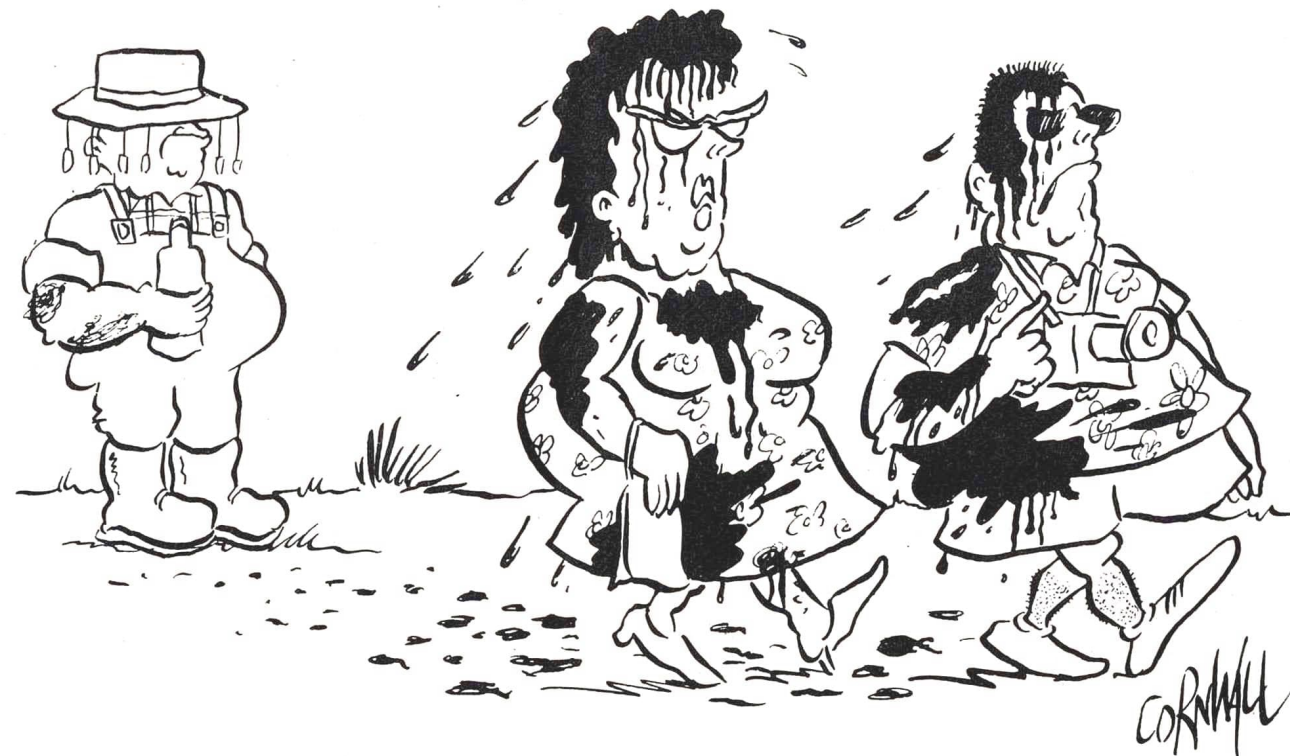
WHITSUNDAY BOATING
HOLIDAYS

With Queensland Yacht Charters Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Box 51, Potts Point, N.S.W. 2011
Ph: (02) 331 1211 Telex: AA177612 (QYC)
Viatel No: * 244 #

TOLL FREE: 008 251 217



GADONYA QYC 0021



"Relax Martha. I heard they put sauce on everything here."

FORUM

babe in heat. She twitched under the steady barrage of my cock. A shuddering groan came from inside her cunt as she climaxed. Clutching her hips tightly, I exploded inside her instantly. I felt every gush, every spurt, every explosion as I blasted jet streams of come deep into her. Spent, completely satisfied, she dropped her arms and crumbled to the mattress, my cock slipping out of her tight channel, which was wet with her cream and my jizz. I dropped on my back and stared blankly at the ceiling, blinking, trying to make it stop spinning. When she began to breathe normally again, she rolled on to her side and snuggled against me.

I got up and pulled my shorts and jeans on. When I was past the doorway of the bedroom, she called me back. "I almost forgot to pay you for the lawn work," she smiled. "How much do I owe you?" I looked at her lush, sexy body from head to toe and told her she didn't owe me anything. What she did for me that day was enough payment to cut her lawn for the next few years. — *Name and address withheld*

Overdrive

I am a 32-year-old receptionist for a hire car company. It can get pretty wild at times if you know the right people. I was feeling lonely and hot one night and decided to go

for a limo ride. I called for the car and asked for Frank, one of the company's chauffeurs.

Frank didn't know who he'd be driving, because I had him pick me up at another address. The way I was dressed no-one would have known it was me. I had a veil over my face and wore my hair differently. I told him I just wanted to drive around for a while. I had had a few drinks and got a little loose. He was watching me every once in a while through his rearview mirror. Once I knew I had his attention, I unbuttoned my skirt. I wasn't wearing anything underneath. You should have seen his face! I spread my legs for him to show him what he might be getting, and I unbuttoned my blouse too. I started to play with my tits and then slid my fingers between my legs and fingered my clitoris. He could see I was dripping wet and needed attention. Before I knew what hit me, he had pulled over to the side of the road and climbed in the back with me.

I slowly unzipped his pants and pulled out the biggest cock I've seen in a long time. I took it into my mouth and slid my tongue up and down his shaft. I nibbled the tip of his cock, and that just drove him wild! It wasn't long before he was shooting his load into my mouth. When he'd calmed down, he went down on my steaming hot pussy — something I'd been waiting for. I thought I would explode when he touched my clit with the tip of his tongue. I asked

him to put his cock inside me, and we fucked for what seemed like hours.

When we finished, he drove me back to the address where he had originally picked me up. He took my hand and kissed it. I offered him a big tip, but he said I had already given him the best tip he'd ever received!

The next morning at work, I told him I had noticed he had a run the night before. I asked him how it was. He just smiled and said it was the most incredible one he ever had. In my mind, I added that it was incredible for me, too. — *Name and address withheld*

Mummy horniest

I am a 37-year-old divorcee with an insatiable appetite for sex. When my son Carl graduated, I had a pool party for him and some of his friends. I was watching the way his male friends were eyeing the women who came clad in their skimpiest bikinis. I couldn't believe how huge the bulges were that protruded from these guys' costumes. I decided to find out for myself how intact they were.

The next day while Carl was out, I called up several of his friends who were over at the house the day before. I told them that I was planning a surprise birthday party for him and wanted them to come over next week. But I didn't tell them that Carl was going to be away then, and that I was going to be the only woman there. On the day of the "party", I greeted them at the door in a

The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

Which is why the copy of Australian Penthouse you're reading now is not

subscribers. The censorship regulations allow subscriber-only magazines to be far more raunchy.

So the Black Label edition will feature the same beautiful girls you'll find in our regular edition, however their pictorials will be far more revealing.

Far, far more so. And as a bonus, most issues of the Black Label edition will also feature a "couples" pictorial.

And that you won't find in any form whatsoever in the regular edition.

So if you prefer your reading matter to miss the heavy hand of the censor, this is your magazine.

For a full year's subscription (12 issues) simply complete the coupon.

And see what you've been missing.

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N

It picks up where Australian Penthouse leaves off.

To Australian Penthouse Magazine,
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062.
I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition.
I enclose a cheque/money order for \$58.
Please debit my ☐ Bankcard, ☐ Amex, ☐ Diners,
☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa

No. _____ Expiry Date _____

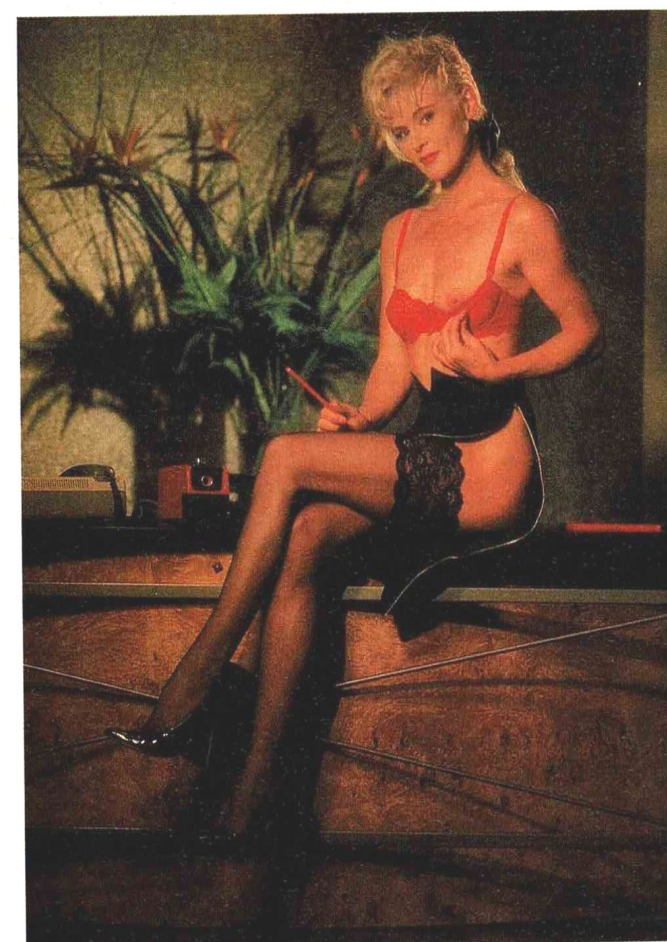
Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Signature _____

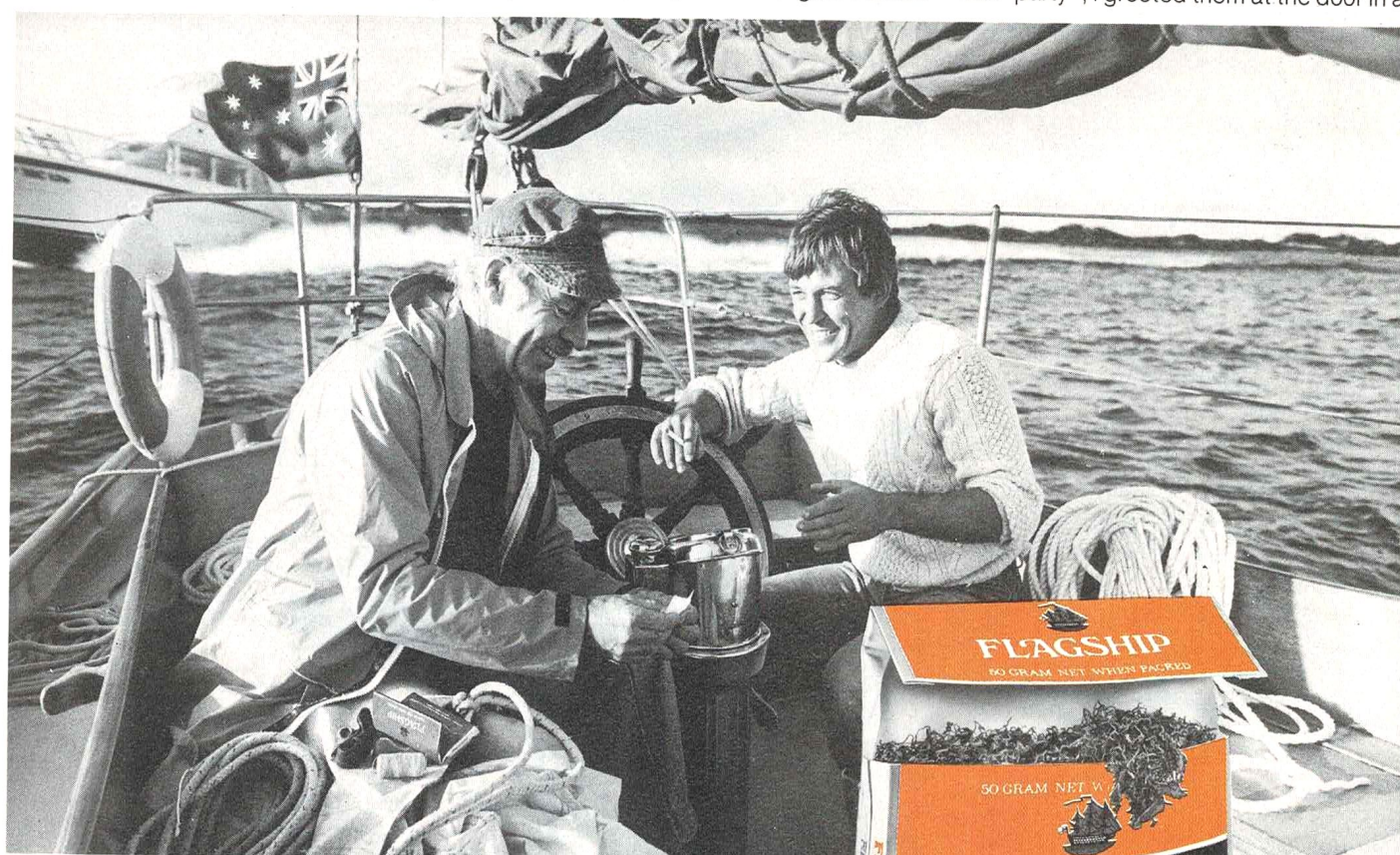
Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.



as raunchy as you might like it.

However a much more daring edition of the magazine is now being printed each month.

It's our Black Label edition and it's sold only through the mail to



Flagship. Too good to rush.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning

FORUM

robe and told them to go in the back to make themselves more comfortable. Once they had all arrived, I told them that I had just received a phone call from the guy who was supposed to pick up Carl and bring him back to the house. I explained that his car had broken down and that it would take at least a day to repair it. One of his friends offered to go instead, but I told him that we would just reschedule the party and that it wasn't necessary for Carl to be here today. I suggested that since it was such a nice day, we should make the most of it, and invited them to sit with me in our hot tub.

The four of them slipped into the tub and I discarded my robe. I had chosen a bikini that becomes see-through when wet. I tried to appear oblivious to their stares. At some point in the conversation, we started talking about nude beaches. Although I had never been to one, I suggested that we could pretend to be at one then. I shed my bikini and jumped into the pool. The guys were taken by surprise, but followed my lead.

After a quick dip, I offered to go into the house and get drinks for everyone. When I returned with the drinks, I leaned over, giving them a view of my tits and wet pussy. I got pretty excited seeing their dicks through the clear water of the pool, and asked them if they wanted to go into the house to dry off. I gave them a tour of the house that ended in the bedroom. I told them that we'd all have a good time, as they seemed to be as horny as I was. I got on my hands and knees on my bed and spread my legs. I had one of them lie underneath me and lick my cunt, and two of the others lick my tits. Then I told one of the other men to kneel in front of me. I brought his huge cock to my lips and began to suck. I relaxed, enjoying the sensations of all these studs upon me.

My mouth held the cock in front of me tightly as it began to grow. It was about

ten inches long when it became rock hard. I began licking more rapidly, until I saw that he was coming. I deep-throated him until he exploded in my mouth. When this guy was well spent, I asked the rest of them what they would like to do with me. One replied that he wanted to fuck me from behind. I told the rest to watch. He got behind me, pressed his cockhead against my cunt, and pushed. His cock slid in slowly, stretching me with each thrust. It seemed as if it would never stop entering me. He started pumping fast, and it did not take long before his penetration had my body rocking. I came and so did he.

There were two guys left who had not had their turn. I told one of them to lie down on his back, and I sat straight down on his cock. Then I grabbed the other guy's rod and pulled it to and fro in rhythm with my grinding hips. The remainder of the night was spent fucking and sucking until I had left them all drained. Wet, warm and totally satisfied with the day's events, I fell asleep thinking of what good friends my son has. — *Name and address withheld*

Barball

It all started when our only son left home to attend university. This made my husband Malcolm and I realise that we were now alone together for the first time in 19 years. We had not even had sex for the past four years, and had grown very distant. I decided that our relationship needed some serious fixing, and fast. I discovered some issues of your magazine in Malcolm's study. Reading through the Forum columns, I saw just how dull our lives had become. Several of the letters had caught my eye, and I decided to try some of the things I had read. I had nothing to lose.

I went out and bought some sexy clothes, including the short skirts that barely covered my butt and tops that looked like sheer nightwear. I even picked up a couple of dresses cut so low and wide that my nipples showed. I began to wear these new outfits to bars at night, making sure Malcolm noticed before I left the house. But I always wished that he would be there to see me get the once-over from all the men.

One night, I found myself the only woman in the bar. All the men were fighting to buy me drinks. It was really kind of funny. They insisted on teaching me to play pool. I soon realised that the game meant nothing—all they wanted was to see me bend over the table. Each time I bent over to shoot, my skirt would hike all the way up and my breasts would topple out of my blouse. They were getting one heck of a show, but I was enjoying it just as much as they were.

As the night wore on, I started to miss Malcolm. I called him up and asked him to meet me at the bar. He agreed, but when he got there, he pretended not to know me. He just sat back and watched the men flock around me. Before long, I had

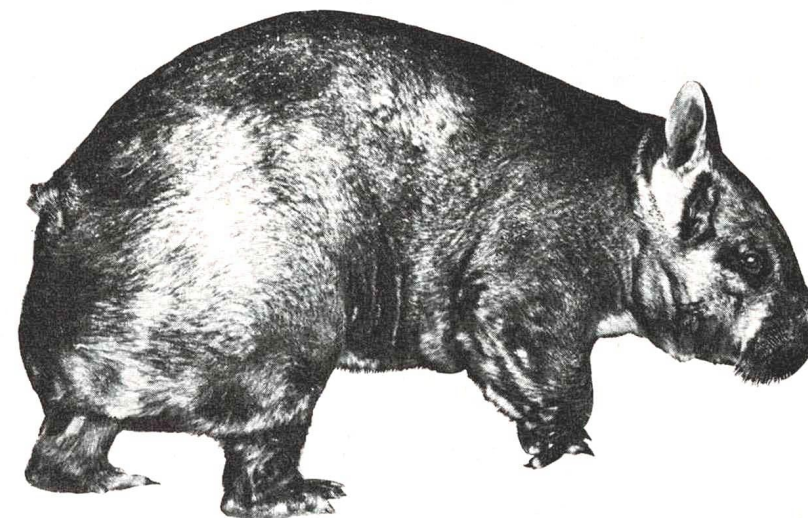
more drinks in front of me than I had ever seen! One fellow asked me to dance. He wasn't much of a hoofer. He mostly just shuffled his feet while kissing my neck and pulling up the back of my skirt to give the other guys a view of my buns. The next dance was with Mitch. He immediately pulled a strap from my camisole off my shoulder and withdrew one of my breasts. This set a precedent. Each man I danced with grew more aggressive, picking out their favourite part of me to play with and show off to the crowd.

After we all danced, the bartender gave everyone a drink on the house and locked the door to join in the party. Someone suggested that we should have an auction and put my clothes up for bid. The bartender placed a large cup on the table. The highest bidder would get to remove the piece of his choice. Since I did not have that much to begin with, something had to be added to the game. I looked at Malcolm and he just smiled and winked. Bolstered by his approval, I spoke up, saying that each buyer would get to dance with me after the article of clothing was removed. Afterward, it would cost them \$5 for anyone who wanted to dance with me nude. All agreed and soon I was handing over my camisole top to a man for \$10. Everyone watched while we danced. He held my breasts and bent down to suck my nipples as the song played on. My panties were sold for the same amount, and my new partner rubbed my pussy, pushing his fingers in and out of me. To my surprise, Malcolm was the highest bidder for my skirt. I danced with him completely naked, and it felt wonderful. Then the bartender got into the action. He put \$20 on the bar and told them all to "stand back." Realising that Malcolm and the others were watching made me even more excited. The bartender started to lick my stomach and jam his fingers inside my pussy. He spread my cunt lips and started to tongue my clit. I came hard. Suddenly, I felt myself being picked up and carried over to the pool table. They all lined up to fuck me, Malcolm leading the pack. When his turn was over, he whispered to me that he would meet me at home later. My evening ended at 4 am. Exhausted and dripping with come, I left the bar. Since I had lost my clothes in the auction, I drove home nude.

Inside our house, I found Malcolm completely naked on the bed. We fucked more passionately that night than ever before. Our marriage has gone from being "on the rocks" to "rock solid." — *Name and address withheld* ☪

CALL ME
02-11625
Penthouse Pet-Line

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.



To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.

Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:



Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for \$25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure

and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for \$1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate \$ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.



Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost \$5.00 per year and the Club member will receive

a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme TV. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs - 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of \$ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with \$ _____

Bankcard Expiry Date ____ / ____ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

THE VERY BEST

Adult Video Tapes

Books Aids Lingerie

At Lowest Prices

Kings Cross Mail Orders
Dept HAPM
PO Box 238
Waverly, N.S.W. 2024
AUSTRALIA.

☐ Sex Aid Catalogue + current News Flash FREE

☐ 3 Full Colour Magazines — Enclose AUS\$18.00

New! New! New!
Musical Panties \$14.95

Chq ☐ MO ☐ Cash ☐

Credit Card Diners Visa
Master/Cd Amex

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ P/C _____

Credit Card No: _____

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature: _____

517 Botany Rd., Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017.

KILL

Continued from page 77

brothers, Danny.

Simon was not seeing eye to eye with his young wife, so he educated her with a cuff on the head from time to time.

No-one ever told why he was annoyed with her, but it may have had something to do with her and young Danny looking at one another too much, although both of them denied it. Around noon, when most of the Coolabah had been finished, there were moves afoot to go into town to get some more. Simon hit Eileen again; Danny pulled out a knife and headed for him.

Simon ran, but tripped, and between two of the concrete and corrugated iron huts which house the settlement, Danny stabbed him in the right thigh, cutting his femoral artery to produce bleeding beyond the control of the family's first aid.

Stabbing with knife or spear in the leg is one penalty for breaking tribal law, and Danny may have been trying to perform an act of justice rather than kill, but Simon died from loss of blood within half an hour, a victim of his brother.

Was Danny amorous towards Eileen and jealous of Simon's control of her, or simply chivalrous? He denied both.

In whitefella country your family can kill you as easily as in the Never-Never, especially when one of them begins to act oddly, with the anger that is part of every relationship building and building to push love and realism aside. Enza had seen her husband act oddly for three or four months. Before that he had not worked for six years, because he always said he was in pain and too weak to work, even when she kept telling him: "You aren't too weak to go hunting."

They had quarrelled a lot over that for the first five years he was home, with noisy rows when she told him he was lazy and ought to get work, but the worst rows started about four months before she died, when he began to ask her why his pasta tasted funny.

One day he pointed to some little white bits in the sauce and asked why she was putting aspirin in it.

"They are just some little bits of bone that got through the mincer."

"In my mouth they break up like tablets."

After that he searched the food, complained about its taste, said he had horrible nights after it tasted bad, and quite often cooked for himself. Enza took no notice. She had the kids to look after, and she was minding other people's kids to bring in some of the money he was not earning. She could not buy food, let alone aspirin, on his sickness benefit cheque.

The last meal she cooked for him must have tasted bad to him, although the kids enjoyed it. He began to complain and

drank two glasses of olive oil to make himself bring up the food. He told her he could feel the weakness in his arms and legs and the rapid heart-beat and sweating which told him he had swallowed aspirin.

He rambled through his ideas that she was poisoning him with aspirin and ended with a straight accusation. "You give me small doses for the simple reason I absorb it slowly. Then when I get a lot, that kills me."

"You're mad, Joe."

"If you use ordinary poison, the doctors find it. You know they won't notice aspirin."

"You've got crazy ideas. Go to the hospital."

He walked out of the kitchen and Enza shook her head and got on with drying the dishes, expecting to hear him leave the house and start the Holden. Instead she heard him come back into the kitchen, and saw he carried a shotgun. He was going shooting. When they were so short of

How could he always find money to buy ammunition for that wretched Beretta?

money, how could he always find money to buy ammunition for that wretched Beretta and for petrol to drive hundreds of kilometres so he could shoot inedible quail, rabbits and ducks?

She opened her mouth to tell him, saw him point the gun only a metre from her belly, and pushed her open hand against the muzzle.

"Don't Joe! Forgive me!" Most likely she was asking to be forgiven for taunting him, but he understood that she wanted him to forgive her for poisoning him. A confession.

She was still holding the tea towel with her remaining hand when the police found her dead against the stove.

Killings start with strong feelings. Fear, lust, hot anger, jealousy, pride, love and love baffled. The stronger the feelings in a relationship, the more murder potential it stores.

Our strongest feelings rise from love, and from baffled love which becomes hate or despair. The strongest love ever directed towards most of us is the love of our parents.

As children we are highly likely to be murdered by our parents. And even more

likely to be murdered because we are weak.

Murder is a cowardly business. Your chances of being murdered by a hero are slim. Very few would-be killers seek fair fights, and nearly every murder results from the strong attacking the weak.

Men kill women, big men kill smaller men, gangs kill singles, well kills sick, mature kills old or young, the man with the nunchukkas kills the man without.

This is no coincidence. Though most victims fall to a killer overwhelmed by rage, a potential killer lets himself be overwhelmed and lashes out only when enraged with someone who appears weaker than he is.

Enraged with someone who appears stronger, he is overwhelmed by caution. He may take his rage away and let it boil off harmlessly, discharge it by slandering his could-be victim, save it up until he feels himself stronger, or turn it against himself so he becomes depressed. So your chances of being murdered rise when you put yourself in settings where you are clearly weak.

Weakness brings you closer to being murdered, not just because it makes you seem a safe target, but also because it makes you appear easy to control, and so arouses your killer's sadism — a powerful motive for murder.

Sadism is sometimes defined as gaining sexual pleasure from hurting people, but it is simpler than that; it is getting pleasure from having full control of the victim, control which can cause the victim the greatest possible suffering.

If you have been tortured you know this. In many kinds of torture, being helpless, seeing no way out, and having no control over what happens to you is as distressing as the bodily pain — or even more distressing. We speak of torture when no bodily pain is inflicted, sometimes calling it mental torture.

Children are so weak they inevitably attract murder.

We are even less sure of the numbers of Australian child killings than of adult killings because children are weak not only in bodily strength, but in communicating too. No baby ever dubs in its basher. But there is no doubt the number is larger than records show. Besides all the other factors that make child killing easy, and easy to hide, children are simply more vulnerable to any violence than adults are. Anything will kill them.

A little hot water will do.

Daryl Hopkins, aged nine months, came to Sydney from Auckland in the early Eighties with his parents, Miriam and Charles, who were looking for work. They found none, but after a few months living in Seaford caravan park on unemployment money, Mrs Hopkins found a friend and went off with him, leaving Charles to look

Continued on page 134



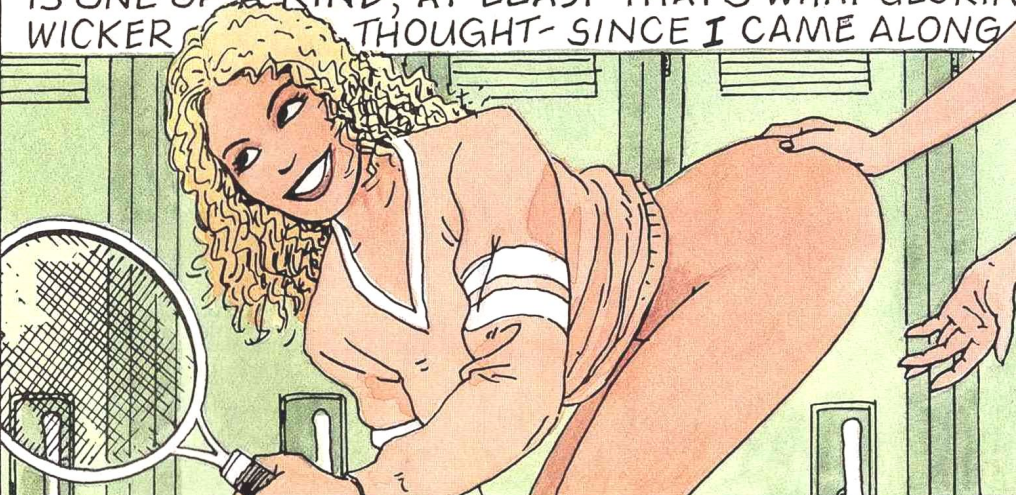
Johnny TOPPER!

HAVE A GOOD DAY!

★ BY GERHART

Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.

WHEN IT COMES TO TENNIS BUMS MAY MELLON'S IS ONE OF A KIND, AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT GLORIA WICKER THOUGHT— SINCE I CAME ALONG



IT ALL STARTED LIKE A KIND OF SOAP OPERA.



I WAS DRIFTING PAST THE TENNIS CLUB ONE DAY..

EXCUSE ME, AREN'T YOU THE GIRL IN THOSE SOAP ADS ON T.V.?

ILL MEET YOU OUT FRONT, MAY.

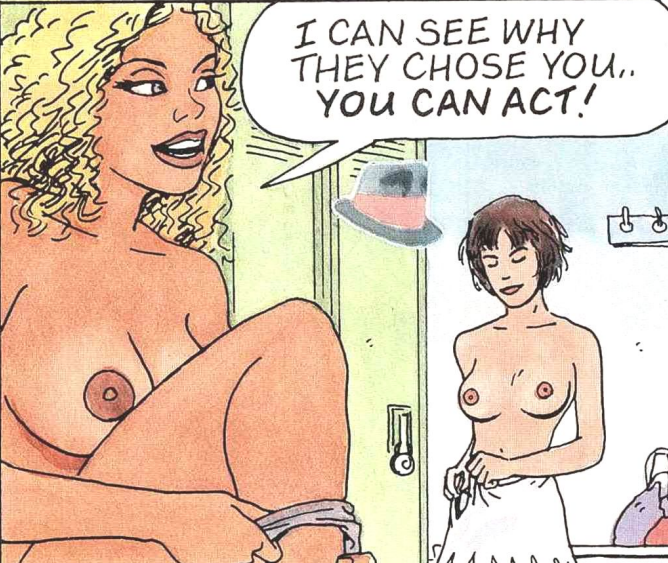


YEAH! SHE HAD THE SHOWER SCENE!

OH, IT WAS ALL JUST BODY SHOTS.



I CAN SEE WHY THEY CHOSE YOU.. YOU CAN ACT!

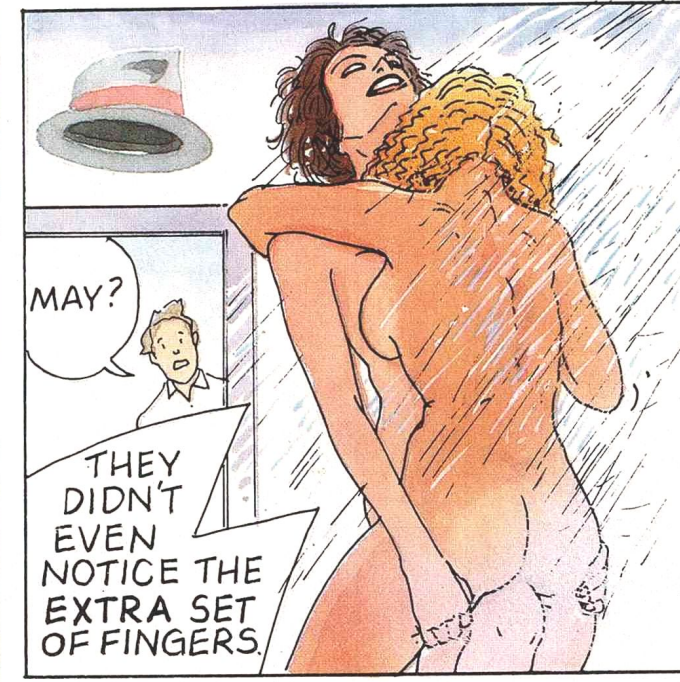
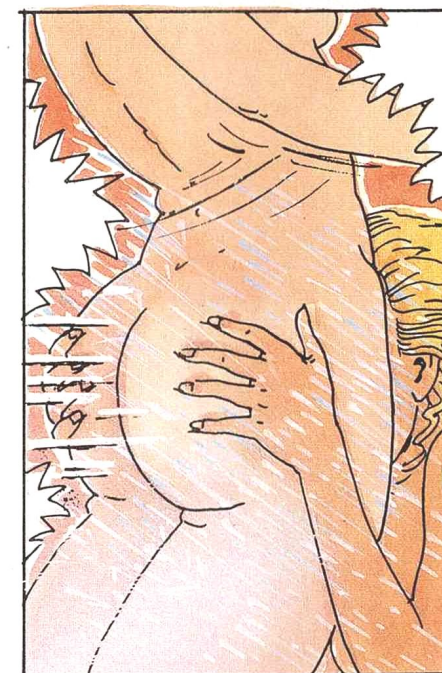
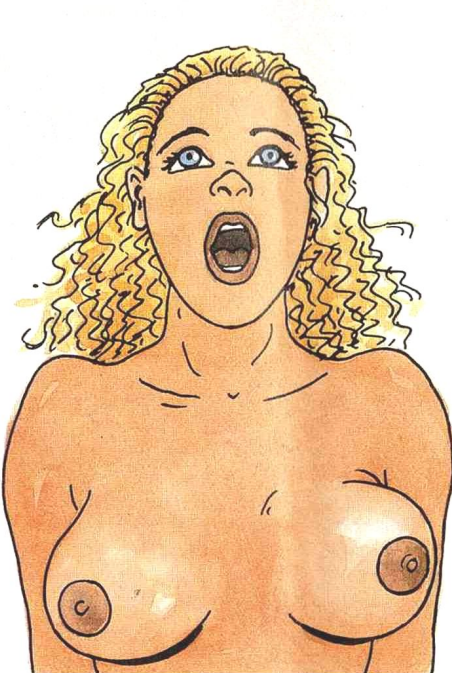
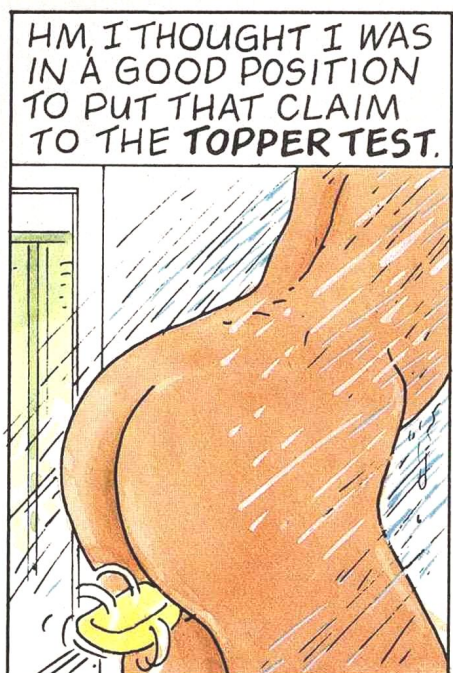
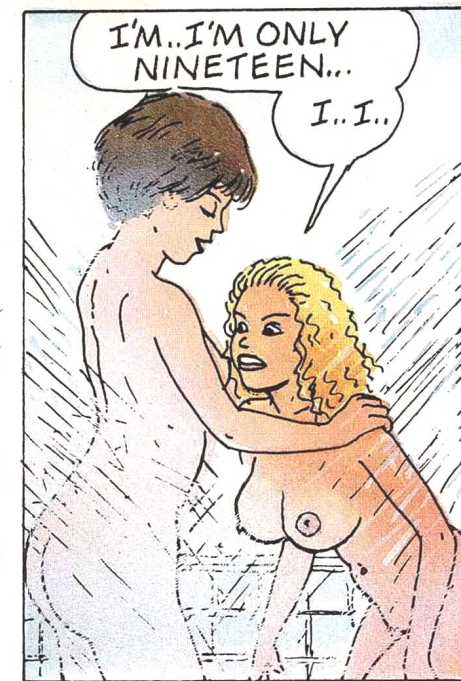
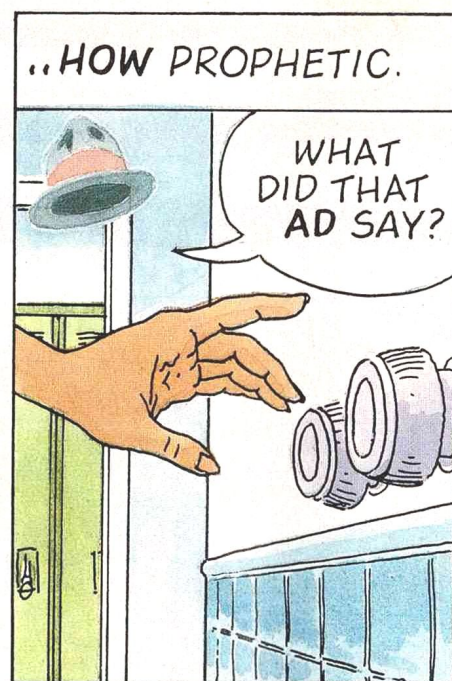


.. AND YOU'VE GOT A NICE PAIR OF TITS.

OH, THANK YOU..

HMMM.



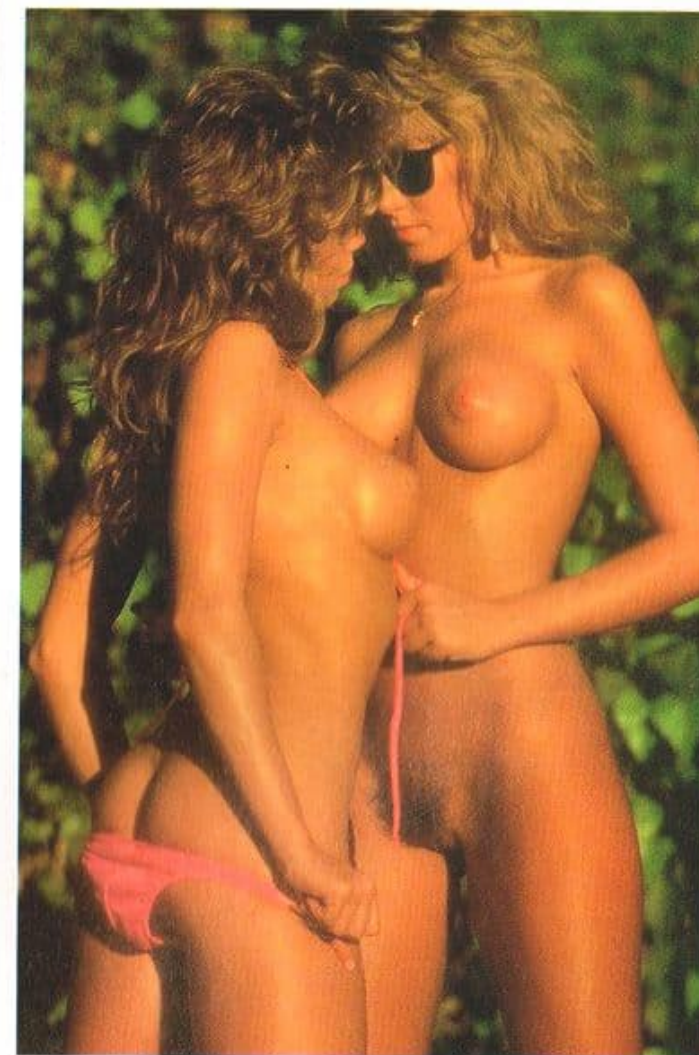
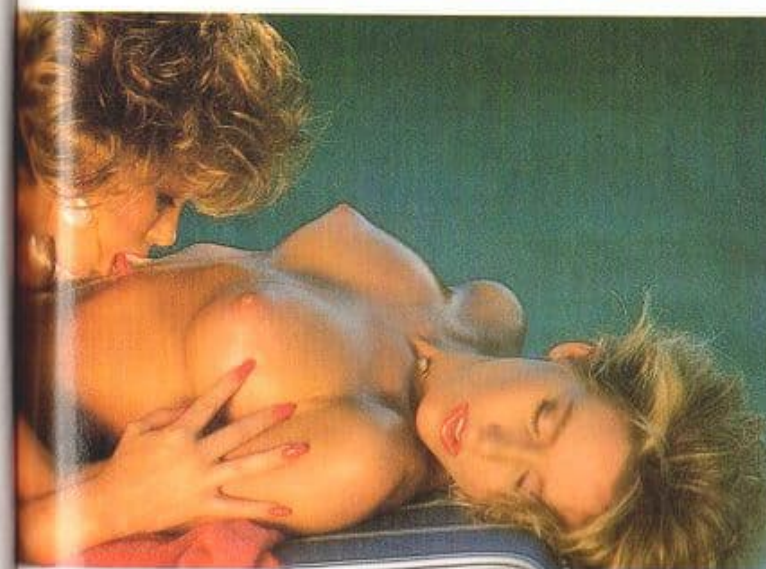




ON THE BODY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"Ever noticed how men make love like they're riding a surfboard?" posed Monica to Karen as they sat waiting for their surf stud boyfriends to emerge from the waves. "Yeah," agreed Karen, catching her eye as is for the first time, when they had sat this way for hours — days. "And foreplay is like them rubbing wax on you? What about the way they hang wet towels around the house like they're pieces of modern art? Who needs them?" Neither could think of a single reason...





Something had swelled within them as they pondered their predicament. They soon found they had more in common than they'd ever realised. Their lovers would arrive back at the cars to find them gone. "We just went down the beach for a body," the girls would tell them later.



KILL

Continued from page 124

after the baby.

Charles was not one of those men who make good mothers: in fact he was not up to being much good at anything. He disliked being tied to Daryl 24 hours a day when he wanted to be out looking for work, and his friendly neighbor, a red-headed divorcee called Joyce, soon turned out to be an undependable baby-sitter.

Yet he loved Daryl too much to hand him over to an orphanage.

On Daryl's last evening, the little fellow made the mistake of emptying his bowels in the bath. Charles had already found nappy-changing and the rest of waste-disposal the worst part of single parenthood, and he was sick and horrified at this mess, which he could not see how to deal with.

Joyce laughed and, out of character for once, gave him a helping hand, so that Daryl was back being soaped in fresh bathwater in a few minutes.

Charles and Joyce told different stories about what happened next, but hers fits the facts best. She said Daryl twisted his face into the strained grin which showed he was about to be foul the fresh water too, and Charles went wild with rage. He picked up a jug of boiling water and poured it into the bath and over Daryl's feet, saying: "This'll give him something to think about."

Daryl screamed, but after that he was quiet and even slept. He was in shock.

In the morning his legs and belly were inflamed and the skin had come off one foot. He died about noon in Mordialloc Hospital.

You have outlived your defenceless infancy, when half a jug of boiling water could kill you, and most likely have not reached the second period of high risk: the weakness of old age. Once again you will be at the mercy of a little violence or a little neglect from your attendants, but you are still highly vulnerable to those closest to you: the people whose love is strong enough to become hate.

Lachlan was a very much-loved patrolman after he got out of his van one night to ring the doorbell of a lighted house where his round-book said there was no-one home. He met Jill, staying in the house while her uncle and aunt were away.

He found out she had come from the country to seek work and the exciting life in the big city. She found work, but people did not seem so friendly in Adelaide as they were at Cape Schank, and she was lonely and more than eager to accept Lachlan's offer of the exciting life.

Love flowered, and Lachlan was happy for a time until Jill asked him why she had never seen him wearing mufti, and why he never came around when he was off duty, only when he was on. Was he married?

"What am I?" she finished. "Your lunch hour?" Lachlan could only smile awkwardly, admit he was married, and hastily back away from her words and tears with the remark that he had to get on with his rounds.

About six he returned to the depot to sign off, and when he stepped outside he saw Jill sitting at the kerb in a Mini, obviously looking to make things up. He walked over to the Mini smiling, she wound down the window, and he heard two loud bangs.

She had shot him with her 9mm Walther pistol, an unlikely weapon she'd bought in a pub one afternoon from two blokes who chatted her up when she was blue and drinking alone. They had explained that it was a good gun for a girl because it hit hard but had almost no recoil.

They forgot to tell her that the noise and blast from the shots, especially fired inside her Mini, would nearly knock her out. She put her first shot through her offside door,

You will find it hard to accept that you are in more danger from yourself than anyone else

and only by pure luck got the second through stunned Lachlan's exploiting heart.

Your murder may be different from any of these, and surely very different if you go down to the murderer who is closer to you than any other. We may even get a first-hand account of how it feels, since you are likely to leave a written record or ring someone to tell them just before you fall silent.

The killer closest to you is yourself, and your chances of falling to that most intimate murderer are three times greater than your chances of succumbing to someone less close. Of the 4000 wilful mankillings in Australia in the year ahead, nine in every 12, roughly 3000, will be one-person murders.

In childhood and old age, bodily weakness makes you most vulnerable to the adults around you. In the strength of your prime you are most vulnerable to the anger inside your own skin; from 15 to 24, so vulnerable that only a road smash is more likely to kill you.

If you are like most of us, you will find it hard to accept that you are in more danger from yourself than from anyone else in the

world. After all, the statistics are just general statements. Your personal chance of becoming murderer and victim in one may be nil. You are not insane, or angry at yourself, or a coward. Perhaps because deep down we know too well just how vulnerable we are to the anger in ourselves — the anger we cannot shun by keeping out of bloodhouses, or staying away from crims, or refusing to become a policeman, or not jilting our lovers — suicide is the most misunderstood of all mankillings.

You love yourself more than anyone else loves you, so when love turns to hate, you can turn more anger on yourself than anyone outside your skin can. Because it has direct access to your muscles, the emotional cancer of self-hate can kill you more easily than anything. It can make you step from the kerb when the thundering truck is a metre away, overbalance off the top of a building while you are admiring the view, turn the wheels a fraction too far as you take a slippery corner at 120 clicks, bring the single-edged razor blade up to the external carotid artery just under your ear while you watch the action in the mirror, fascinated.

Some people cannot see the risk of one-person murder because their imagination refuses to work on something so horrid. They can't see themselves ever doing it.

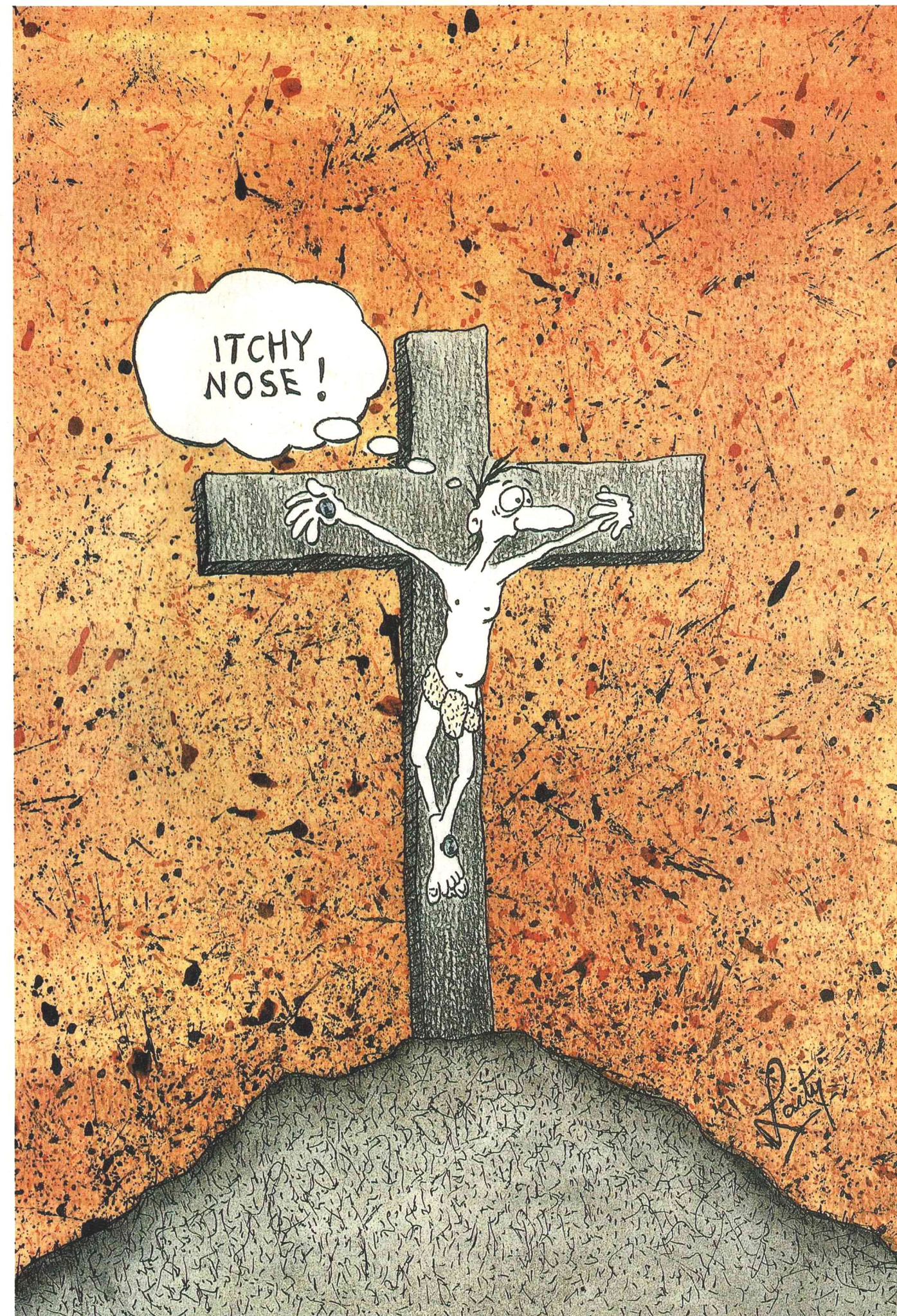
In that mood they won't do it. But in our depressive society most people are suicidal at some stage of their lives, and most of us get into the mood for suicide quickly, sometimes in a few minutes. So while you are not suicidal now, you cannot be sure that you will not take the big jump when you are sentenced to 12 months' prison, or your business collapses, or you are told it's cancer, or when the all-ordinaries index drops 900 points, or on the day after your fiancée tells you she is pregnant to a bigger bloke...

And the killer who shares your body can be more seductive than Gogon's three girls. People like to imagine self-killers are cowards who die afraid. Better informed people think they all die angry. No. Some die happy.

Especially if you become depressed after you have lost a lover, when you think of killing yourself your anger and despair may give way to happiness which can rise almost to ecstasy: you hear the siren song, you fall in love with death, you feel it waiting warm and peaceful, and long to enter it more than you longed to enter your lover.

Healthy pride can make it hard for you to accept just how much you are at risk from yourself. Isn't suicide cowardly?

Mostly not. Self-killing is usually done in a state of mind which makes "cowardice" meaningless. But even so, you need much lonely courage to start into death on your own, with no mates in formation on your wing, or carrying their rifles beside you — all without one percent of the chance of coming off alive that you would have had at Gallipoli. 





Keep
them in their
place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only \$11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Australian
PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for
.....Penthouse binders at \$11.50 ea. \$.....

Name

Address

.....Postcode



Tried some of that there Ecstasy the other day — you know, the drug that makes you want to hug the world, forgive the sins of Telecom and decide that, when it's all over bar the shouting, that rascalion Bob Trimbole wasn't such a bad old stick.

Before I get any further, may I state categorically that I'm not a pharmaceutical psychopath. Never had much time for the hard stuff really; the idea of sticking mysterious cocktails into the inside of my elbow always struck me as a jolly silly pastime. Coke? Money for nothing. And crack? Hell, I see enough crack at work.

But work is miles away from me at the moment and the only crack I'll spare a thought for is the one I'm sitting on as I write this. A mild discomfort it is causing me for the fact that I have a certain amount of sand in my swimming cossie. Fine yellow holiday beach sand. Three weeks off and here I am still working. Man, I need my scone examined.

It was the occasion of my holiday that prompted me to try a bit of Ecstasy. Hanging around here doing nothing, I figured what the heck? At least I wouldn't have to front up to the office The Day After with a central nervous system feeling foully blackboard-screamed.

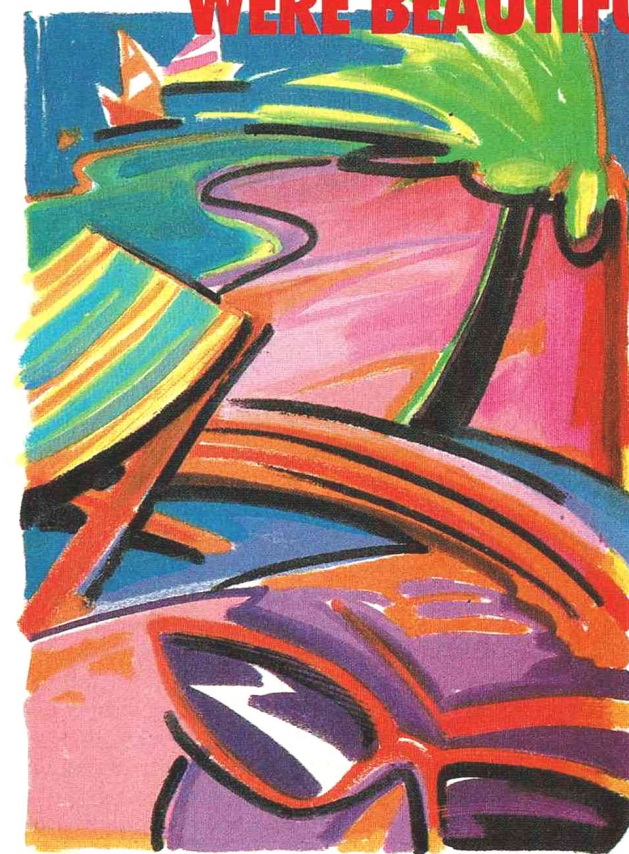
So, all right, we took this stuff, and we sat around telling each other how nice we were and how there was not enough tenderness on this goddamn planet. We drifted for a few hours smiling warmly and idly wondering what it would be like to dry hump the curvy bits of the lovely patio furniture. And that, as they say, was that.

"Not really my cup of orange pekoe," I said the following morning while discussing the drug's effects with a fellow vacationer. "Sure, it's fine and dandy to take a drug that makes me love the world, but where can I get my hands on a drug that makes the world love me? I want one that makes me irresistible to mankind as we know it... like the one Jerry Lewis took in that film *The Nutty Professor*."

Illustration by Julia Edworthy

LOOSE ENDS

**WEATHER'S HERE,
WISH YOU
WERE BEAUTIFUL**



My friend, a practising closet pharmacist, shook his head and told me: "Nuh, don't think I can help you there. I do know, however, of a certain preparation that has quite the opposite effect. It's one that makes you hate the world and, believe me, the world will hate you back. They call it The Drug Offensive, or just Offensive for short."

Thus he launched into a description of a drug empowered to turn even the mildest, wimpiest, pimply Kentucky Fried Chicken employee into a sneaky, snarling, surly parking policeperson. This drug, he said, was being manufactured somewhere outside Melbourne by a rogue band of former chartered accountants.

"Among those who man complaints counters at our larger public institutions its use is high on mandatory," he said.

"And what about bus drivers?" I asked. "They're the worst tempered buggers I know."

"Yeah, sure, it's epidemic throughout the UTA. Talkback radio guys are all using. Word has it, too, that 90 percent of pro-tennis players can't lift a racquet without a bit of Offensive abuse."

Wide-eyed, I mulled the information over, then threw caution to the wind. "What dya reckon the chances are of scoring some of this stuff?"

"I'll try in town tomorrow," he said, "but I don't like the odds here in Hippy City. If we were in Canberra, maybe... now there's an Offensive town."

To cut a long story just a little, I'll tell you that he found some. He presented it to me last night, an innocent purple capsule full of seething, growling hate.

So this arvo I've dropped it — about an hour ago, in fact — but I'll be buggered if it's working. Maybe if I could just let myself give in to it, loosen up a tad. It's been a pudenda of a day. All morning on the beach and in the water in brilliant bloody sunshine. And now I've got sand up my bum and just to really shit me something wicked there's a mango string stuck firm between my molars. A big juicy bastard, that mango, and it

dribbled down my cleavage. But did I care with a lunch of whopping mudcrab and four glasses of fizzy Froggy giggle juice in my brown and swelling belly? Oh, the sickening bloody decadence of some people! It just cries out for a decent boot up the freckle! And I know that soon that good-looking big-titted bitch is going to be up here in her string bikini, smelling of frangipani and coconut and proffering margaritas. Can you believe it? *Marga-fucking-ritas!*

Let me just say also that I'm dark on the fact that I'm sitting here working on my holiday. Hell,

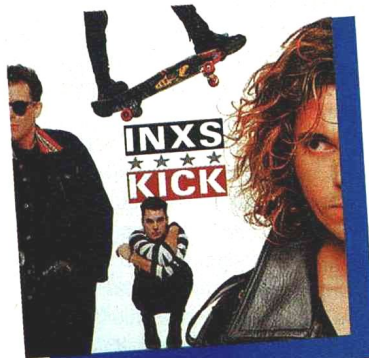
I'm up here on the balcony writing while below me trills the carefree laughter of people begging to be monstered, and across the way the lap-lapping of silvering wavelets beckoning me to punch their lights out. I persevere, if only in the sweet knowledge that the sooner I finish this, the sooner I can send it off to my editor — who can stick it up his skinny arse.

So aloha, all you wan and spotty suckers, from a little bit of paradise. I'm having a shitty day in it and you wouldn't believe how bloody glad I am that you're not here. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

In their gradual transition from stylish, arty urban tribalists to solid rock blokes in singlets and check shirts, **Hunters And Collectors** have misplaced much of their dynamic in their various moves — as witnessed on *What's A Few Men?* (White). They now seem fit to dump on the invigorating sounds of the *World Of Stone* EP along with the suits and other stage trappings of that era. With the departure of percussionist Greg Perano (who's since formed the unfortunately turgid Deadly Hume) the band became progressively monophonic and that dominant lone voice was Mark Seymour.

On stage he emits the energy of an animal fighting for survival. What he lacks in vocal and guitar technique he makes up in muscle. For a band which promotes a strongly egalitarian identity — no star listings, always including their technical crew in promo shots — the result is more often than not an overtaxed Seymour and an under-utilised entourage. The distinctive elements of the Hunters work well enough — simple, clean crunching bass and drums with trombone and French horn fleshing out the riffs. However, for a seven-piece band, they experiment not at all with texture. Seymour handles the guitar riffs from the House of Richards (Keith, that is) with more accuracy in the studio, but elements like harmonies and keyboards get only momentary look-ins. Perhaps no-one in the band can sing that well or perhaps it's deemed too hard a task to try to harmonise with Seymour's anguished below. One of the few times they sound like a full band is on "Still Hangin' Round" — a track about long boozy Friday nights at Melbourne's hip Razor Club. Maybe that's their problem.



INXS is a band that also exudes a sense of collective purpose, albeit with a more obvious pop swagger than the Hunters could stomach.

Kick (WEA) is more INXS rock and roll with nods towards hip-hop and even doo-wop swing ("Never Tear Us Apart"). Most songs are still the work of keyboard player Andrew Farriss and tousle-maned Michael Hutchence except the alliterative word play of "Mediate" and a reworking of their own cover of the Loved Ones' "The Loved One." This last track is indicative of their desire to celebrate the band's grasp of mainstream rock and roll — will we see Mr Hutchence fronting the Party Boys in the future? While presenting a strong group front, if not a killer new album, the excessive ones appear sometimes like the house band at Sydney's Rhinoceros Studio, recording with the likes of Jenny Morris and more recently Jimmy Barnes and Richard Clapton.

Clapton produced INXS' first album in a bout of old-meets-new; now INXS drummer John Farriss has returned the favor by overseeing construction of **Richard Clapton's Glory Road** (WEA). He's realised there's no point in trying to hide Clapton's folk-tinged rock as anything else. Still, if Clapton doesn't generate a wide variety of songs he obviously has more luck with colleagues' good will. Most of INXS make an appearance, as does a Dragon and Jimmy Barnes, who co-wrote "Chameleons." "The Emperor's New Clothes", written by the INXS team with Clapton, has an uncharacteristically jagged punch but elsewhere Farriss has provided El Clapo with strong simple feels, sympathetic players and a sound clean enough to let those vowels drawl through.

Somewhat more aggressive delivery comes from Clapton's backing singer Mr **Jimmy Barnes**, who has a *Freight Train Heart* (Mushroom) and a Mack truck voice. More big rock anthems with squealing lead and distorted rhythm guitars. A fairly undistinguished group of songs except for Big Jim's undeniable power.

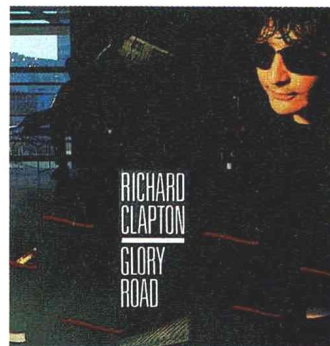
What do some musicians do



Clockwise from above: **Hunters And Collectors** in transition on *What's A Few Men?*; **Richard Clapton's** folk-tinged *Glory Road*; **Contemporary Asian** feel on **Sakamoto's Neo Geo**; **INXS** get down and *Kick*.

when they can't find other people's albums to play on? Seems some have taken it on themselves to inflict limp country and western on the world. The **Models**, in an attempt to diffuse notions of being terminally hip, masqueraded as the Clametts to be their own support act. *The Last Hoedown Live! (Warts'n'All)* (White) documents one such night at Sydney's Tivoli and proves the lads made a wise decision not to pursue careers as stand-up comics. **The Stetsons** (Mercury) make a more successful stab at jokey C&W (though you wouldn't be alone if you thought C&W was a joke at the best of times). A large conglomerate of people from GangGajang, the Mentals and their own offshoot the B'Jesus Burgers, they do all originals and include lyrics with chord symbols so you can strum along. Still, if you want some really unadulterated country, wrap your ears around something like **George Jones' Super Hits** (Epic), which covers his studio efforts from 1972-87.

Ryuichi Sakamoto has placed himself in the hands of ace yankee producer Bill Laswell to help map out the terrain of *Neo Geo* (CBS). Laswell pushed for a "contemporary Asian feel" — familiar ground for Sakamoto who, as a founding member of the influential Yellow Magic Orchestra at the forefront of techno-pop, played Chinese tonalities to a Japanese audience. The vocals are in Japanese except for the elegant croon of Iggy Pop on "Risky." — *Jeremy Cook*



CLUB ROCK

I love shorts, but I must admit I find them hard to wear when I see compressed into three minutes maximum excitement and high-paced action, a touch of romance, and four or five gags — and then get conned into seeing a film to discover that it consists of three minutes (maximum) excitement, a touch of romance and a few gags padded out to an hour and a half...

Now, Dan Aykroyd looks great in shorts. "Just the facts, Mam," he says, or "We're on a mission from Gard", and then there's a cut to high-speed slapstick with a funky back beat. That's great.

But I have a problem. I hear Dan let loose his straightman catchphrase in a film and... and... it's not funny. Am I missing something?

Waiting to see **The Couch Trip**, Dan's latest, I tried. I remembered how hilarious his dancing was in *Blues Brothers*... how funny Eddie Murphy was in *Trading Places*... how Dan shone in *Ghostbusters* when he shared centre-camera with two others. Then I watched it. Four or five chuckles was the tally.

Of course, if Dan is your comedic guru, you'll no doubt lap him up. A moderately funny script and tried and true plot you'll deem the perfect foil for his straight-shooting satire of American psychologists and loonies, particularly of the Californian flavor.

Aykroyd, from behind padded walls, wangles himself the position as temporary stand-in for LA's most famed media shrink. He bawdily blusters his way through — and nearly pulls it off. He's not really crazy — just pretending to be so he can stay out of the pen (sound familiar?).

There's a terrific part played by the wonderful Walter Matthau (now there's a man I think is funny), and some other great bit parts — even a touch of romance. But if you're like me, you'll consider it a watchable romp with its moments — but yes, another OD of DA.

The shorts for **Suspect** will no doubt go something like this: *Washington DC is the city of secrets, but some secrets are more deadly than others*. Then there'll be a cut to a Supreme

Court judge playing deep throat with a shotgun, and then a look at the twisted, very dead hand of a young woman found on the banks of the Potomac River...

Cher is an overworked public defender. Dennis Quaid is a lobbyist on Capitol Hill who can't get out of jury duty. Liam Neeson is a deaf mute, an angry, homeless Vietnam vet, charged with a murder he didn't commit.

Something like that, anyway. The shorts will get you in — and you won't be disappointed. Though it's a fairly run-of-the-mill suspense thriller plot, great performances all round, with all the right dramatic techniques, ensure it lives up to its promise.

The crux of the film is the fine courtroom drama. Quaid, playing his typically buccaneer persona, is not the sort of man who can sit back on a jury. He gets involved to the point of jeopardising the whole defence by arranging secret meetings with Cher to pass on snippets to help her case. Cher shines.

Suspect does not live up to its name. Recommended. — *Graem Sims*

James Belushi, the one who didn't eat the big smack burger, has been making quite a name for himself since sibling John Bluto-ed his way to being a truly blue brother. Shining as deejay Dr Rock in Oliver Stone's *Salvador* and beerily winning laughs as the sexist buddy Bernie Litko in the yuppie romance *About Last Night*, James Belushi has been carving a niche as a boozy, wise-cracking good ole boy, a lovable slob.

He says he took the role in **The Principal** (Director Christopher Cain, script by Frank Deese) as an avenue out of that sort of typecasting. The break, however, is not a clean one. As Rick Latimer, a teacher who figures he's unlucky in life, love and the whole damned thing, Belushi portrays once more a heavy-drinking fuck-up. And, just when he reckons he's hit rock bottom, he goes and gets promoted to a position as principal of the toughest goddamned high school this side of hell. At this school, as one of his students tells him, the inmates run the asylum. He's been assigned to the scrapheap,

FILM

CURLY SHORTS

From the top: Aykroyd gets a gong in *The Couch Trip*; Formidable duo Dennis Quaid and Cher in the recommendable *Suspect*; James Belushi teaches 'em a lesson in *The Principal*.



and garbage never leaves the dump.

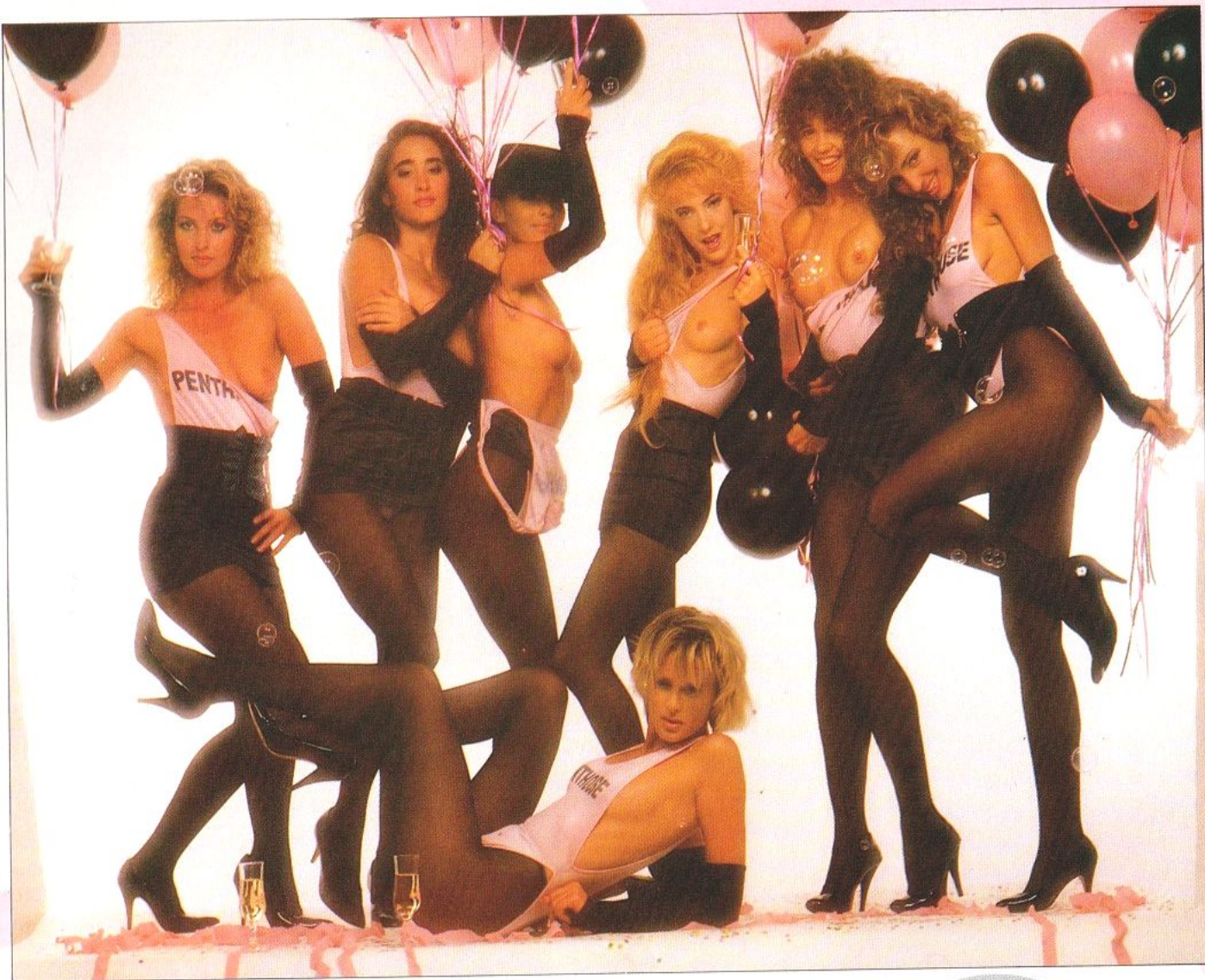
Here's where the integrity — and the wall-to-wall clichés — rear their dodgy noggins. Mr Latimer's task is to make something of these no-hopers at Brandel High and to do that he's got to get his own messy act together. That done, he can go about cleaning up the racial gang wars, the drug dealing, the rape and heavy violence that appear to be electives at Brandel. He gets some help from a tough old security dude (Louis Gossett Jr) and a socially-aware fellow teacher (Rae Dawn Chong). Reckon he'll get it together and kick ass for the good of the school? Three guesses, customers.

The plot of *The Principal* is a cliché, but the film contains many worthwhile moments. Good performances by most of its young cast and Belushi is, as usual, likeable. A handful of top suspenseful scenes and some rather graphic violence may appeal to those who dig that stuff. Not a bad one, all up, but I wouldn't bust a gut. — *C.J. Mackay*





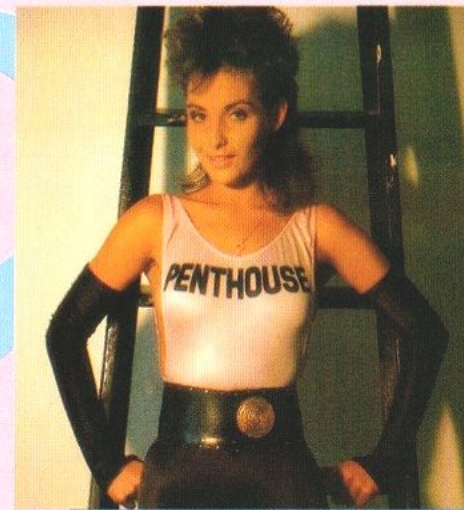
LET'S PARTY!



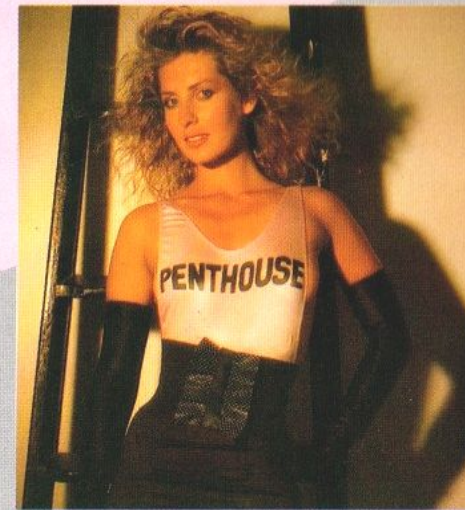
LET'S PARTY!

Look out! The Penthouse Pet modelling team has got its act together and they're taking it on the road. This is traffic-stopping stuff. Over the years demand had been so great for guest appearances by Penthouse Pets on television shows, at nightspots, conventions, national sporting fixtures and celebrations that the girls have ganged together to form the sexiest promotional agency ever. Now you can engage one or more of the stunning and sophisticated Penthouse models to liven up your function. Why not engage all of them? In their slinky and distinctive Penthouse outfits the Pets have got to be seen to be believed. Check the photos and meet the Penthouse Pets on these pages. We dare you to tell us we're exaggerating. For further details about the Penthouse promotional and professional modelling team, phone us on (02) 929 6144. They'll put the life into your party.

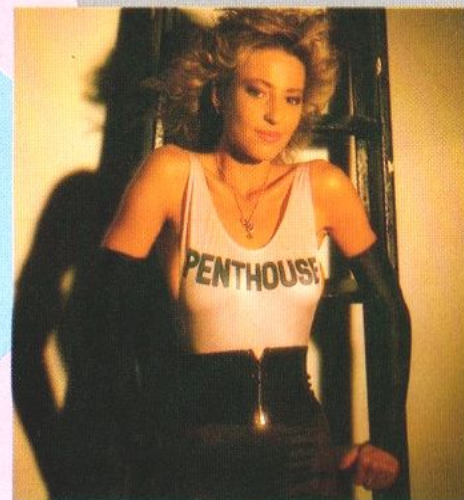
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



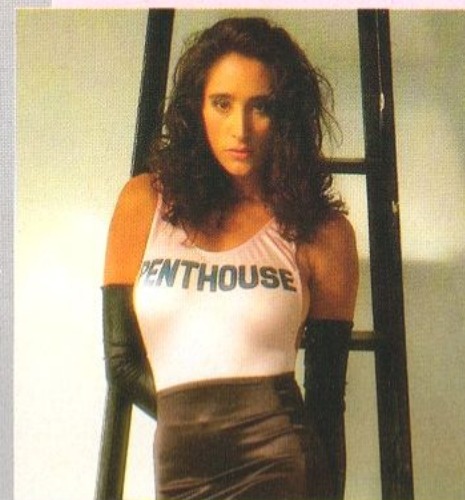
JULIE MULHERIN
1986 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR
AGE: 21
HEIGHT: 5' 3"
STATISTICS: 34-24-34



JULIA BEAULIEU
FEBRUARY '88 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5' 4"
STATISTICS: 35-24-35



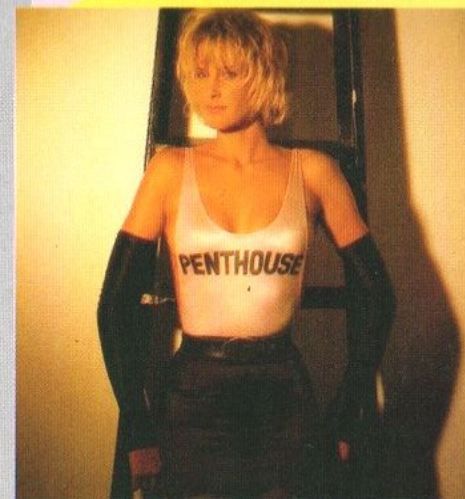
KRISTINA DWYER
JUNE '86 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 21
HEIGHT: 5' 7"
STATISTICS: 36-23-35



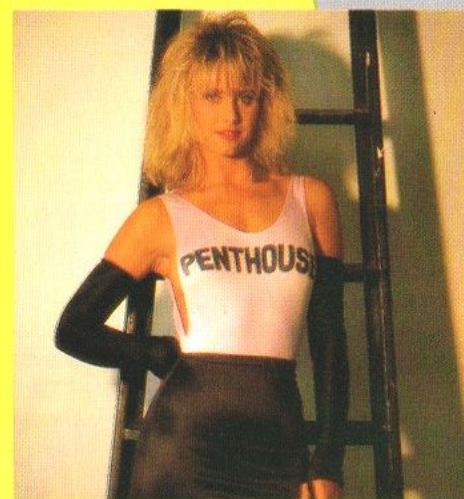
EMMA STONE
MARCH '87 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 19
HEIGHT: 5' 7"
STATISTICS: 37-24-35



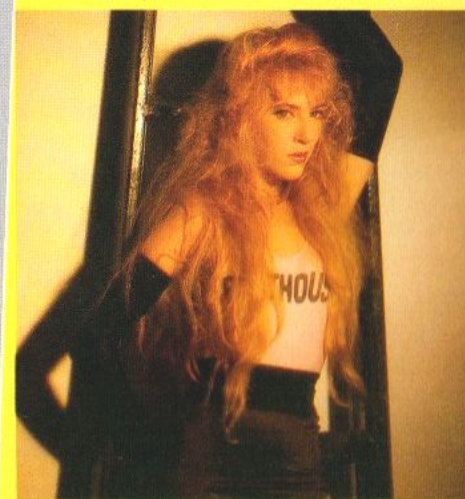
BAMBI
AUGUST '87 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 20
HEIGHT: 5' 8"
STATISTICS: 35-24-34



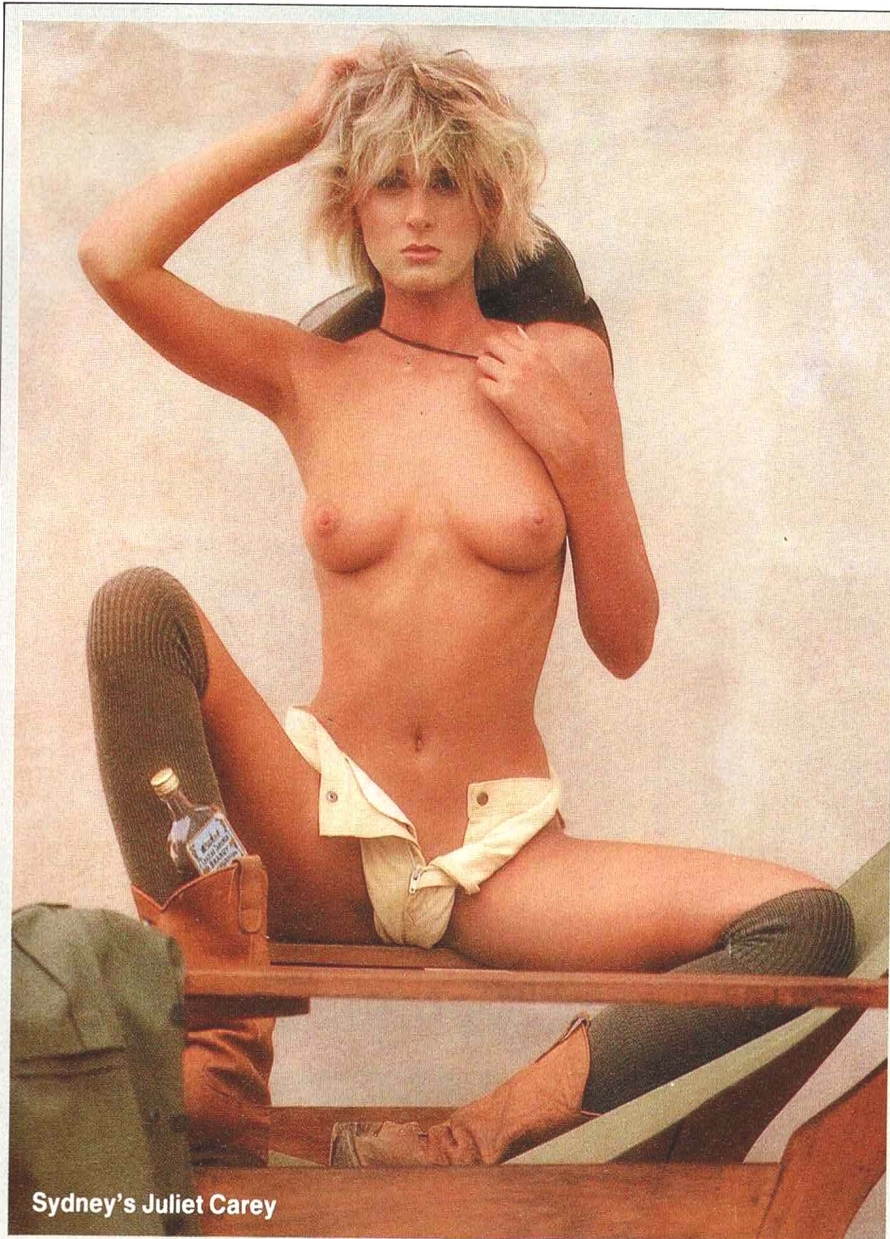
JULIET CAREY
APRIL '88 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 18
HEIGHT: 5' 9"
STATISTICS: 35-24-35



ROSIE KOZMAN
MARCH '86 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5' 5"
STATISTICS: 34-23-34



GAELLE JAMES
OCTOBER '87 AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
AGE: 19
HEIGHT: 5' 6 1/2"
STATISTICS: 34-23-34



Sydney's Juliet Carey

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The ET Effect — New Age authors and some unscrupulous media have recently reported a spate of alien encounters — bizarre confrontations in which human specimens have been poked, prodded and even raped by strange creatures from far-off planets. Next month, *Penthouse* investigates the authenticity of some of the outrageous claims made by UFO contactees, and presents exclusive photos which expose the trick techniques which can turn a hub cab into a flying saucer. ET — hero or hoax? Find out in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

The Big Bluff — There are two types of poker players — those who crave action, and the winners. If you want to join the latter category, don't miss next month's poker feature. It lets you know when to hold and when to fold, how to pick a cheat at work and how to bluff effectively. Everything you want to know about poker is in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

Mike Gore Interview — As the unofficial leader of the White Shoe Brigade which launched the unhappy Joh for PM campaign, and the founder of the vast Surfers Paradise Sanctuary Cove resort complex, Mike Gore looms as a larger than life character. He's arrogant, abrasive and almost comically macho. Is there more to the man than the tough guy persona? Frank Robson's interview reveals another side to this colorful Queensland developer.

Excitable Girl — Eighteen-year-old Juliet Carey, of Sydney, is a girl with a mission. By the time she's 22, she intends to be thoroughly settled — and that gives her just three years or so to cram in as much excitement as she can handle. First stop, *Penthouse*. Any witness to her sensational pictorial next month will agree that she's gotten off on the right foot. An appearance not to be missed.

LABOR

Continued from page 53

Kerry Packer was fulminating against Labor. His old man, Sir Frank, had taken the more practical course of setting up a series of overseas trusts for his boys to guard against the predations of the socialistic tax gatherers. Kerry, of course, survived the *longeurs* of the Whitlam years to become a born again Labor man.

Christopher Skase was a minor hack on the *Financial Review*. Frank Lowy was building shopping centres despite the Builders' Laborers, and was just getting to know Bob Hawke. Holmes a Court had recently bought into the *Albany Advertiser*. Nobody knew much about him. Nothing much has changed in this respect since then. Fairfax was the *old* Fairfax, letting journalists go about their work largely unfettered. The *Melbourne Herald* group was turning out plenty of fine reporters.

In those days the media mostly did their job. If they were too soft on Whitlam in the first half of his term they balanced the ledger by being a bit too hard in the second half. Fraser got a pretty straight deal, even if a sizable proportion of the press gallery were privately hostile and determinedly uncomprehending towards him. To many, he was simply the Easter Island statue, aloof, uncaring, reactionary. Yet there was a little noticed continuum with the economic moderation introduced by Bill Hayden and Diamond Jim McClelland at the end of the Whitlam Government. He built ties with black leaders overseas that have not been equalled since, and slogged away (without success) at coming up with ways to give the Third World a better break — something that has never crossed the Hawke/Keating mind, fixated as it is on scoring brownie points on Wall Street. He pursued Whitlam's initiatives on Aboriginal land rights before they came to a jarring halt under Hawke.

The Hawke Government, by contrast, has been given a dream run by the media. The process has been greatly reinforced by the emergence of new media owners much more attuned to stroking political egos than were many of their predecessors in return for favored treatment.

As we celebrate 200 years of European settlement we have entered a world in which the welfare of governments is identified with the welfare of the new tycoons; and worse, a world in which the values of the tycoons dominate our media outlets. Career-oriented journalists, no matter how they might dress it up, stay within the parameters set by a tiny plutocratic elite. The result is to effectively disenfranchise the bulk of the population by a form of social control far more invidious than was ever threatened by the Australia Card.  The author is publisher of the satirical monthly, *The Eye*.



THE GOLD CARD. FEW CATCH MORE THAN A GLIMPSE.

To catch more than a glimpse call American Express toll free (008) 230100 or Sydney 886 0666.



Ogilvy MAX 3069

...anyhow*
have a
Winfield 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

Winfield
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning

*The best extra mild
deal in Australia*

